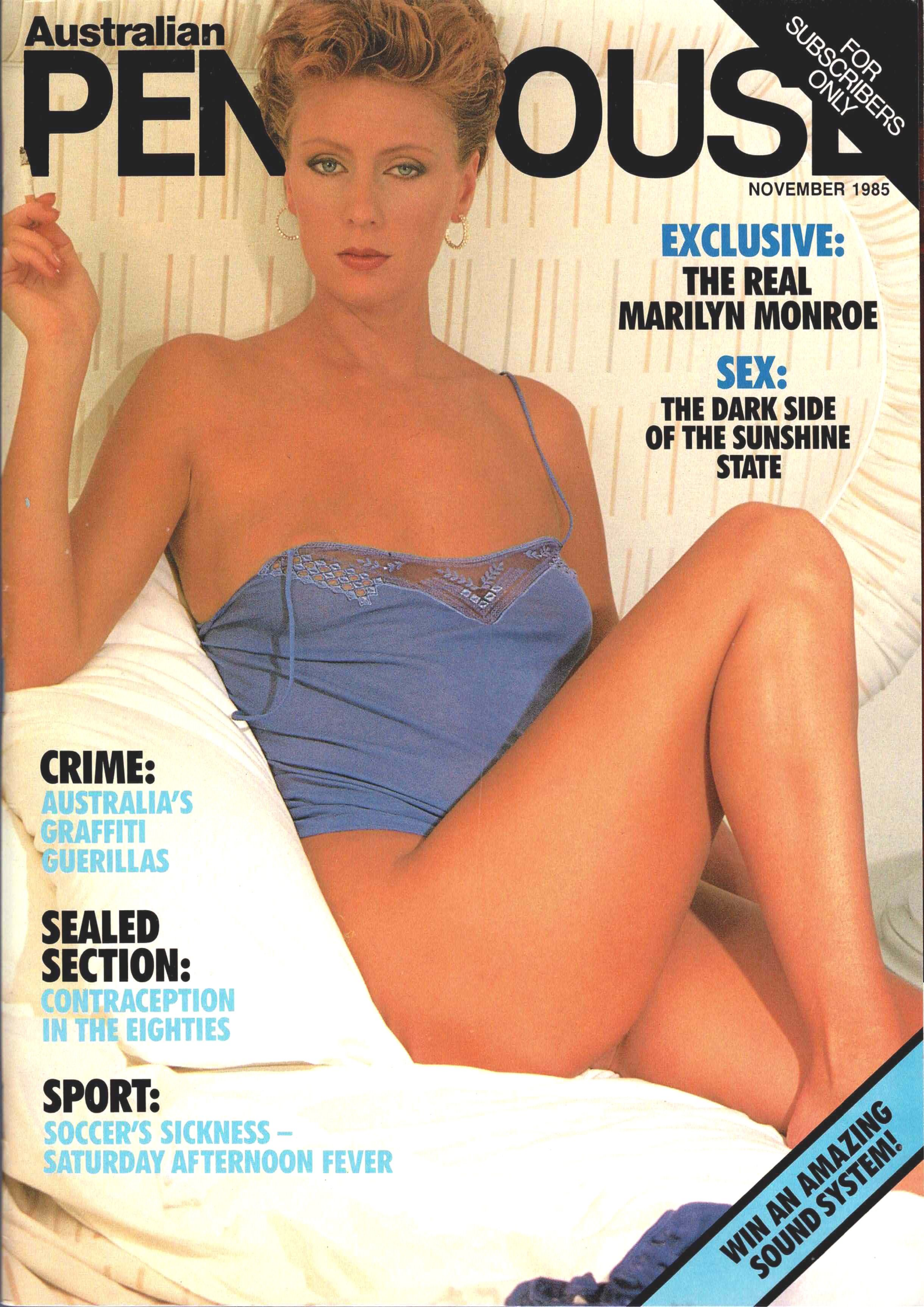
Australian
PENTHOUSE
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NOVEMBER 1985
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SEX:
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CRIME:
AUSTRALIA'S GRAFFITI GUERILLAS
SEALED SECTION:
CONTRACEPTION IN THE EIGHTIES
SPORT:
SOCCER'S SICKNESS – SATURDAY AFTERNOON FEVER
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Australian
PENTHOUSE
The International Magazine For Men/Vol 6 No 11/November 1985

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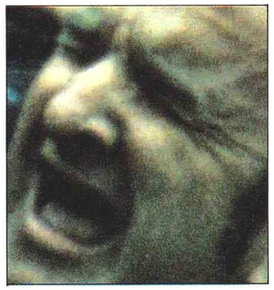
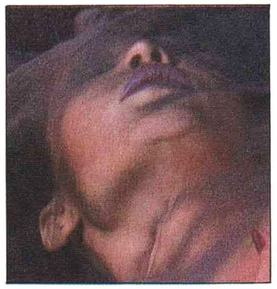


The War Of Words

Saturday Afternoon Fever

Norma Jean



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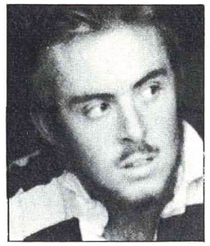
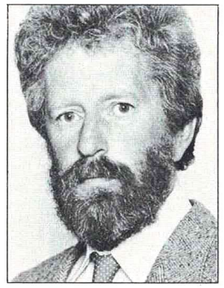
NOVEMBER

FRANTS KANTOR

FRANK ROBSON


JIM POLLARD


ADRIAN TAME

GEOFFREY NOTMAN

HOUSECALL

THE WAR OF WORDS
Since 1979 a war of attrition has been waged between the outdoor advertising industry and a motley collection of idealistic urban guerillas calling themselves BUGA UP. The spray can wielding zealots and their well-heeled adversaries are each claiming imminent victory. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** infiltrated both camps to find out who is winning this entertaining and uniquely Australian war of words. **Frants Kantor** created the illustration which heads off the story on page 34.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FEVER
"Soccer Riot Madness," screamed the headlines in the wake of the bloody confrontation between fans of the Sydney Olympic and Sydney City soccer clubs last July. For Australians it was only the beginning. For a glimpse into a bizarre and frightening future turn to page 50, where **Kevin Mitchell** and **Jim Pollard** dissect the Clockwork Orange of British soccer hooliganism.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...?
Marty Rhone, Gerry Humphreys, Ross D. Wylie, Johnny Devlin, Dinah Lee, Little Pattie... and all the other spectres that come back to haunt you on Swinging Sixties nights? Where now are those faces that flickered from our TV screens and smiled at us from the backs of Fantales packets? Rock guru **Glenn A. Baker** has the absorbing and often surprising answers. **Vic Terletzky's** illustration opens the gate to Memory Lane on page 60.

NORMA JEAN
This is the real Marilyn Monroe — a 17-year-old prostitute with an insatiable sexual appetite who became the lover and confidante of a young lifeguard, **Ted Jordan**, and used his connections to claw her way to the top. On page 78 Jordan recounts the bitter-sweet story of his love affair with the ill-fated Norma Jean Dougherty. **Kunio Hagio** produced the illustration.

UNDER WRAPS
Acclaimed British photographer **Stevie Hughes** turns his lens away from the leading lights of the rock world to present a classic erotic portfolio: the sheer-clad woman of mystical allure. A thinly-veiled excuse or a work of art? See for yourself on page 85.

WHITE SUMMER
The setting: an underground nude beach populated exclusively by albinos. The character: Albie Larsson — "not a curious man, nor particularly observant." Which is why Albie falls into a trap from which there is no escape. **Frank Robson's** extraordinary fiction piece, illustrated by **Geoffrey Notman**, starts on page 92.

FRANK HARDY INTERVIEW
Last month Hardy spoke with remarkable candor on racism, communism, Bob Hawke, and his own search for the truth. In Part Two of the interview with **Adrian Tame**, Hardy again pulls no punches in discussing his lifelong obsession with suicide, his views on feminism and why it's failing, his own sexual prowess and the attempts on his life. Turn to **Graeme Davey's** photo on page 114.

Did you buy a popular six rather than a V8, only to regret the choice?

Yella Terra has the solution.
When you need power for safe overtaking or fuss-free highway cruising, the lack of those two extra cylinders can really make quite a difference.
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Whatever the power improvement approach, cylinder heads are still the most critical factor in extracting more power and efficiency from an engine.
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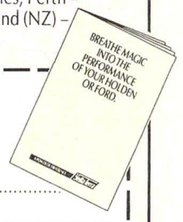

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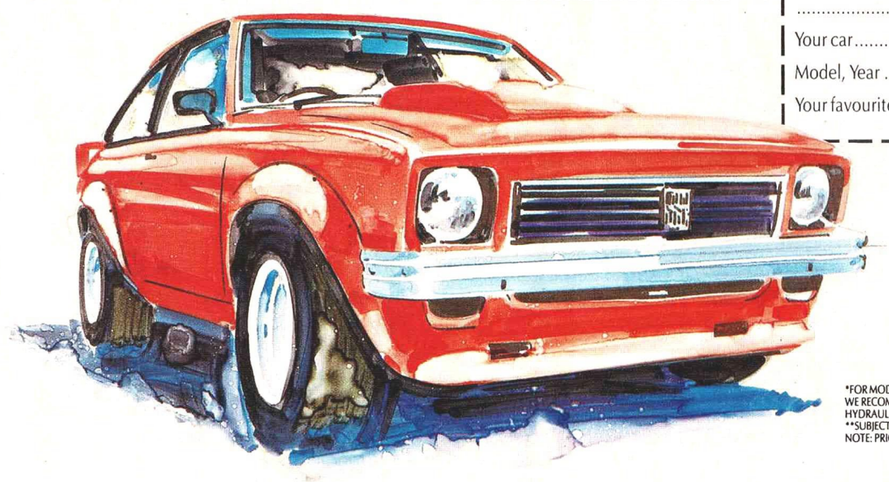

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will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Queensland's state

During a recent trip to Sydney from my home state Queensland I purchased a copy of your excellent magazine and was startled to discover the difference between the NSW and the Queensland editions of *Australian Penthouse*. The magazine included a range of articles and pictorials which we up here in Queensland are not allowed to see, although we are old enough to drink, vote, drive and make babies.

Perhaps the lucky southern readers would like to know just how much the Queensland edition — which incidentally costs the same amount as the others — is censored in order to keep the Queensland Government happy. We do not get the Forum letters, nor the excellent series of articles in the sealed section, the *Australian Penthouse* Guide to Human Sexuality. And the gorgeous photos which grace the publication every month are so abused that we up here have come to believe that women have nothing below their belly buttons.

Can't you people bring some pressure to bear on the dictatorial government which, when all is said and done, is damaging your fine periodical? Anyway, keep up your good work and the high standards you have achieved. — *Michael Fitzpatrick, Stanthorpe, Qld*

Penthouse *will continue to work within the guidelines set down by the Queensland Literature Board Of Review in the edition which sells in that state. However, if you wish to purchase an even more explicit edition than that sold in NSW then simply subscribe. You will find a subscriber's card for the "hot" edition in this magazine.* — Ed.

Reverse thrust

I am often disturbed by the advertising posters for your publication and others of its kind which are displayed outside newsagents. With little exception we are bombarded with visions of pneumatic women in suggestive poses and inadequate clothing.

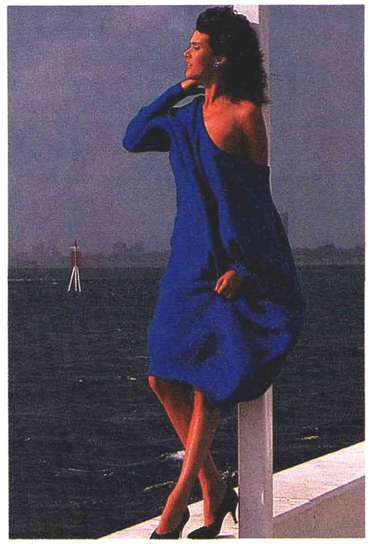
The poster for your July edition is a disappointment and a disgrace. I do not keep a record nor take so much notice of the posters that I can make a strictly accurate comparison, but the current effort appears to be crass and blatant, whereas previous efforts might be described as coy.

You should be ashamed of yourself for being involved in your industry. You cannot be ignorant of the distress soft porn literature has caused society.

You may justify your existence by claiming that you are "giving people what they want." This is a commercial justification, rather than a moral one. There is apparently some tribunal which passed the poster. While this may be true, it would then be a legal justification, rather than a moral one.

I deplore the trend towards tastelessness and the incitement to view women primarily as sex objects. Pleas of commercial or legal justification cannot excuse immorality. If you dust off your Bible you can read about your future in Matthew Chapter 18, especially verses six to eight. Who would stand in your shoes on Judgement Day?

If you really valued women you would either close down immediately or reverse the thrust of your philosophy. If either event is unlikely, it would be best to save yourself from the wrath to come even if your magazine cannot be redirected. — *Graham French, Leura, NSW*



Jill Thomas . . . top of the class

Never before

I have been buying *Australian Penthouse* for about 12 months (alas, the restricted version or here in Queensland the *very* restricted version), and I feel your July edition was one of the best.

I loved Colin Bowles story, Dancing Down The Piss, enjoyed your video review and Peter McKay's great article on Daytona. But the highlight for me was on page 104 — Selina!

My God, what a woman. All women may be born equal, but she is more equal than the rest. I am 45 years old and have been socially active through my adult life, but I've never met anyone as magnificent as Selina. Once again, congratulations on a great read. — *F.W., Bundaberg, Qld*

Brutal accuracy

Congratulations to Adrian Tame, the author of the article on ECT in your August issue. Speaking from firsthand experience of psychiatric medicine, I can say that Tame reveals the tragedy and horror of this archaic form of treatment particularly well.

Just over a year ago I spent three months in a psychiatric ward of a large Sydney hospital where I was diagnosed as a manic depressive. The staff wanted to administer ECT but thanks to my family I was saved.

At the time my state of depression was at a level where I would not have cared what happened to me. I thank God that somebody was allowed to make the choice for me, unlike the unlucky people described in Tame's story. — *James M. Davies, Lane Cove, Sydney*

A few words

With regard to your May 1985 issue — beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! — *C.R.W., Wellington, NZ*

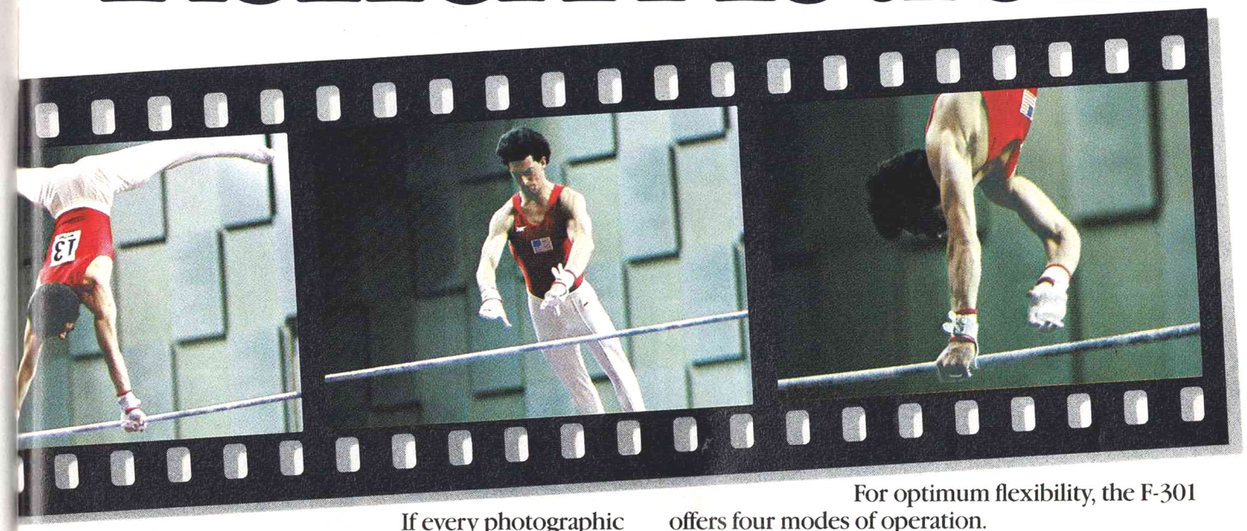
The body politic

How heartening it was to see the beauty and intelligence of Jill Thomas highlighted in your August issue. While I can't lay claim to a passionate interest in politics like Ms Thomas, no doubt she could persuade me to come around to sharing her view of the body politic. — *J.W. Bowral, NSW*

Come on, humor me

Congratulations on the high standard of cartoons in your July issue. Some people might say that they buy *Penthouse* for the articles . . . Me, I buy it for the jokes. No kidding. Very few Australian magazines even come within cooee of the standard of gags you run. — *V.K.M., Coffs Harbor, NSW*

Reflex Action.



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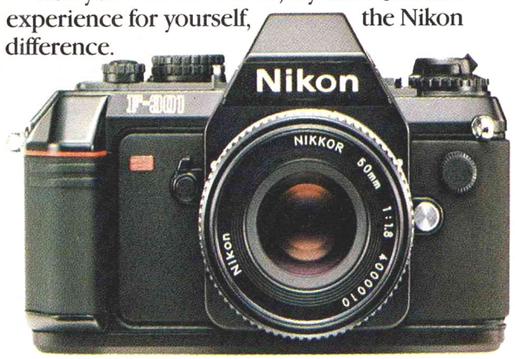

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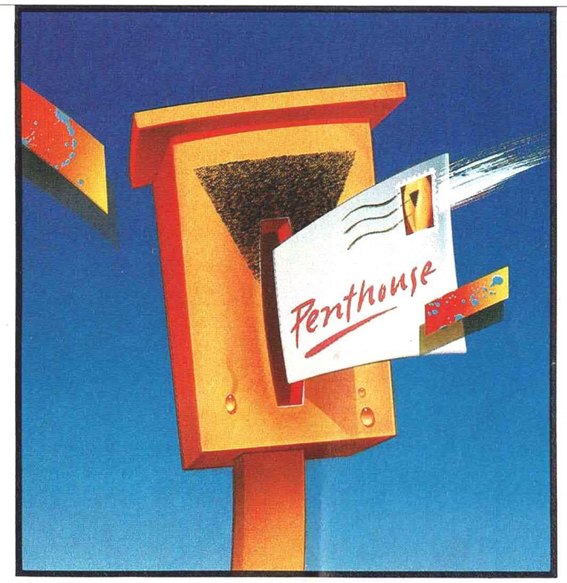


Good and plentiful

It was evening, and we were both just lying around on the bed. We began to caress each other. I kissed her gently. Her lips were warm and soft as she darted her tongue teasingly about my mouth. Her body was warm, her flesh smooth. Her areolae stiffened to attention as I pulled and rolled them gently between my fingers. She stroked my back and pulled me to her, face-to-face. The coarseness of her hair tingled my hardness as I rubbed my hips against hers. She responded with movement: a slow, sensual churning to match mine.

I rolled off and lay beside her. Grasping her hand I guided it to her crotch. Pressing it against her mound, I rubbed her hand between her legs as I kissed her neck and ears. She took over and stroked herself, her hips moving up and down to meet the touch. Her breathing became heavier; tiny sounds of pleasure purred from her throat. I spread the lips of her pussy and fingered her hole. The wetness seeped out and coated my agile fingers.

After kissing the length of her body, I positioned myself between her legs. I cupped my arms under her legs and held her hips, lifting her slightly. Pressing my lips against her, I filled my mouth with her sensualness. The aroma filled my head as I breathed deeply. I kissed her, licked her, sucked her gently. Running my tongue up and down her slit, I explored the firmness of her clit and inner lips.

She stroked her breasts and pulled her nipples. Her hips moved up and down as I massaged her clit with my tongue. She took her hand and smoothed back the hair of her pussy and spread her lips. I attacked her hungrily. She grasped the back of my head, and her body arched upward. Her breathing became rapid. Her legs tightened against my head, and she pushed my face into her pussy as she bucked rapidly. I held on tightly, pulling her lips toward me. With a sated groan, she exploded. I drank from her, but my desire was not satisfied.

She twisted from side to side, trying to escape my tongue. I rose up and leaned over her, sliding into her slowly. She gasped as I filled her with my wide shaft. As I pushed in deeply, she groaned. With each thrust, the passion doubled in its force. At last I burst forth. The ecstasy shot forward, filling her, and then spilled out between her buttocks. Her body shuddered, and a light glow seemed to shine from her body.

I rolled her over on to her side. From behind I bit the mound of flesh at the bottom of her neck and lifted her leg so that I could re-enter. She drew her knees up and I pounded her from behind. One hand held her breast, the other rubbed her clit.

I positioned her above me, straddling my chest. I grasped her hips, pulled her to my face, and kissed her pussy. She then lowered herself on to my firmness and fed me an excited nipple. I feasted on her as she stroked my enraged firmness with her convulsive pussy. She fucked open-mouthed while I drilled to the end of her well.

She lifted herself off me and turned around, lowering her pussy on to my face. I spread her pussy and began to suck her clit as she attacked my pole. She worked the shaft with her hand and bobbed her head up and down. She sucked, licked, and teased until I couldn't control myself any longer and poured out in a fury. She held on, squeezed out the last of my cream, and massaged it over my shaft and slowly rubbed it up over my belly.

She turned around to face me and we kissed, delighting in our mutual pleasure.—*Name and address withheld*

Cut and blow dry

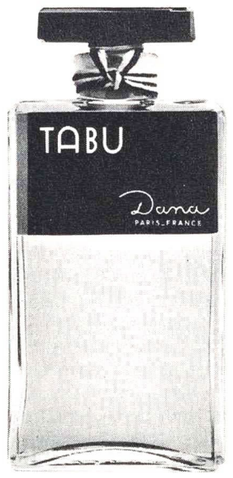
Being a customer of the same barber shop since teen years, I have been watching three luscious blondes fluttering around me trimming hair for many years. During this gruelling time, all I could do was watch as these three well-endowed beauties teased me.

Finally, one hot February day, I went in for my usual trim. I was pleasantly surprised when I noticed all three girls bustling about. I was lucky to have my usual 10.30 appointment with beautiful Pam. I gave all three girls a warm smile and noticed I was the only customer in the place.

Pam motioned me over to the closest sink and showed me to my seat. I couldn't help but get excited when I turned around and saw her two large breasts almost staring me in the eye through a white cotton shirt. As she wet my hair I could feel her thighs gently rubbing against my hand. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a small smile on her face. With my hair being soaked by the powerful tap, her hands gently caressed my scalp and her breasts swayed above me. At the risk of being slapped I reached my hand up toward my face, as if to scratch my nose, and brushed her tit. Her nipples stiffened. I then decided to shoot her a line. Provocatively, I asked if being beautiful was a prerequisite to work there. She looked flattered and quickly answered, "No, it's not!"

I decided there was no time to waste, since she had already begun cutting my hair. As she trimmed, her luscious breasts dangled before my astonished eyes. Risking it all, I brought both hands up and dangerously placed them on the ripe melons. I caught a look of surprise on her face, a look that soon turned to desire. Pam quickly pulled me up and motioned me to a back room. Once there I let got of all my inhibitions and hastily unbuttoned her bursting shirt. I pulled her down on to the ground and went to work. She had huge shining nipples, which by now were as hard as stone and as erect as my pulsat-

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

ing penis. I sucked and kissed her big breasts as I unfastened the button on her jeans. After doing away with these (she wore no panties), I teased her juicy vagina by not allowing my dick to fully enter her.

All of a sudden there was someone at the door. To my amazement it was her two shapely partners looking for some excitement. The taller was wearing a tiny yellow miniskirt, and from my position on the floor I could see she had already removed her mesh panties. The two then started to daintily remove the rest of their clothes. I had no choice but to fuck my first barber while her more than friendly friends masturbated beside me.

We all got to our feet except Pam, who stayed on her knees and gave the best blowjob I've ever had, while her friends' 36-inch busts overflowed my mouth. We continued to fuck and suck for three hours. After we were all winded, we decided it was time to stop. It took every ounce of strength I had to leave. We agreed that I should return on the first Monday of every month. Ever since then the gorgeous groomers have been my only barbers. — *Name and address withheld*

Stroke of luck

Let me describe myself. I am about six feet tall with a normal build. I don't have a "wonder dick", just a normal one. I am fairly good-looking and usually can get my share of women.

Recently, I attended an industry trade show in an eastern city. On my first night in town, I decided to stop at a bar with the intentions of picking up a girl. I had no luck. Coming out of the bar, I stopped at an adult book store and picked up a local "swingers" newspaper.

Reading through it, I found an ad from a "big-breasted redhead who does it all. Call in evenings." Sensing I could be on to something, I called the number listed. A girl named Jade answered, and we chatted about her ad. After I described myself she said to grab a taxi and come over right away.

When I arrived, she was wearing an extremely tight sweater and skirt. After some conversation and a few drinks, she asked if I'd like to watch TV while she freshened up and changed clothes. I said sure and she put an X-rated video-cassette in the tape machine.

While she took a bath and changed in the other room, I got really hot watching the film. In it a blonde was getting fucked while she sucked off another guy. Both guys started to come at the same time. Withdrawing from her openings, they came all over her. Suddenly I realised the blonde was Jade—in a wig. The film continued with the three of them fucking and sucking all over the place. Just as I was about to go to her bedroom and get her, she opened the door. The sight of her was unreal.

She was wearing only a garter belt and black hose. She smiled at me and pinched her extremely large nipples. Then she inserted two fingers in her cunt and licked the juices from her fingers. She told me to get in bed and relax. With all of my clothes off she started to suck me—first the tip of my dick, then she jammed the whole thing down her throat. She swung around and we sixty-nined for what seemed like hours. Soon she started to come, flooding my face. After she recovered, she began some serious sucking. Unable to take it, I came in her mouth. We slept for a while, waking a few hours later to fuck in her shower. The next morning she asked if I'd like some friends of hers to join us the next night. I said I thought it would be a lot of fun. Boy, was I right!

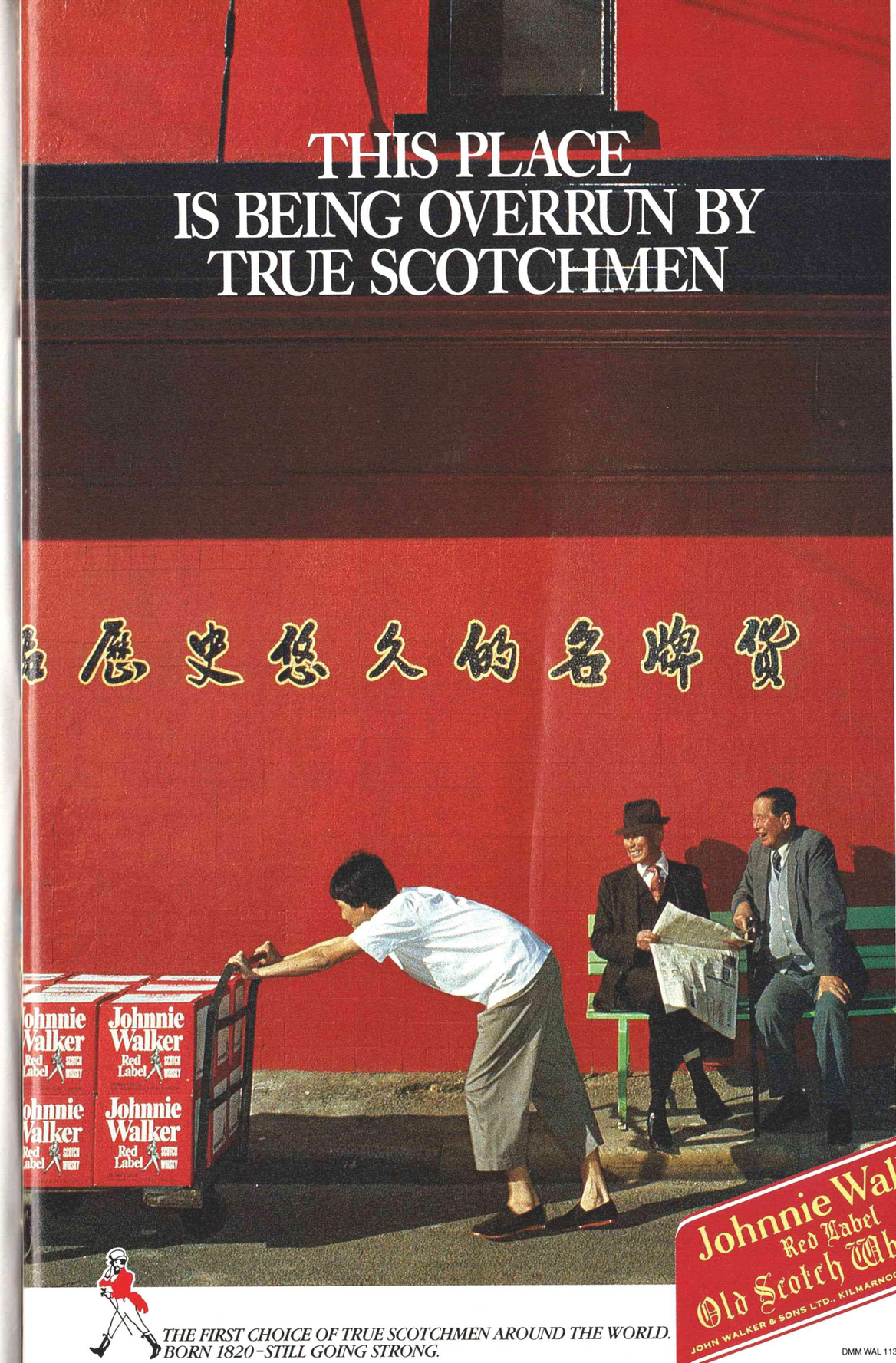
The following night I arrived ready for sex. I was hard all day thinking of what lay ahead. I was surprised to find another woman—a beautiful black girl—and three other men. The black girl was introduced to me as Tanya. She was of medium height and her face was very pretty. The men were introduced as Bob, John, and Terry. I couldn't help but get the feeling I was going to know all of them better. Jade, of course, looked great—even though her tempting body was "covered up" by street clothes.

We all fixed drinks and sat down to watch a porno movie. In this one, a guy ate out a girl while she jacked off two other guys. True to form, they all ended up in a sea of come and moans, which really got us hot. Jade then asked me to be the guest of honor. I was pleased to be asked. I was told to go in the bedroom and strip. Soon, the beautiful Tanya came in completely naked. She had smaller tits than Jade, but her nipples were just as large. Her cunt was shaved and appeared to be dripping.

She climbed over me and sucked my massive hard-on. She ran her tongue all over my dick. This drove me nuts. Just as I was about to come she asked Terry to come in. He was naked and his dick stood straight out. She then jammed her cunt on to my hard cock and leaned over to start sucking him. Just when we were all about to come, she got off me and called the rest of the gang.

Jade climbed on my face as the black beauty resumed her position on my cock. Bob and John were getting handjobs from Jade while Terry once again had his dick sucked by Tanya. Again, just as I was about to come, Tanya got off my dick. She moved over to the side of the bed then directed Jade to move down and tongue me.

Jade looked up from licking my nuts and told every one to beat off until they came all over each other and me. I was delirious with excitement. Tanya then took over and sucked my cock. She licked my balls, then



my shaft up to the tip, then over the tip. With excruciating slowness, she opened her mouth and swallowed my dick down her throat to my balls.

Jade, meanwhile, stood and said "Come on, you big dicks, come. Come on each other. Spray your jism on me. Look at their pretty dicks. Beat off. Beat off. Make your hard dicks come."

All at once, Bob and Terry came all over her tits and arse They used their dicks to clean her off and shovelled their come in her mouth.

This kind of action went on all night and ended at eight in the morning. I know I'll never have another night like this one. I don't think I could stand the excitement if I did. — *Name and address withheld*

Unmatriculated

I had heard rumors that a particular country town had a good supply of wild-and-woolly women, so when my old buddy Joel invited me up for a weekend visit, I looked forward to checking out the young, vivacious females.

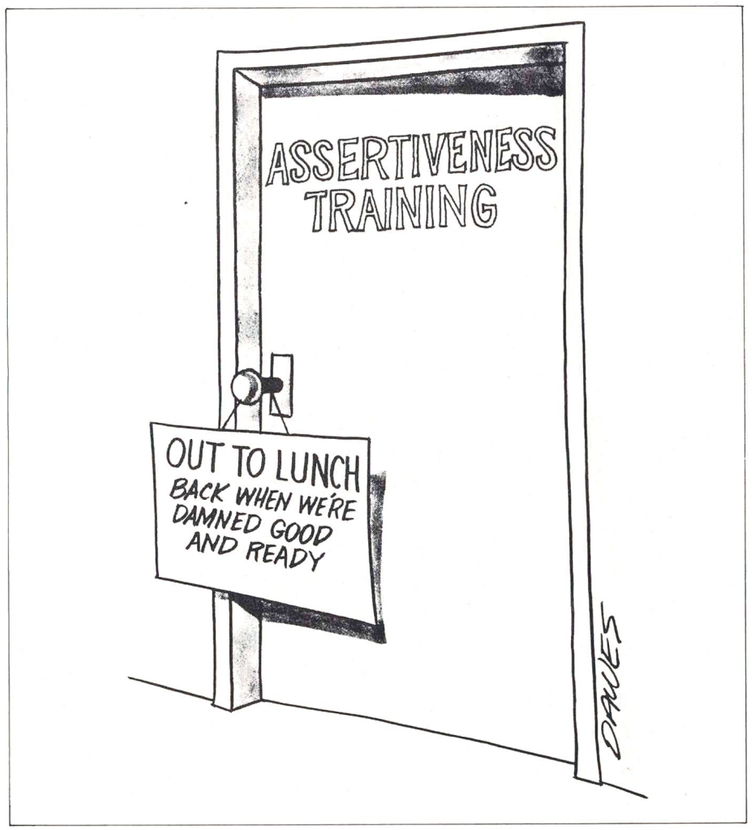
I arrived at Joel's place and took a quick shower. After a few hits of vodka (the standard eye-opener), we made the downtown bar scene. Joel, who's hung like a brontosaurus, wore tight shorts with nothing underneath. He said that the chicks loved it.

Our first stop was Maxwell's, where we sat at a table against the far wall so Joel could prop up his legs and give the ladies a peek. A gorgeous Asian-looking girl, whose steamy, slithering dance routine put everyone else to shame, gave us the eye while heating up the dance floor. Joel nudged my arm and gestured toward the door. Once outside, I told him we ought to hurry back to meet the chick. "Patience," he said. "These women know what they want." His cock, looking like a thick hose, bulged against the constricting cloth.

Finally we went back inside. Sure enough, the doorman told us that the Asian girl had a message for "the guy with the shorts." We spotted her table and walked over.

Ten minutes later we were back at Joel's place. Her skin was a light-chocolate color. Her legs were smooth and taut. Dancing, she said, had trimmed her body to this lean, muscular look.

Blasting the stereo, the girl, whose name was June, peeled off her jeans to reveal tight black panties. She kept her blouse on. We sucked down vodka after vodka, and I was starting to feel a little like Gumby without the iron. The three of us were dancing to Bruce, who was wailing out of the speakers. Then the phone rang. Joel's neighbors were calling to complain about the noise. They had to study, they said. Joel told them to loosen up and stop hassling him, then he hung up.



When I turned back to June, she smiled and started fondling my crotch. She unbuckled my belt, slowly pulled down my zipper, and then yanked my pants down to my ankles. Even in my dreamy, half-drunk condition, my cock throbbed to life. She slipped her lips around it and started sucking with long slow strokes.

Just then someone knocked on the door. Joel opened it a crack. His neighbors, two studious-looking nerds called the "Toomey Brothers," started bitching about the noise. I felt too damned good to worry about who was at the door. June's lips were sucking and pulling at my cock with slick, wet strokes. She finally buried my cock in her mouth and used one excruciatingly long slurp to torture me. I groaned and felt my come spurting down her throat.

Joel flung the door open wide. "You want to study?" he yelled at the nerds. "Study this!" Exhausted and a bit drunk, I fell to my knees. The Toomeys stared; their jaws dropped. June, a thin rivulet of come sliding down the corner of her mouth, unbuttoned her blouse and wriggled out of it. The brothers stood transfixed in the doorway. June unsnapped her bra. She had beautifully firm, rounded breasts. She kissed the taller Toomey with her soft, full lips. Next, her come-drenched tongue circled the second brother's ear.

Then something snapped in the nerds. They moaned and began pawing at her She turned and marched back into the living room, with the boys following as her black panties bounced in time to the music. Joel smiled and shut the door.

Still not facing us, June stripped off her panties, closed her eyes, and sat back on the couch. Her untanned crotch was a light cream color. "Eat me," she said. In seconds the boys were between her parted thighs, licking and tonguing her. She placed her feet on each brother's back as they frantically bit and lapped at her crotch. June kept her eyes shut, and a wistful smile covered her face.

"Enough!" Joel yelled. I turned. He had taken off his shorts and this unbelievably huge, rock-hard penis hung quivering in mid-air like a swollen pink billy club.

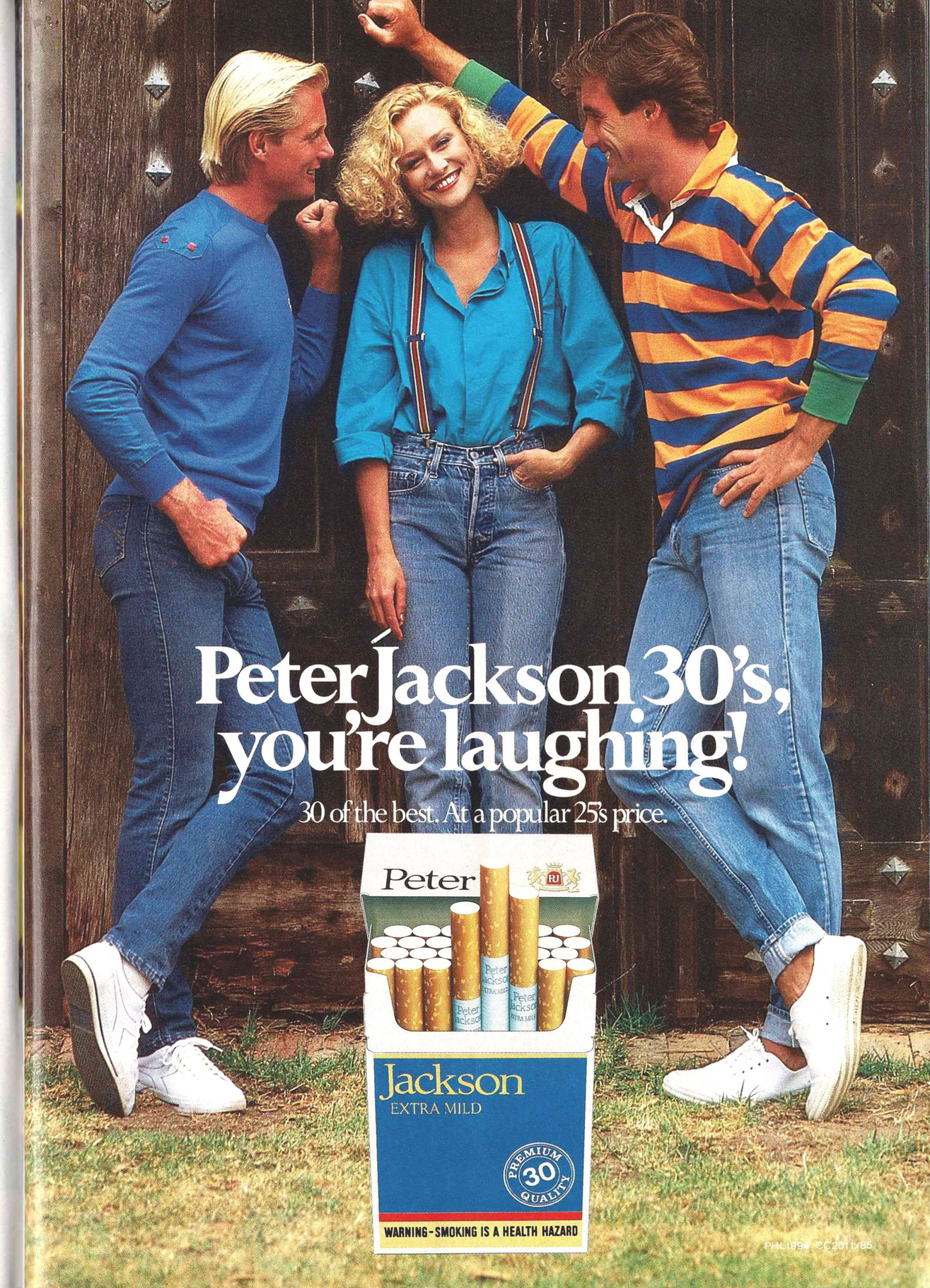
The boys scurried away from between June's legs. She opened her brown eyes, saw Joel, and slid to the floor. "Nail me," she said.

Joel quickly obliged. His enormous cock, almost three inches thick, ploughed into her cunt. Her face registered surprise, then pleasure.

"Yes!" she cried.

Joel's huge club plunged in and out, in and out. She cried out in pleasure. She begged him to stop, then never to stop. She gurgled and whimpered, grasping his buttocks as if her life depended on that great throbbing cock gouging a path through her body.

A full 20 minutes later, Joel finally came. Blistering spurts of come burst from his cock's lips, spattering June's belly and



breasts with thick, hot, snow-white drops.

I'm now addicted to student life. And even though I'm not a student, I've rented a place here so I don't miss any of the good times. — *Name and address withheld*

Pairing sharing

After years of reading Forum, my wife and I feel it's time to share one of our own erotic adventures. First, I should mention that my wife is 26 years old and a walking wet dream, with beautiful, full breasts, a slim waist, and an arse many men would die to touch. Couple this with a gorgeous face and you have an unbeatable combination. I should also mention that we are both bisexual and have, as you will find out, intense sex drives. As for myself, I am 30 and have an ever-ready cock.

Recently, we decided to visit a local party to check out the action. Arriving at the house, we were somewhat disappointed to see that the crowd was mainly male, and not very attractive. But we decided to stay and see what developed. After a little small talk, and much avoiding of the fat and horny old men, we were finally approached by a handsome young man named Bill. Sensing a good thing, we retired to a more private area to get to know each other.

My wife began to play with our hard cocks, alternating her talented mouth from one to the other. In no time Bill was practically frantic, so I settled back to watch this lucky man get the fuck of his life. He began to fuck her slowly at first, then harder as she milked his cock with her pussy. I enjoy seeing my wife receiving pleasure, and I began to jerk off as he banged away at her. She came after a few minutes, but she was just warming up. With Bill's hard cock in her pussy, she grabbed my own rock-hard cock and began to suck me in a slow, sensuous rhythm. This continued in various positions for about an hour until Bill had come in her twice. This was particularly enjoyable as I lay below her and sucked her hot clit while Bill banged her from behind. Afterward, Bill just lay there exclaiming that it was the best fuck of his life. (This came as no surprise to me.)

No sooner had Bill pulled out when another young couple introduced themselves and told us how much we turned them on. They also mentioned that there was another couple there, and they too would like to join us. After a few minutes' rest, they joined us on a mattress for the most unbelievable sex any of us had ever had. With three hot pussies for me, and three stiff cocks for my wife, we were in heaven for over four hours. Forming chains of writhing bodies, we sucked, licked, and fucked everything in reach. We all descended on one woman. My wife began by licking the stranger's pussy. I fucked her while my wife stroked herself. Another woman and her husband sucked her tits. Another man shoved his cock in her eager mouth. Her body was shaken by multiple orgasms. Finally, all six of us came.

As I shot hot come deep inside this woman's already come-soaked pussy, I will never forget the sight of driving her insane with pleasure. I could go on for pages with all the variations of that night but instead I urge your readers to give it a try. If you love each other, have a good marriage, and jealousy isn't a problem, you will most likely be closer because of it. We finished the night by making love at sunrise in our own bed, capping the night's adventures with one last explosive fuck. I have never tasted a sweeter pussy in my life. And she sucked the pussy juice off my throbbing cock, while I took in the bouquet of my pussy-soaked moustache. The smell of three different pussies mixed together was beautiful. At last we fell asleep in each other's arms. — *Name and address withheld*

Up close and personal

The only thing my ex-husband and I could ever agree on was that the letters in Forum were hot. They were always a part of our foreplay.

Since I've regained single status, my life has been really enjoyable. I'm not overly promiscuous, but if the spirit moves me, I'm not against some impromptu fooling around.

Late one afternoon, I was playing softball and the guy who was umping really caught my eye. He was about six feet tall, muscular but not muscle-bound, and had big, beautiful blue eyes. I'm about five foot six and attractive. I don't look like Judy Green, but if you saw pictures of both of us, you'd be able to tell that we belong to the same species.

After the game, which we lost (our team plays for fun, and the other team actually practices), I invited the umpire, Joe, back to our team's favorite pub to help us drown our sorrows. He agreed and off we went.

Joe turned out to be as nice as he was good-looking. He was a good conversationalist, knew a little about a lot of things, said he plays a couple of musical instruments, and was interested in listening to what I had to say. It was getting late and as we walked out to our cars, he asked if we could get together sometime soon. I said, "Sure, how about tonight?" He said he couldn't — something about a bad time of the month—and suggested Saturday night. I agreed, kissed him good night, and headed home, unfortunately, alone. This was on a Wednesday night, and the next couple of days dragged on like an eternity. He called me Friday afternoon to make plans for the next evening. We went to dinner, theatre and then dancing. We had a great time. We talked and laughed and really enjoyed ourselves.

Later, we went back to my place for a

drink. We were sitting around talking and listening to music, and Joe was being the perfect gentleman. I figured if this evening was going to go anywhere, I was going to have to take the initiative. As we were sitting on the lounge, I reached over and kissed him, probing his mouth with my tongue. I began caressing his body, and soon he began caressing mine. The action on the couch was really beginning to heat up.

I unbuttoned his shirt and started rubbing his hairy chest. I slipped my hand down and started to massage him through his pants. He moaned so softly I could hardly hear him. His breathing started to quicken. I unzipped his pants and got a truly delightful surprise: he was hung like a horse! It was about nine or ten inches long and thick. I leaned my head over to kiss it, and it stood straight up for me. I was licking and kissing it all over, sucking one of his balls in my mouth and then the other. It really turned him on when I'd flick my tongue around his balls.

After a little teasing, he really deserved some good deep-throating. I did my best but couldn't get all of it in. I didn't want him to come yet, so somewhat teasingly, I took it out of my mouth, but mostly because I wanted him inside of me. The look on his face was priceless. "I bet we'd be more comfortable in the other room," he said. Off we went, leaving a wake of clothing in our path. We stopped at the foot of the bed and kissed for a few moments. He sat me down on an armless chair next to the bed and fell to his knees in front of me.

He started kissing my ears, then my neck. He worked his way down to my breasts, not missing a single spot. He kissed, nibbled, and caressed his way down to my inner thighs. Then he kissed my pussy. Oh, it felt so good! He started working it very gently and increased his speed and aggressiveness as he went on. When he found my clit, he went to work on it: licking up and down, back and forth, plunging his tongue into my slit deeper and deeper. I grabbed his head and pulled his face tight against my pussy and exploded in an earthshaking orgasm. When he lifted his face, it was covered with my juices. He just smiled and I said, "You'll get yours."

It took me a minute or two to compose myself. Then he led me to the bed. I wanted him so badly. He slid into me effortlessly. We rocked to the music, first with him on top, then with me on top. I was totally out of control. I couldn't get enough of him. I got on my hands and knees and he got behind me and pumped me for all he was worth. I had too many orgasms to count. It seemed that every time he got close to having one, he'd stop. I realised what he wanted. He wanted me to go down on him again. The idea filled me with pleasure.

"You can't leave me, Cynthia!
You're an integral part of my complete home-entertainment system!"

We got into a sixty-nine position and again he brought me to another incredible orgasm. I worked his cock at a furious pace with both my mouth and hand. Just when he was on the brink, he stopped me. He asked me to sit in the chair. He came over and straddled the chair, leaving his huge pole dangling in my face. I started to work on it again with long, deliberate strokes. When he started to come, he pulled his cock out of my mouth and squirted his come all over my face and hair. I love to watch a man squirt his come, and up close is the best place to be. Joe shot his large globs on my cheeks, chin, and forehead. I also caught as much of it with my mouth as I could.

Joe later told me that was the first time he'd ever come in a lover's face. It's something we've added to our sexual repertoire. — *Name and address withheld*

A fitting session

As a 32-year-old assistant manager of a small retail shoe store, I had pretty much resigned myself to a rather sedate lifestyle, satisfying my abundant sexual appetite vicariously, more often than not through the pages of *Penthouse*. I would never have thought I'd have a story for you, but I do.

It was just before closing, and our luscious part-time cashier had just left, leaving me alone to clean up the floor. I was reboxing a pair of sandals when in walked two of the most gorgeous women I'd ever seen. Both were tall with fiery red hair. One was older than the other, with firm round tits covered by a frilly white blouse. The younger woman wore a skin-tight leotard. Both had strong, supple legs which reached up under their floral patterned skirts. They were tanned and sun-healthy, and while the older of the two let her hair cascade down around her face, the younger one had hers pulled back into a tight ponytail.

After I stammered a greeting, the older one said that she had seen a pair of shoes in the window and wanted to try them on. I asked her to describe them, but she said it would be easier to show me. I followed her outside while her friend took a seat against the wall. The shoes in the window had been there for months. I was surprised a woman of such apparent good taste would want a pair of shoes most other women had barely noticed. I knew we had her size.

As we walked back in, I noticed her friend has disappeared, although I didn't think much of it at the time, and I headed for the stockroom. I was pulling the curtain aside, when I heard a soft, "Oh, sir?" I turned around, and the woman was smiling. "I want a size eight. Double A." I felt my face turning red, and said, "Oh, right."

When I returned with the shoes, she had taken a seat next to where her friend had been sitting. She was already barefoot. I pulled the fitting stool in front of her and she reached down and stroked her bare calves. "Ooo, it feels so good to take these things off," she said. "I've been walking all day, and it's nice to be free of those straps." By this time, all I could think about was what she looked like under her skirt and panties. I imagined a pussy, dark and damp, maybe a few freckles around her inner thighs, and I pictured pushing my face into it.

She slipped easily into the black pump, turned her foot at an angle, and looked at it. "What do you think?" she asked. I cleared my throat and told her they looked great. "Do you have them in brown, too?" I said we probably did and got up to check. By now, I was beginning to feel substantial pressure against my slacks and was anticipating a session with Forum once I'd made my sale.

I walked into the stockroom, and was just reaching up for her brown shoes when I realised she'd followed me. Without a word, she stepped toward me, reached for my belt buckle, undid my pants, and pulled them down. She kneeled in front of me and took my now-huge cock in her hand, gave it a couple of quick strokes, then took all of it in her mouth. I couldn't believe it. There I was, standing between the stacks of summer sandals, getting incredible head from a woman as pretty as I had ever dreamed of. I was just about to squirt all I had down her throat when the younger woman appeared in the aisle. She looked at me, at the woman on her knees, put her hands on her hips, and shook her head. Then she said, "I knew I'd find you back here Mum."

Mum didn't seem to notice. In fact, she kept sucking harder and harder, finally reaching around my arse and clutching my buttocks with her fingers. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, on the verge of coming, I saw the other woman yank her leotard down, cup her tits in her hands, shake her ponytail out, and step toward me.

She looked into my eyes, then kissed me hard on the lips. The whole time, her mother sucked my hot and throbbing cock. Finally, I couldn't hold back any longer and let go, spilling what felt like a gallon of come into her mouth. She took it all, swallowing at least five times.

By this time, the daughter had quit kissing me and was behind me facing her mother. As if they'd rehearsed it, the daughter began fondling my balls while her mother took my cock in her mouth. As I was about to come the second time, the mother leaned back and lay on the floor. Pulling her skirt up to her waist, she revealed exactly what I'd imagined: a dark red pussy, damp and steaming. She pulled her lips apart with her fingers as her daughter pushed me down on top of her. I entered her and, after a couple of thrusts, felt the daughter tickling my balls while I rode her mother. I was just about to let go when I felt the daughter pull away. I came in a moaning frenzy, my face on the breasts that lay heaving beneath the frilly blouse.

I pulled my head away and looked down at the mother. She was looking up at me, smiling, her eyes satisfied. I backed out of her, and we all stood up. I pulled my pants up and looked at them trying to think of something to say, but the mother, letting her skirt fall back into place, just put her finger—which still smelled delightfully of pussy juice—on my lips to hush me, and shook her head. The she turned and took her daughter by the hand. Together they walked down the aisle, through the curtains, and out the door, the mother stopping only long enough to slip into the sandals she'd worn in.

I buckled my belt and followed them to the door, but they were gone. I shut out the lights, locked the doors, and drove slowly home. — *Name and address withheld*

All grown up

This past weekend I had a beautiful experience I want to relate to Forum readers. I am a 31-year-old professional woman. My husband is very good-looking but doesn't make love to me as often as I would like, so I fantasise and masturbate frequently.

I attended school in the city, where I spent many weekends at my best friend's house. She had a younger brother who was about 12 when we left school. He was a real sweetheart and I was quite fond of him in a "little brother" kind of way. Recently my friend called and said her little brother, Billy, had graduated from uni and was travelling across-country. She asked if it would be all right if he stayed with us for a few days to see our area. I said "of course" and promptly forgot about it until he hit town.

Last Wednesday I received a call from Billy. He said he would be arriving the next day, and I volunteered to take the afternoon off to show him around. When he parked his old clunker in our driveway and got out, it was as if, emotionally, time had stood still. Only now I was gazing upon a six-foot-two hunk with broad shoulders.

Billy spent his first two days on his own. During the evenings, we shared after dinner drinks and stories of the past decade of our lives. He got along famously with my husband, Stu. At Stu's suggestion, we decided to take Billy on a three-day hike in the nearby mountains.

At the end of our first day in the bush we set up our three-man tent alongside a crystal-clear stream. After dinner we sat around the campfire, drinking whiskey from a flask. My husband allowed me to get into bed first for the sake of privacy, and I used the time to arrange the sleeping bags to my desires. I placed my bag in the centre with the zipper opening toward Billy's, whose zipper faced mine. I had no idea if anything would come of it, but just arranging the scene made me wet.

By the time Billy came to bed my husband was snoring, off in his drunken state. In the weak light from the flickering fire I

furtively watched as Billy peeled away his clothes: first revealing his broadly muscled back, then his long powerful legs, and finally, as my heart fluttered, he stripped away his underpants, giving me a brief glimpse of his taut buttocks and thick dark penis. I pretended to be asleep as he adjusted his sleeping bag. After a few minutes of listening to his even breathing and the pounding of my heart, I opened my eyes to find Billy lying on his side gazing at me. Tenderly, he reached out and took my hand in his, raised it to his lips, and kissed my fingers.

At this point I didn't know if I could let it go any further, but then he whispered, "I want you to hold me." As if powerless I let him guide my hand under the edge of his sleeping bag and mould it around the incredibly warm, velvet-covered hardness of his now-erect cock. When it became clear that I would not resist, he moved my hand to the damp heat of his testicles where he encouraged me to gently squeeze and pull on his scrotum. Then he moved my fingers to the broad pulsing head of his organ and began to move my hand in a slow circular motion which tugged the skin of his glans down and up, until I began to masturbate him on my own. His eyes held mine but began to flutter gently as I built his excitement. Billy whispered, "I want you to see what you're doing to me," and pulled back the covers, revealing his large straining penis and my small hand rhythmically moving across his lean abdomen. My own level of excitement rose knowing that Stu was asleep only a foot away.

Billy began to writhe slowly and said, "When I come, I want you to take it in your mouth." Even though it meant leaning halfway out of my bag, I was overwhelmed by the idea of sharing this special moment and rested my head on his chest as I masturbated his beautiful penis toward orgasm. I was soaked between my legs. Billy arched his back, thrusting his pelvis high, and moaned, "Now, Carol, now. Take all of me." Lowering my hand slightly but never stopping its powerful strokes, I gently covered the top inch of his penis with the wet softness of my lips. Wanting to please this man like no-one before, I sucked lightly on the head and circled the crown with my tongue.

When he came I could feel his balls tighten and I squeezed them in my hand as he had shown me earlier. The thickness of his cock grew and the hot, thick spurts of his come registered their salty presence on my tongue. I sucked hungrily, as if every drop of his delicious sperm that I could swallow would magnify his pleasure.

Pulling me away, Billy whispered, "Now it's my turn to please you." He pulled my nightgown upward until I lay naked from the shoulders down. "You are more beautiful than I had ever imagined," he said, as he circled my nipple with his fingertip. Reaching lower, he spread my thighs, now wet with my secretions almost to my knees, and cupped the hot wetness of my pubic hair with his palm. I felt his strong insistent fingers force themselves between my lips, and I knew I had given myself completely to this man. I was hairtrigger hot and had to muffle my groans with my hand as he sank three fingers into my burning vagina.

His fingers stretched me wider as they began circling deeper into the place only my husband had known. The thumb of his hand located the tube just above my clitoris and forcefully squeezed it back and forth against my pubic bone. This dual approach caused shudders to run through me, and I quickly rose from an already high plateau to the brink of orgasm. Sensing this, Billy halted the work of his hand, moving it to my mouth, where I slowly licked the heady juices of my own vagina from his fingers. Stopping me, Billy then licked them clean and kissed me deeply.

Saying nothing, he raised my leg and moved over me until his penis brushed my swollen lips. Slowly, Billy forced his strong, straight penis against my grabbing labia. Every ounce of my being was concentrated on the friction of his cock against my lips. The walls of my vagina widened for his cock.

There was no in-and-out movement, just the irresistible force of a steady penetration that filled my deepest parts as I had never been filled. Gazing into the darkness, only inches from Stu, I could feel Billy's fingers again apply their magic to my body. This time he cupped the skin around my clit between his fingers and slid it up and down, covering and uncovering my pleasure button. His touch was perfect. It was as if he knew my body better than I did. My breathing grew labored as my clitoris swelled between his electric fingers. My vagina began to spasm. Grasping at the penis that filled my body, I began to orgasm. "Oh, Billy," I moaned. "Look at me," he whispered. "Don't close your eyes." From deep within me, the waves of pleasure swept forward, carrying me over the edge until, gazing into his eyes, I came.

I lay exhausted as he pulled the covers of my sleeping bag over us. We fell asleep with Bill's penis inside me and his head resting on my breasts.

When I awoke the next day I was alone in my own bag, nightgown in place, and the memories of the night pleasantly drifted back to me. Billy was asleep in his own bag. Stu had slept through everything. Rain cancelled the last day of our hike and on Monday, Billy headed off. I don't know when we will see each other again, but the loving look in his eyes as he kissed me goodbye convinced me that someday we would share a special moment again some time in the future. — *Name and address withheld*

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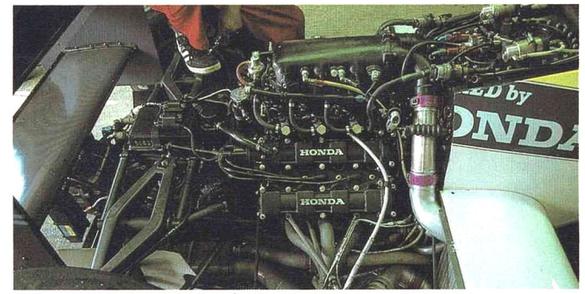

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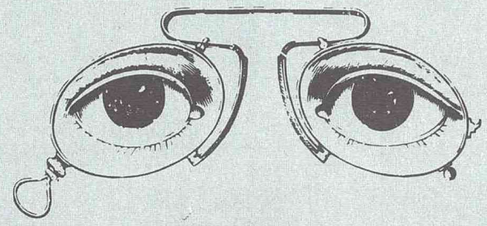


VIEW FROM THE TOP

HOW TO BRING UP A GREAT BOYFRIEND

BY EMILY PRAGER

Throughout the Seventies, women who were then in their twenties whined vociferously about the lack of great boyfriends. They vowed en masse that if they ever had sons, they would bring them up differently. It was clear, they sniffed, that men's mothers were to blame. Dr Benjamin Spock-style permissiveness and Fifties sexism had produced a generation of men for whom arrogant fecklessness seemed almost a birthright. Today these same women, now in their thirties and mothers of infant sons, have forgotten those vows. You can see them at playgrounds, smiling beatifically, gathering the discarded toys of tiny future lovers who already fail to notice and appreciate. We can't blame these mothers. With all their worries about infant-death syndrome and day-care rape, they have simply lost sight of the cause. That's why we, at *Penthouse*, have printed the following pamphlet. If you're a single woman and you care about a future world peopled with great boyfriends, please give it to the mother of an infant son before it's too late.

How to Bring Up a Great Boyfriend. Introduction: Bringing up a great boyfriend is easy. The first step is recognising the fact that your infant son is not one. Just because he can't take his eyes off you, screams if you leave, and laughs adoringly at every high-pitched noise you utter, it doesn't mean he'll be a picnic to live with when he's 22. Charm is only one facet of a great boyfriend. The hundredth time you clean dried whiskers and shaving cream off the sink, charm is worth zilch.

1. Wet towels. I don't know what it is with men and wet towels. I don't understand it. But let a man dry off from a shower and if he doesn't drop that wet towel on your couch, your bed, or your latest project, then there's something very sinister going on and you should report him to ASIO. Now it is easy to teach your son to hang up wet towels immediately after using them — but you're going to need a stun gun.

2. Madonna's belly button. It's amazing how many things men don't notice — your new hairdo, the clean laundry you interrupted your work to do, what you just said. And then it's amazing what they do notice — Terry McCann's jump shot, digital reverberation, Madonna's belly button. The fact that they do notice some things indicates they have the capacity *to notice* and that *to not notice* isn't, as women often think, genetic. It is easy to teach your son not to run over infants in the sandbox, not to whine when he doesn't get his way, and how to be interested in people who can't do anything to help his career — now that you have your stun gun. Preparing your son to be a great mate for another woman is a modern goal that demands a modern technological solution. Too bad laser guns are illegal.

3. Covering his tracks. Male infidelity is a big problem. An even bigger problem is how men refuse to cover their tracks. Having been unfaithful, they simply must leave clues around (letters, scraps of paper with phone numbers, cryptic messages on answering machines) so their girlfriends can know about it. Any man will tell you that there's a big difference between sex and love and that, in the face of love, a one-night stand is meaningless. But it is a continuing oddity of the male character that in refusing to cover tracks, he endows his one-night stand with a meaning that is apocalyptic to his girlfriend. Of course, it does not occur to a mother to work on the infidelity problem; all men who can't walk or talk and depend on a tit for food are faithful. In childhood, they care more about trucks. It is only in puberty that sexual conquest becomes as crucial as *Conan* comics. At that time a mother must enlighten her son that it is not the infidelity that rankles so much as the announcement of it on the cover of *The Bulletin*.

It would be great, of course, if mothers could teach their sons not to be unfaithful, but we're talking about chromosomal reorganisation here and laser weapons are far from being perfected. Teaching your son to keep a few things to himself means not taking delight in everything he does, no matter how moronic. It's hard, I know, but in the year 2000, his girlfriend will thank you.

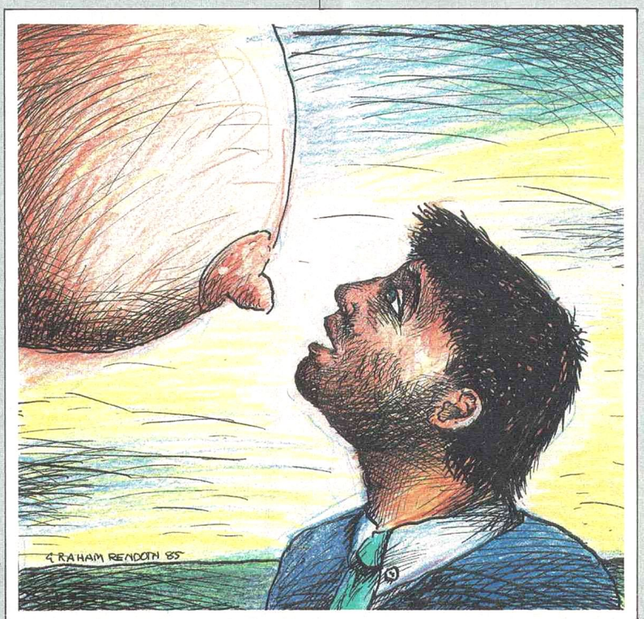
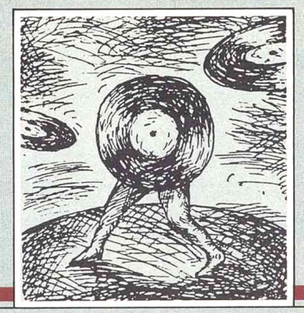


Illustration by Graham Rendoth



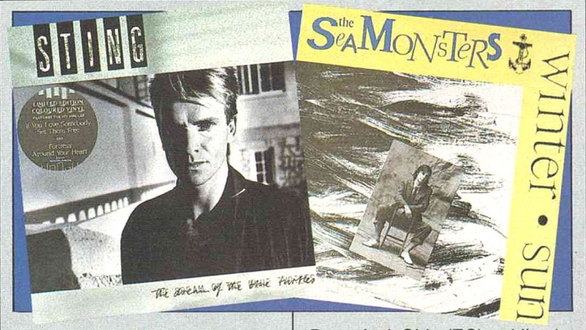
SOUNDS

STORMING COUNTDOWNIAN HEIGHTS

With "My Heart's On Fire", the initial single off the **Machinations'** *Big Music* (White), came the thought that Frankie had shot through on Hollywood and ended up in Darlinghurst. This flavor was probably unavoidable considering the time spent in England in Fairlight programming and overdubs by some responsible for that now famous sound. But to their credit, the band manage to maintain the feel of a five-piece, utilising guests in a sparing manner — like Vince

Jones' beautiful trumpet and flugelhorn on "Spark", a track that momentarily slows the pace. Given that the band writes in rehearsal, an obvious veering towards a strong dance bounce (with touches of reggae in "The Letter" and adrenalin charged syncopation in "Jabber") must come from their newest member, drummer Warren McLean. Their melodic music is also more in evidence than on their previous album. Machinations are one band to have slowly crawled from the inner city to grace the national charts.

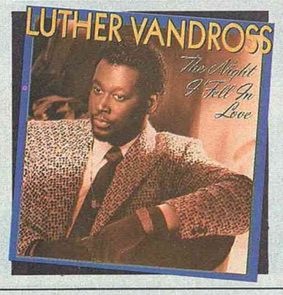
One floating collective, the **Sea Monsters**, has yet to realise such Countdownian heights, but at least it has an inaugural album on the streets. *Winter Sun* (Powderworks) sports some material that first entered the studio three years ago — such are the dubious delights of being a band with strong dance feels (ensuring longevity in the clubs) but with material "too interesting" for the Top 40. The nucleus of Billy Gruner (guitar, vocals) and Dean Denham (bass) is helped by a host of players from



Left: The Machinations. Above: Sting's and Sea Monsters' latest. Below: Lone Justice, Vandross.

bands of a similar ilk — some who have finally got to a larger audience (like Do Re Mi) and some who have yet to (like Arms and Legs). The Monsters, like most seriously underfinanced projects, suffer from good ideas which are not fully realised.

Two of the British pop aristocracy have new tales. The King of Cool, **Bryan Ferry**, calls all of us



Boys And Girls (EG), while the King of Pain, Mr **Sting**, regales us with *The Dream Of The Blue Turtles* (A&M). Sting has surrounded himself with jazz players of considerable pedigree: a rhythm section from the ranks of Weather Report and Miles Davis, a Marsalis brother on sax and veteran keyboard player Kenny Kirkland. They tackle a number of styles from freewheeling boogie ("Shadows In The Rain"), reggae ("Seventh Wave"), potted Prokofiev ("Russians"), gospel and big string ballad. The Police swung in their reggae moments; this outfit can't avoid it, but they do sidestep the rock edge for a mellower setting for Sting's tales of the cold war, nuclear waste and the struggle for human dignity in the face of life's little oppressions. Ferry, meanwhile, has acquired a larger cast of luminaries including Mark Knopfler, David Sanbourn and some Roxy associates. The prevalent feel is the subdued funk throb of *Avalon* (with just a whiff of Jamaica).

Los Angeles, the city known for its purity of artform, producing the essential rock and roll pyjama party the Go Gos, has spawned bright new hopefuls **Lone Justice**. It's country flavored rock and roll circa early Linda Ronstadt — as *Lone Justice* (Geffen) proclaims they're "Recorded in America." Maria McKee has sweet enough pipes with sufficient country whoops, and the in-house guitars, drums and harmonica are fleshed out with the Heartbreakers' Benmont Tench on piano and organ. There's also one Tom Petty-penned tune.

With his own brand of country, but dripping with gospel harmonies, comes **Bob Dylan** on the throne of his *Empire Burlesque* (CBS). His fine supporting cast blasts away convincingly, disturbing any cobwebs that may have formed around your image of Mr Zimmerman.

Supertramp, trimmed to a four-piece, are now reliant solely on the song writing of Rick Davies. *Brother Where You Bound* (A&M) meanders off in a jazzier R&B direction and is extensively padded out by the "concept piece" title track (at least Sting has the decency to keep his social conscience within the confines of a 3-4 minute pop song).

Original black velvet comes from **Luther Vandross** on *The Night I Fell In Love* (Epic). His vocal arrangements have graced albums by David Bowie, Diana Ross and Bette Midler as well as several million copies of his own records. This one has him with no swamping strings but punchier rhythm tracks, especially those done in cahoots with ace bassist Marcus Miller.

Australia's rock answer to the Encyclopedia Brittanica, Glenn A. Baker, has compiled three double-album sets from the British and American archives of CBS. *Pop Collectors Classics Volumes 1, 2 and 3* (CBS) cover the eras from the Fifties to the Seventies.

The excellence of the Gillies Report TV show was as much a tribute to producer Ted Robinson's agility in navigating the official channels of the ABC as for the excellence of the writing and acting therein. Now we have *The Gillies Report: The Songs* (ABC) — graced with the many voices of Max Gillies and the musical wit of Phil Scott. — *Jeremy Cook*

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FILM

WHAM-BAM-THANKYOU-M'AM

It has been estimated that the total number of theatrical admissions to James Bond films over the years now exceeds a third of the world's population.

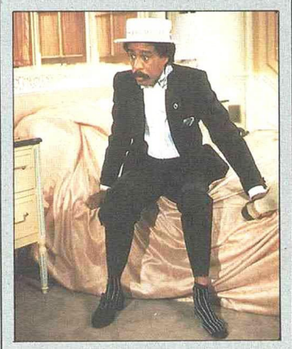
Stand by for the latest wham-bam-thankyou-m'am, gloriously urbane and unbelievable Bond vehicle **A View To A Kill**. So, discounting Russia and China and a goodly selection of Third World nations (interestingly enough, the very locations James can often be found prancing about in his dinner jacket, martini in one hand, exotic broad in the other) we can safely deduce that every Tom, Dick and Harry has clapped eyes on a Bond film and knows what to expect from the amorous and ageing agent.

Bedtime for the stars of A View To A Kill and Crazy For You

And *A View To A Kill* holds no surprises, despite its producers' promise that its intricate plot and never-before-attempted stunts at breathtaking locations set it apart as the best Bond film to date.

Computer chips are the go here. The evil playboy industrialist Max Zorin — the ultra-intelligent yet criminally psychopathic result of a Nazi genetics experiment — is buying up the world's supply of microchips. With the aid of his striking, superhuman and sinister assistant Mayday (Grace Jones), he plans to detonate a string of explosions that will flood California's San Andreas Fault thereby causing an earthquake. The quake will plunge America's computer epicentre Silicon Valley into the sea, along with most of San Francisco, thereby leaving Mad Max with his warehouse chockablock with chips as the world's major supplier.

It looks like a tricky one for Bond (Roger Moore), but he gets a little help along the way from sweet and glamorous Stacey Sutton (Tanya Roberts), an American geologist with plenty of reasons to despise the crazy Zorin. Her action-packed foreplay to finally landing in the cot with James includes being trapped in the lift-well of a burning building, a hair-raising chase through San Francisco in a giant fire engine, being kidnapped in Zorin's hi-tech zeppelin before escaping from the evildoer's clutches atop the windswept Golden Gate — all of which she weathers while teetering on a lovely pair of taupe high-heels.



Richard Pryor . . . disappointing

Roger Moore brushes up surprisingly well, speaking volumes for the wonders of cleverly placed sticky tape behind the ears and pancake tan. Christopher Walken makes a great Aryan supervillain, looking dashing even as he mows down his own loyal workers with a submachine gun. Grace Jones really doesn't have to do much but look herself — sleekly muscled and frightening. Tanya Roberts, well, she'll go down in the annals as a Bond girl. Patrick Macnee (the former John Steed), in a supporting role, serves as a sad reminder that even the most dashing British investigators must go the way of all flesh — that is, acquire a lot more of it as the years pass.

Another package that does everything but surprise is **Crazy For You**, starring Matthew Modine, the young actor who superbly proved his mettle in *Birdy*. This is a well-written (Darryl Poniscsan) well-directed (Harold Becker), well-acted teen film that covers no new ground.

Modine is Loudon Swain, an athlete determined to become interschool champion in the most prestigious Greco-Roman wrestling division. Wait, there's more! To do this he must lose 20 pounds and herein lies his dedicated struggle to succeed. While starving himself to such a point that he regularly faints and is continually stuffing cotton wool up his nose to staunch a recurrent nosebleed, he becomes involved with a cynical, streetwise and unbelievably attractive older woman (Linda Fiorentino). So the quest is on to both wrestle the interschool champion to win a college athletics scholarship and to have his gorgeous dreamgirl wrestle away his virginity in the nicest possible way — both of which he manages to do against a good score by Tangerine Dream with a little help from the fully-clad Madonna.

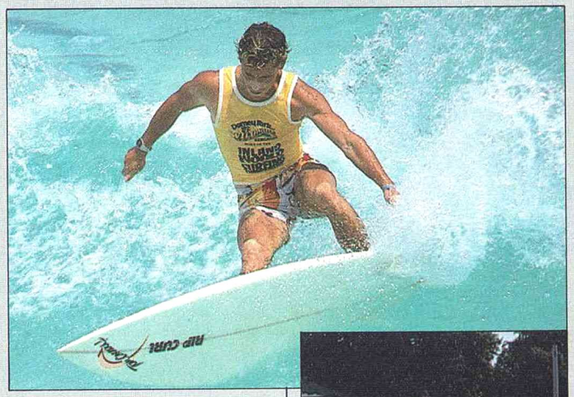
It may not read too well in synopsis, but *Crazy For You* is a gentle and at times humorous film, strongly reminiscent of the recent well-received Tom Cruise flick *All The Right Moves*.

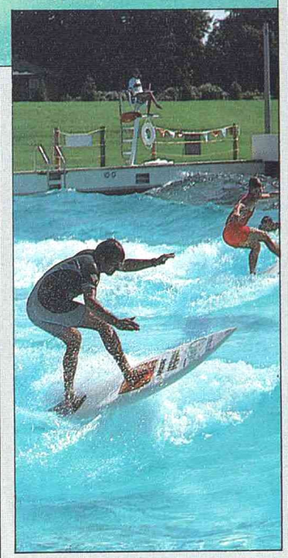
The only surprise about **Brewster's Millions** is the fact that it isn't at all funny. Teaming Richard Pryor with up-and-coming roly-poly funnyman John Candy would seem on paper to be a blueprint for bulk bellylaughs. But not so in this tried and tried again tale of a down and outer who is willed $300 million on the proviso that he spend $30 million in 30 days and have nothing tangible to show for it — sort of like the kid who is caught smoking, then forced to smoke a whole pack in an effort to keep him off the coffin nails for good. Pryor is the legatee Brewster, Candy is his best buddy Spike Nolan. The script provides neither with any decent material — Candy in fact has little to do but stand around in loud shirts, rolling his eyes and looking fat. Don't be sucked in, for anyone punting on *Brewster's Millions* will be taken for a sucker. — *C.J. Mackay*

SPORT

PRO SURFING GOES OFF THE DEEP END

We are bringing surfing to middle America,"crowed Ian Cairns, executive director of the Association of Surfing Professionals. But if the idea of "inland surfing championships" held in a specially constructed pool with machine-driven waves sounded bizarre, it was nowhere as surreal as the actuality. Imagine: the best surfers in the world gathered in the middle of the verdant Pennsylvania countryside, the pungent smell of chlorine wafting on the summer breeze, watching their career prospects rise and fall with the giant steel "wave-flaps" that pumped out two-foot waves at the confusing rate of one every 2½ seconds. It was like a scene from some crazed script for a sci-fi *Gidget* movie, but the reality was that $25,000 in prizemoney was up for grabs and the contest carried the same circuit ratings points as events held in giant Hawaiian surf or the barrels of Burleigh Heads or Bells Beach.





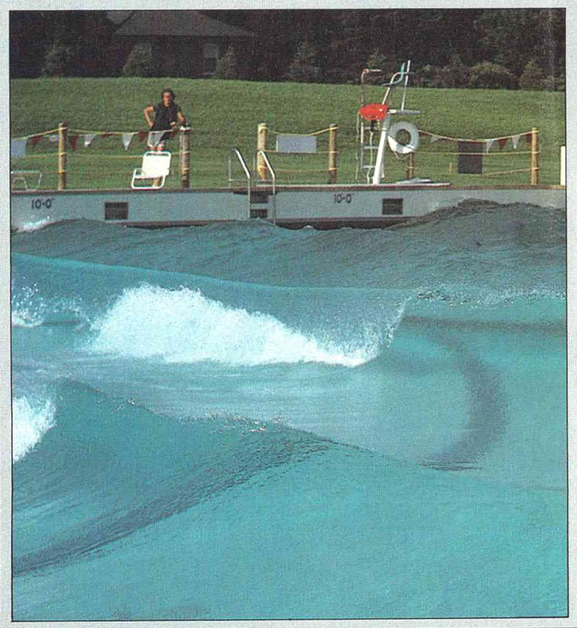
Held in Allentown, Pennsylvania, a once-thriving steel and coal community now fallen on somewhat harder times, the wave pool contest was the grand opening for "Wildwater Kingdom", an adjunct to a long-established amusement park that offers the more traditional attractions of roller-coasters and carousels. But for the surfers, there was more serious business at hand than the speed slides or the Kamikaze Plunge. Said World Champ Tom Carroll, "I'll be catching the left breaking waves because they're a little longer than the rights. I figure I can put in two big manoeuvres and then grovel along the poolside wall to get the length of ride factor." Carroll's strategy was a winning one — he ended up beating Hawaiian Derek Ho in the Grand Final after discovering during earlier heats that he could actually perform four big manoeuvres before "grovelling" to rack up points on the judges' scorecards.

In fact, the surfing performances in these somewhat less than spectacular synthetic waves were nothing short of amazing. But the subtleties were obviously lost on many of the spectators. "The moon controls the real waves," commented local teenager Jeff Spignardi, decked out in the latest Aussie-made surf trunks. "A computer just can't seem to do it right." A blonde bikini-clad girl named Mella Surniolo added: "It just seems too controlled. But then, I've never seen surfing in the ocean, so I don't know how it's supposed to be."

Their thoughts seemed to be an indication that surfing in middle America might never be a substitute for baseball, beer and hot dogs, and the event attracted only a rather small crowd, most of whom showed brief interest before wandering away to sample the excitement of the water park's less esoteric attractions. Nevertheless, there was a good deal of media interest in this odd mutation of pro surfing and Carroll enjoyed his victory amid a barrage of questions and TV cameras. "If it had been six feet," he told the reporters as he looked out over the flat calm pool after the finals, "I would have blown you away."

Carroll may well get his wish. Yet another, bigger and more powerful wave pool is under construction at an indoor site in Edmonton, Canada. The surfers will be there to compete in the world's second synthetic surf contest in February 1986, and it is promised that while the temperature outdoors will be around 30 degrees below zero, the pool will be heated to tropical conditions and the surf will be six feet and pumping.
— *Paul Holmes*

The Allentown, Pennsylvania, Wildwater Kingdom offers top surfers the same circuit points as events in Hawaii and Australia.



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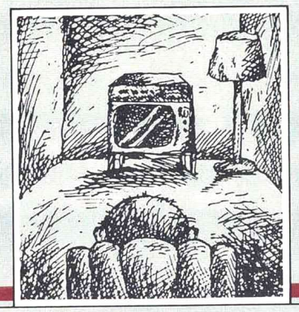


VIDEO

A SHOWGIRL TURNS SERIOUS

There is little in Ann-Margret's early work that hints at the marvellous dramatic talent lying dormant behind the then-promoted facade of "sex bomb." Something of a Sixties version of Madonna, Ann-Margret (born Ann-Margret Olsson in Stockholm, Sweden) rose from being a Las Vegas showgirl to become George Burns' sidekick, gaining numerous television appearances as a singer after her first film role, *Pocketful Of Miracles* (1963).

She quickly fell victim to the "sex bomb" cliche after the youth orientation of *Bye Bye Birdie* and *Viva Las Vegas* (opposite Elvis Presley), and a whole string of eminently forgettable films. But it was the 1966 feature, **The Cincinatti Kid** (MGM Video), in which she played a low-life part in the nether world of card sharks and gambling (opposite Steve McQueen), that the lady proved she was not to be taken lightly. Although only one of a fine cast — including Edward G. Robinson, Tuesday Weld and Karl Malden — that film signalled for Ann-Margret the start of the transformation, from leggy, songbird starlet to a highly considered actress.

Carnal Knowledge (Embassy Video) was the hit of 1971, a Mike Nichols-directed, Jules Feiffer-written, cutting portrait of the sexual hangups and mores of the American male in the period from the Forties to the Sixties (and starring Jack Nicholson and Art Garfunkel). Stepping to the fore, Ann-Margaret braved personal trauma and played the startlingly effective role of a woman not unlike herself — who was once sexual youth personified, but who was forced to fight the unlikeable Nicholson, and age, for any self respect. She portrayed what she was: a disillusioned mistress with little to peddle anymore but sex. The warning signals were up: Ann-Margret was a force to be reckoned with, but few took advantage of her in the way she had expected.

Overcoming a dreadful accident in Las Vegas in the Seventies, in which she fell from a stage and broke the bones in her face, the lady lived through facial reconstruction for the better, but few roles arose to highlight the heat generated from within. **Tommy** (Syme Video) and **Magic** (Video Classics) were ripples, but neither approached the Oscar-nominated role in *Carnal Knowledge*. Three more recent productions have since realised her inherent promise.

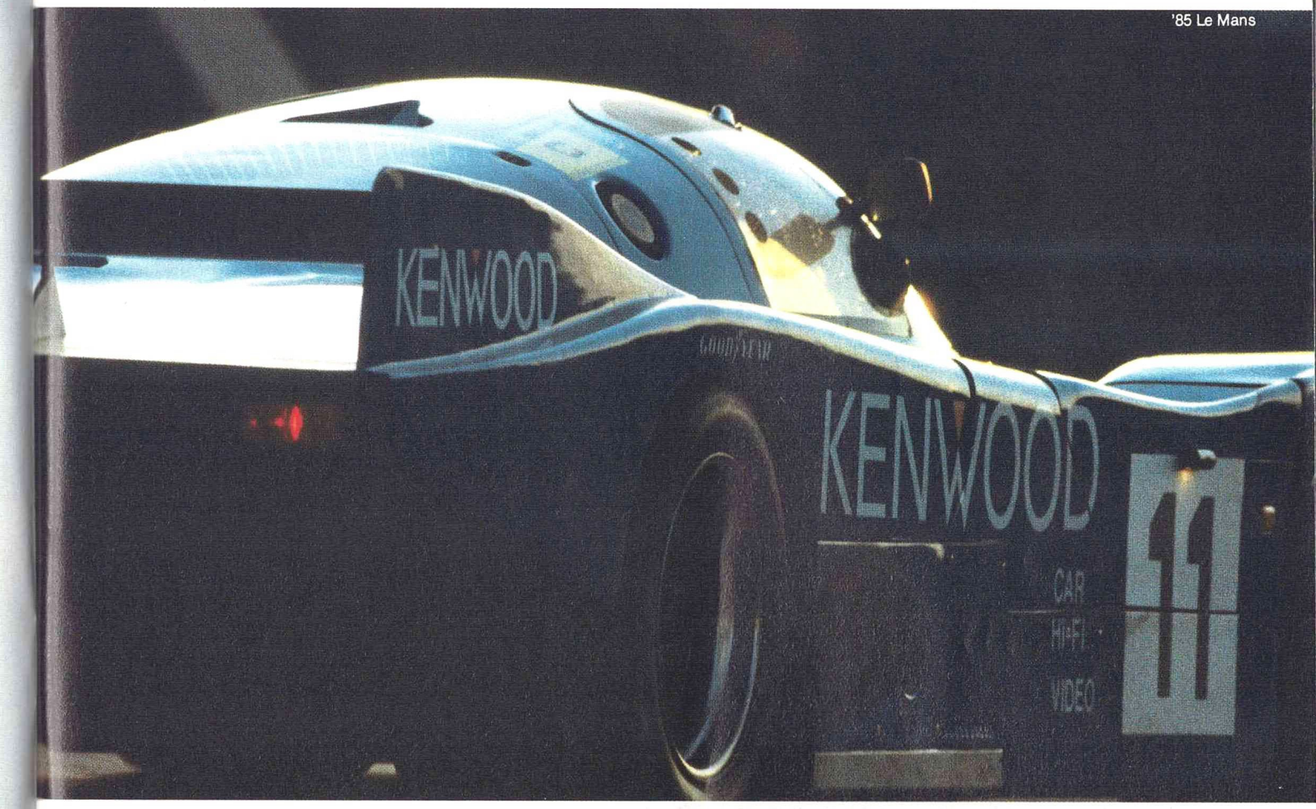
In **The Return Of The Soldier** (Palace Video), the lady is part of a formidable trio, rounded out by Glenda Jackson and Julie Christie, figuring in the past life — and the present reconstruction — of a war-scarred soldier, Alan Bates. A slight but effective tale of WWI, *Soldier* showed a daring for both director and actress in casting her as an Englishwoman opposite two of the finest British actresses of their time. Ann-Margret stunned the critics on both sides of the Atlantic with her performance, low key as it is.

A Streetcar Named Desire (Palace Video) took a lot of guts to make, from Ann-Margret's point of view as well as co-stars Treat Williams and Beverly D'Angelo, and director John Ernman. It might have appeared folly to go within cooee of Tennessee Williams' play after the classic film adaptation of 30-odd years ago which starred Marlon Brando in one of his most memorable performances and Vivien Leigh in one of hers. Brando's achievements then (under Elia Kazan's direction) set the mould for a whole generation of actors. Well, let it be said that Ernman is no Kazan and Williams no Brando — but Ann-Margret *does* give Miss Leigh a run for her money. In the "fevered nightmare of eroticism and brutality" (Tennessee Williams' *only* world where his drama was concerned) that arises when a neurotic woman (Ann-Margret) stays with her sister (D'Angelo) and her violent husband (Williams), Margret delivers a powerhouse performance that had the critics hailing her as "stunning" and "brilliant." It's a far cry from the flighty, sexual object that pranced around Elvis in *Viva Las Vegas* over 20 years ago. Here she displays an enduring talent that may eventually place her among the *grand dames* of the profession.

It might have become Hollywood cliche to hear of the showgirl dreaming of being respected as a great actress, and perhaps even winning an Oscar one day. Yet for Ann-Margret, although the awards may have been elusive, the career is nonetheless impressive. If there is any justice in the halls of the Academy, perhaps one day . . . — *Denis Whitburn*

From Viva Las Vegas to viva Ann-Margret. The actress won wide acclaim for her roles in A Streetcar Named Desire and Return Of The Soldier.

KENWOOD



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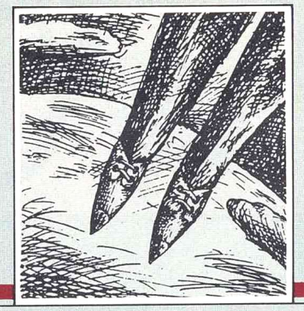

TRAVEL

SNAP DECISIONS

To many travellers a camera is indispensable, yet lots of people on the road are puzzled when they can't achieve the same results that they do at home.

There are a number of simple procedures which can overcome the problems. The commonest complaint is that despite having set the camera correctly, even an automatic one, pictures still have that pale, washed-out look that comes from apparent over-exposure. This becomes more of a problem the closer to the Equator you get. The light may not seem any more intense than it is at home, but in fact it has a much

higher ultra-violet content, especially around midday.

The best color results are hard to achieve at this time, but if you want to try, open the camera's aperture by one stop (towards a lower F-number). This is particularly important on beaches or near water because of the large amount of scattered light reflected from the surface, which deceives the camera's light meter. Otherwise, you can bracket your shots — the shotgun approach — by taking three or four shots of the same subject but shifting the aperture one stop either side of the meter's reading, to ensure that at least one is spot on.

Despite the claims of manufacturers, color films remain rather tricky and unpredictable. Often, people use a film that's just too "fast" for the job. Fast film is the type that is extra sensitive to light, which you read by its ASA number. The higher the ASA, the faster the film. Try to use the slowest film you can. A more practical, if expensive, solution is to buy a second camera body and keep one loaded with slow film and one with fast film.

You *can* switch a half-used film for a different speed film, but keep your wits about you. Listen closely as you wind it back; you must leave the feeding tag out of the film case if you wish to re-use it, so stop winding as soon as the tension slackens and you hear the release of the tag. When winding it back on, sacrifice two frames or so by shooting into the lens cap, to avoid double exposures.

In the tropics, and mostly in the wet season, film can be strongly affected by heat and humidity. If you're staying at a reasonable hotel, the solution is to keep your film in the fridge in your room. Allow it two hours to come up to whatever the temperature happens to be to ensure its condition. Opinion is divided on whether it's necessary to refrigerate the film after you've exposed it, but better safe than sorry. Under less extravagant conditions, if you can't use a corner of an Esky to store your film (in a waterproof bag, of course) then at least keep it out of the sun, preferably wrapped in a towel; some use a damp towel and a plastic bag.

Common sense should prevail. Never leave film or a camera in the glove box of a car; you might as well put it in an oven. Not only might it ruin the film, it could stuff up the delicate electronics with which modern cameras are crammed.

Find shade, or at least get yourself between the sun and the camera, when you load and unload, and put the exposed film back in its can or box and into the bottom of a bag. Don't forget to mark it "exposed."

Cameras, because of the amount of gadgetry they contain nowadays, are delicate mechanisms warranting plenty of care. Lens cleaning tissue is cheap and indispensable; don't use a hankie or the tail of your shirt. These can harbor gritty particles which will scratch the delicate coating on lens surfaces designed to reduce flare and correct color.

Always have a UV filter of zero density on each lens. Apart from cutting down on haze, it protects the lens. If you have a stumble, it's more comforting to know you've cracked only a $10 filter rather than a $200 lens.

A very fine line between prudence and extravagance exists with regard to how much film you shoot. It's cheap enough, especially if you're buying it duty free. Try not to forget that the more you shoot, within reason, the more likely you are to come up with top results. Be prepared to throw away the not-so-hots. For these purposes, color transparencies are the cheapest and most practical option — you can always have prints made up of the good ones if you want.

When travelling, clean the camera regularly with a puffer brush. Gadget freaks seem to like the pressurised dust-blower cans, but don't overdo it either way because of the risk of blowing dust into the mechanism rather than out of the camera. Always replace your camera's batteries before a trip, and carry a spare with you. Even if you infrequently use the camera, it pays to have it overhauled every year or so.

Most of this applies to cheap cameras as well as the expensive 35mm systems. If you're buying a camera, it's as well to consider just how much use you'll have from it. Remember that in some countries an expensive camera hanging around your neck can make you an obvious target for thieves. Pocket-size travel cameras now on the market can provide effective, expedient results while you avoid branding yourself with the slogan: "Wealthy dumb foreigner."

The cheap, simple, automatic camera with built-in flash is perfectly adequate. It's too easy to get sucked into the strange, petty machismo of my-zoom-lens-is-bigger-than-yours. Many gadgeteers are so overloaded with gear that the shot's gone by the time they decide what attachments to use.

If you buy process-paid film overseas, make sure it will be possible to have it processed back home (think carefully before trusting cheaper foreign photo-labs). Use a reputable photofinisher rather than the cheap one who offers you a digital watch pen, and insist that your replacement film is of a known brand rather than a repackaged job, which could be of inferior quality or past its shelf-life.

— Fred Baker

Illustration by David Dooley

Aside from this headline, this entire advertisement was written by the critics.

"Ricoh, a major producer of products ranging from copiers to computers, is one of the few camera companies currently able to design and produce its own EC chips. Therefore it's not surprising that Ricoh now introduces one of the most sophisticated electronic camera packages to date...(featuring) some 16 different exposure modes with 69 ways to use them.

"It is a camera that a beginner can use easily and yet it provides all the sophistication and variations necessary to proceed to advanced amateur or perhaps even professional status.

"We felt in many instances, the Ricoh's ability to provide proper exposures with the least amount of complication allowed us to take our pictures perfectly and be gone even before pros with other cameras had puzzled out how to take the same pictures.

"The XR-P, when used with its full dedicated 300P thyristorized energy-saving speedlight, provides a dazzling number of options, conveniences and safety features..."

Modern Photography

"Ricoh's XR-P gives the user many different modes of operation, but still allows for the photographer's personal touch to shine through."

Martin Coleman
Australian Photography

"This box of tricks is certainly the most feature-packed camera on the market...

"What you get is just about as much as can possibly be fitted into a standard camera body without bits falling off the end.

"A new type of screen has been used by Ricoh giving a brighter, sharper image...

"The sensor grip is one of the best features seen on recent camera models — simple but effective."

Amateur Photographer

"Ricoh's brand new XR-P will probably have the competitors running for the drawing boards in panic.

"...the manual shutter speed selector is positioned around the film crank, which is an extremely clever use of space.

"...Ricoh has done an excellent job in designing a (viewfinder) display that is informative but not cluttered.

"The Ricoh XR-P stands alone."

Paul Burrows
Camera Craft

"The TV mode included in this ingenious and beautifully crafted multimode AE 35mm single-lens reflex turns it into an instrument useful not only to the amateur photographer, but also to the scientist."

Lief Ericksenn
PhotoGraphic

"Ricoh are now one of the big names in SLRs. Over the last couple of years they've shaken off the slightly condescending 'budget' label that used to be applied to their products. With the XR-P, they have also proved they are capable of producing very sophisticated equipment.

"Ricoh have chosen their programs carefully, and you have a wide choice of exposure settings just through the simple mode selector.

"...amongst all this technology there is one feature which, judging from the letters we receive, many readers will welcome — a fully metered manual mode."

SLR Camera

"A lot of good craftsmanship has been combined with space-age technology in the Ricoh XR-P. Essential body strength is given by metal die casting, with plastic top and bottom plates (which I actually prefer because they are lighter and springier than stamped sheet metal). Shutter speeds are controlled by a crystal: electronic-flash sync is at 1/125 sec; and separate silicon photodiodes are used in the prism section to measure all ambient-light exposures, and in the mirror box for off-the-film flash control.

"As an old-time carping camera critic, I'm sure that its troika of programmed modes could be improved, but I know not how."

Bob Schwalberg
Popular Photography

"The key to the camera's simplicity seems to be in the design of its electronics. They enable nearly all of the exposure modes to be changed by just two controls...

"The shutter speed ring is delightfully light and smooth to use, one of the best...

"The many features, some quite innovative, were complemented by a high standard of finish...the padded leather-like material on the camera body added to the luxury feel and the smoothness of the controls confirmed the impression."

Warwick Emerson
Photoworld

"Incredibly, Ricoh, which three years ago was languishing near the bottom of Japan's dozen camera makers, seems to have seized technological leadership. Many experts regard its XR-P as the world's most electronically advanced camera.

"...Ricoh now ranks at least No. 5, ahead of Olympus and Konica, and possibly even No. 4, ahead of Nikon, according to people who have seen the latest confidential studies by Audits & Surveys Inc. and Cores Corp., two New York market researchers."

Business Week

RICOH
AFFORDABLE EXCELLENCE

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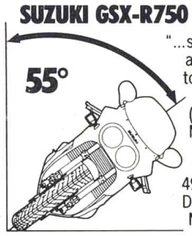
THIRD DIMENSION

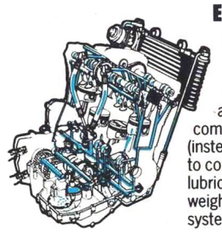
RASL 3097

THE SUZUKI SENSATION: MAN & MACHINE WORKING AS A SINGLE MOVING PART...

SUZUKI GSX-R750 HYPER SPORTS



"...smashes all previous limits... a new benchmark in power to weight ratio and outright performance."
(Noel Christenson)
Max. hp: 73.5 kW (100PS) at 11,000 r.p.m. (DIN). Max. torque: 66.5 N-m (6.8kg-m, 49.2lbs-ft.) at 10,000 r.p.m.
Dry Mass: 176kg (388.0lbs)
Max. bank angle: 55°



ENGINE

4 cylinder, 4 stroke DOHC. 4 valves per cylinder, with TSCC specially modified to achieve maximum combustion efficiency. Oil (instead of air or water) is used to cool the engine as well as lubricate it. This eliminates the weight of a separate cooling system.

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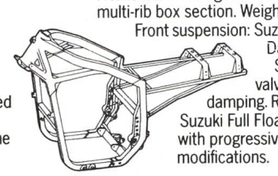
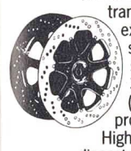


Frame: ultra-strong cast aluminium alloy multi-rib box section. Weighs only 8.1kg. Front suspension: Suzuki Positive Damping Fork System, with valves to harden damping. Rear suspension: Suzuki Full Floater System with progressive damping modifications.

GEARS/BRAKES/TYRES/WHEELS



Gears: 6 speed close ratio transmission. Brakes: Suzuki exclusive Decapiston brake system. Twin 300mm spiral slotted discs (front). Single 300mm spiral slotted disc (rear). Tyres: Ultra low profile racing type. Wheels: High rigidity, low weight diecast aluminium.

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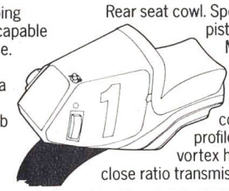
PERFORMANCE OPTIONS



Rear seat cowl. Special cylinder-head, pistons, valves and springs. Modified flat valve carburettors. Dry-sump clutch and clutch cover. Polished connecting rods. Racing profile camshaft. 4 into 1 vortex header/muffler. 6 speed close ratio transmission. Sprocket options.

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SUZUKI AUSTRALIA

SUZ 012

Outlaw graffitists are giving the megabuck outdoor advertising industry a bugger of a time

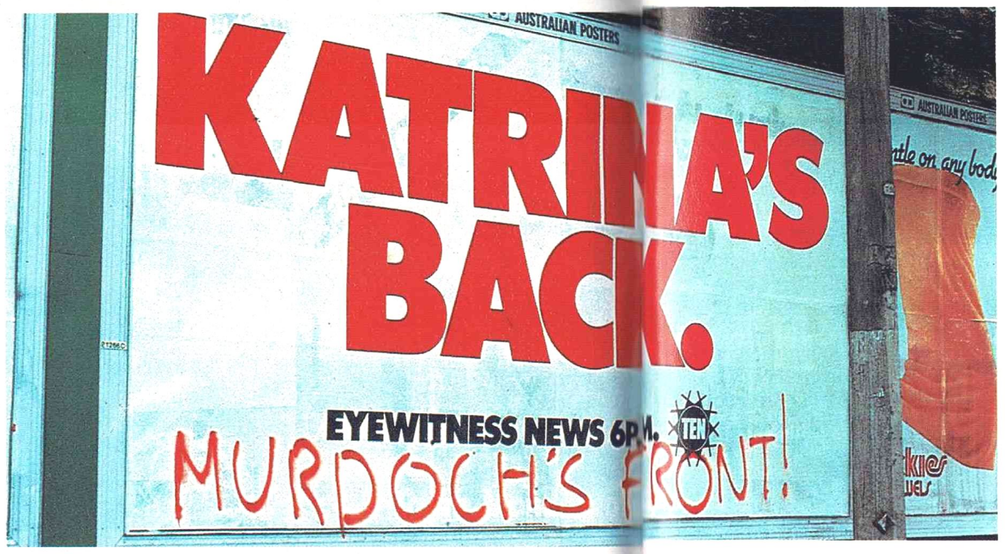
THE WAR OF WORDS

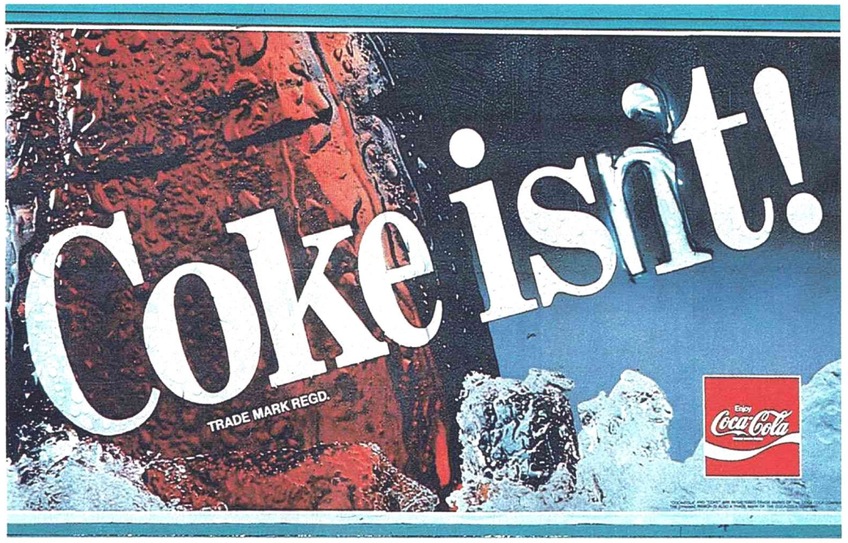
BY GREG HUNTER

Dr Arthur Chesterfield-Evans used to work in Sydney in the field of industrial medicine. He had to treat a great many people who were, in his opinion, suffering from diseases related to smoking. Often he performed head and neck surgery on such people, using procedures which he describes as "very mutilating." In some cases, according to Dr Chesterfield-Evans, "you end up with a person who hasn't got a face any more." He also did a lot of arterial reconstructions on patients whose circulation had allegedly been clogged as a result of smoking. When that failed, the next step was amputation of the affected limb. In 1981, after six years of performing this work, Dr Arthur Chesterfield-Evans — a 30-year-old certified Yuppie and card-carrying member of the Liberal Party — began to transform, somewhat in the manner of Dr Jeckyl, into a cigarette advertiser's version of Mr Hyde.

The metamorphosis did not occur overnight. First Arthur joined the Non-Smokers Movement and organised a campaign of letter-writing to politicians. The few replies he received amounted to "fatuous nonsense." At about that time he came into contact with Fred Cole, an activist attached to BUGA UP (Billboard Utilising Graffitists Against Unhealthy Promotions). He decided to join the ranks of these urban guerillas who'd been "refacing" billboards since 1979. "I recognised that the BUGA UP people had achieved more in three years than everyone else put together over 30 years. So then it became a question of whether I was going to accept $50,000 a year for end-stage pathology of the victims, or get out and help those who were

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR





THE WAR

getting to the root of the problem.'' When he took up a can of spray paint and made his first mark on a billboard cigarette advertisement, upwardly mobile Arthur became a criminal.

Because of his rather conventional upbringing, Arthur had to overcome an ''emotional taboo'' against damaging property. ''I found I was only an effective graffitist when I was angry, and that was usually after someone had died. If I'd had a quiet night, I'd just go home.'' However, deaths were not infrequent on Arthur's late-night tour of duty (he'd left the hospital to do after-hours work for GPs). On one occasion, after he'd failed to revive a heavy smoker who was suffering from bronchitis, he ''refaced'' so many cigarette billboards that he ended up halfway across Sydney.

On August 21, 1982, the doctor's run of good fortune deserted him. ''It was 10pm on a Saturday night — a stupid time to go buggering,'' he recalls. ''But I had a couple of spray cans left in the car and I thought I'd just finish them off.'' While motoring through the Sydney suburb of Lewisham, Arthur spotted a Rothmans Extra Mild billboard which depicted a man and a woman smoking. Next to them, in large letters, were the words ''MOVE UP.'' The billboard was not difficult to reach so Arthur didn't need an extension for his spray can. He carefully altered the word ''MOVE'' to ''GIVE'', then added a few more words. The doctored billboard read: ''DARLING, LET'S GIVE UP AND SAVE MONEY.''

As he finished his handiwork, Arthur poked his head above the gully he was standing in and saw a police car waiting at the traffic lights just a couple of metres away. It was an each-way bet as to who was more startled: ''He sort of went: 'Fuck! It's a BUGA UP!' I wondered whether I should run away or not. I hadn't cased the area for an escape route. But then I thought, well, why should I?''

The doctor stood his ground until, inevitably, he was asked: ''What do you think you're doing, son?''

''I suppose I'm working,'' he replied.

Down at the station, Arthur was subjected to the ''Smoothie and Crunchie'' interrogation technique, labelled a ''communist'', and asked whether he thought he was a hero. During his four hours of confinement in the lock-up, the radicalisation of Arthur shifted into high gear: ''When you see these guys happily pushing cigarettes, happily saying there's nothing wrong with them, and getting knighthoods for it, while for telling the truth you get dragged away and put in a cage and then hauled in front of the courts, it really brings home to you the difference between 'right and wrong' and 'legal and illegal.' ''

On September 7, 1983, Arthur faced a charge of ''wilfully marking premises.'' Having admitted to refacing the billboard, he relied (as do most ''BUGs'' who are caught in the act) on the defence of necessity. His counsel argued that if Arthur had been arrested for damaging a truck that had been rolling out of control toward a group of children, the case would be dismissed on the grounds of necessity. The same principle, he said, applied in the case of the offending billboard. Two expert witnesses testified that cigarettes were highly addictive and that cigarette advertising encouraged children to smoke. After hearing all the evidence, Margaret Sleeman SM said that while she sympathised with the doctor's motives, she could see no evidence that his action had prevented any illness or death, and therefore the defence of necessity could not succeed. The magistrate imposed a token fine of $20. When Arthur appealed to the District Court, the charges were dropped on the grounds that the billboard was not ''premises'' within the meaning of the relevant Act. ''They were buggerising around with a technicality, but it's convenient for the courts because that way they don't have to confront the real issue,'' according to Arthur.

But the vigilante mèdico and his confreres in BUGA UP wanted an answer to the question: Are we criminals or are we not? So Arthur masterminded a ''public refacing'' of a billboard near the Sydney Cricket Ground on October 1, 1983, to which he invited all those responsible for the offending advertisement. The guest list included employees of the ad agency that designed it and of the tobacco company concerned, and the presidents of the Outdoor Advertising Association of Australia (OAAA) and the Australian Association of National Advertisers (AANA). None of them accepted the invitation to speak in defence of the sacrificial billboard. Although reporters representing radio, television and the press were present, none of their reports, apart from a segment on SBS TV, went to air.

As the news cameras whirred, Arthur delivered an eloquent speech justifying his colorful career in preventive medicine. According to *Billbored*, BUGA UP's unofficial newsletter, the speech was also recorded by ''at least three separate groups of 'spies' who were spotted lurking in the back of vans across the road, filming with telephoto lenses and shotgun mikes.'' Concluding his address, Arthur then climbed a ladder, brandished his spray can and wrote the words: ''LEGAL DRUG PUSHERS — THE REAL CRIMINALS'' on the poster. Many of the crowd of around 150 uncapped their spray cans and joined in. During the course of proceedings, according to Arthur, half a dozen police cars cruised by, observed the scene, and moved on. There were no arrests. ''We took them on, we said how about it, and nothing happened.'' The metamorphosis of Dr Arthur Chesterfield-Evans was now complete.

Casually attired in jeans and a T-Shirt which read: ''BURNSON & STENCHES SPECIAL KILLER — *When only the best will do you in*'' ($8.50 from BUGA UP Non-Consumer Products Division), Dr Chesterfield-Evans told *Penthouse*: ''As far as I'm concerned, the bloke who pushes cigarettes ought to be thrown in jail. To push a product that you know is going to kill a quarter of its daily users is a totally immoral act. The tobacco manufacturers and their advertisers need to be recognised as a mob of thugs.''

People were writing various messages on billboards long before the acronym BUGA UP was coined. In 1979 three such people — Geoff Coleman, Rick Balzan and Bill Snow — had a chance meeting in Sydney and decided they should differentiate their activities from random vandalism. They began to sign their work ''BUGA UP''; shortly afterwards the curiosity of thousands of Sydneysiders was satisfied when the acronym was spelled out on a blank billboard; and when the first court cases cranked up the wheels of publicity, the bouncing bastard BUGA UP had arrived.

The outfit's first major publication, the *Autumn Catalogue 1980*, provided instructions on how to reface billboards, urgently called for more ''phantom sprayers'', and spelled out the rationale of the founding BUGs: ''There was just the recognition of a common aim: to combat the inhuman corporations who manufacture tobacco, alcohol, fast foods, soft (?) drinks etc, their sole aim being to profit from the sale of those unhealthy and wasteful products . . . What we are trying to do with our graffiti is to expose the devices the advertisers are using to exploit us — demystifying their process . . . It seems natural to use this system against itself.''

BUGA UP is not seeking to ban the sale of ''unhealthy'' products. What they're on about is unhealthy *promotions* — that is, the advertising of ''junk'' or the misleading advertising of legitimate goods. In the simplest of terms, they have declared war on bullshit.

BUGs stress that BUGA UP is not an ''organisation'' as such; there are no office-bearers and no members. Therefore nobody knows exactly how many Australians are in the habit of returning home from work, dining with the family, and then slipping out to bugger up a few carefully crafted messages from the outdoor advertising industry. Peter Vogel, BUGA UP's unofficial historian, says he could easily name 100 individuals who've made contact with BUGA UP around the country, adding: ''I guess there must be several times that number out there who've never been caught.'' Six years after the movement's inception it has established a firm toehold in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth, while Brisbane has recently witnessed a large upsurge in buggery; sporadic outbreaks have also occurred in Adelaide and Newcastle.

It's significant that unlike every other protest movement which springs to mind, BUGA UP is not merely a latter-day antipodean offshoot of some American or European notion. In fact BUGA UP is, ironically enough, as Australian as a meat pie and a can of Tooheys. The movement does have international appeal, however. Requests for literature have come from such unlikely places as Indonesia and Japan; New Zealand now has its own BUGA UP group; and the more politely titled COUGH UP (Citizens' Organisation Using Graffiti to Halt Unhealthy Promotions) has sprung up in England. When the first arrests were made there, the activists contacted BUGA UP to ask: ''Okay, what do we do now?''

Dr Chesterfield-Evans provided some answers when he addressed an extremely conservative group of health professionals at the Second International Conference on Health Education and the Media in Edinburgh. He described the BUGA UP method as a ''*civil disobedience and news creation model* drawing attention to health issues in a new way.'' The legal process was a vital part of the campaign, because ''The law is a relatively cheap way to get publicity . . . It is not necessarily vital to win the case . . . If publicity is generated and the conviction is based on a morality that is perceived to be absurd, the political and publicity consequences may still make it worthwhile . . . If used intelligently, test cases can effectively change the law by changing the way it is interpreted.''

In the six-year war of words between BUGA UP and the advertising industry, the BUGs have often abandoned guerilla tactics and locked horns with the enemy on open ground in their efforts to create news. These sporadic engagements have been nothing if not entertaining.

• In October 1981, the Philip Morris company offered ''a $25,000 reward for the Marlboro Man.'' The promotion required entrants to post a photo of themselves and state in 25 words why they should be deemed the Marlboro Man. Entrants didn't ''have to look like a Newman or a Bronson'' but should have a ''strong and distinctly individual masculinity — that unique difference that personifies the flavor of Marlboro.''

BUGA UP's entrant was Mr Frank C of Darlinghurst, Sydney. According to Dr Chesterfield-Evans, Frank C ''knew all about cigarettes as he had lost [the use of] both his legs and most of his lung capacity finding out about them.'' Despite these setbacks, Frank continued to smoke through a hole in his neck — the result of a tracheotomy. According to Arthur, when Frank threatened to attend the judging, Philip Morris ferried journalists around in taxis to release the name of the winner at a private party. Shortly afterwards, the BUGA UP Marlboro Man appeared on the cover of the *Medical Journal Of Australia*, despite attempts by Philip Morris to prevent publication.

• In 1983 the Australian Association of National Advertisers distributed free to thousands of schools a booklet entitled *Un-*

THE WAR

derstanding Advertising. According to Vogel, "It gave the industry line about how essential advertising was to the economy and what great guys advertisers were. We got a lot of enquiries from teachers who wanted BUGA UP speakers and material on which to base a balanced course." The result was *AD EXPO — A Self-Defence Course For Children*. The BUGA UP teaching manual included a justification of the movement's activities ("BUGA UP have been described as Australia's most effective form of advertising regulation"), detailed explanations of what constitutes an "unhealthy promotion", examples of refaced billboards, and a series of students' exercises designed to reinforce the message. The most controversial of these was Exercise 14: "The students, singly or in pairs, analyse advertisements that they consider to be unhealthy or misleading. By 'refacing' the ads with paint, crayons etc they can change the picture or words to what they see to be the true message of the medium. Ask them to write up to 250 words on their reasons for picking that advertisement as unhealthy, and how the ad has been improved. Send the results to BUGA UP's AD EXPO project . . . *If it is too large to post, a clear photograph will do.*"

The advertising industry took the bait hook, line and sinker, accusing BUGA UP of inciting children to flout the law. The result was extensive media coverage, aided by the response of the then NSW Minister for Consumer Affairs, Paul Landa, to a question without notice in the NSW Parliament asking for an urgent investigation. Landa sidestepped the question and stated: "I share a great deal of sympathy with [BUGA UP's] objective, but at times their means of achieving it seems to be somewhat dubious. I have no doubt they are people with fine intentions . . ."

According to Peter Vogel, "We were very grateful to the ad industry for all this free publicity. It was a great success in the end."

• On October 20, 1984, BUGA UP staged "The 1984 Advertising Bogies" at the NSW Institute of Technology. The Bogies were masterminded by Peter Vogel: "It started when the ad industry published a catalogue of the previous year's award-winning ads, and all those we considered to be the worst won awards." The idea snowballed into a seminar at which 14 speakers including one advertising consultant spoke on the influence of advertising and methods of combating it. The climax of the event was the presentation of the Bogies. There were 20 categories, with the four finalists in each displayed on a screen and scored according to audience response on a "Bogeymeter." Categories included the Men In White Coats Award for bogus experts (won by an Electrolux ad featuring Mr Jolly); the Informed Decision Award (winner: "Coke Is It"); the Advance Australia Award for exploiting patriotism (winner: a McDonalds ad in which Ayers Rock turns into a hamburger — "The Taste Of Australia"); the Sir Richard Kirby Award for breaking the most advertising regulations (winner: Tooheys 2.2 featuring Doug Walters); the Silliest Jingle Award (winner: Holden Astra — "I'm Glad I'm Civilised Now"); and the Most Inane Copy Award (winner: Peter Stuyvesant — "The International Passport To Smoking Pleasure"). None of the advertising industry invitees attended to collect their awards, although an anonymous person accepted the Advance Australia Award on behalf of McDonalds. The McDonalds ad was included among nominees for the Grand Bogey, but was tipped out on the Bogeymeter by the winner of the Personal Paranoia Award, a Tampax ad for tampons with cardboard applicators — "Life Would Be So Much Simpler If You Didn't Have To Touch Yourself Internally."

> "The techniques we're using are as effective as any that have been tried anywhere in the world."

Vogel sums up the event as "a riot — a complete circus. Once again, we owe the success of it to the ad industry because they tried to stop it from going ahead; we publicised that fact, and there was a lot of media debate as a result."

It's never easy to determine who's winning a protracted guerilla war. Both sides, naturally, claim imminent victory. BUGA UP accuses its opponents of a deliberate campaign of "disinformation and distortion." A spokesman for the Outdoor Advertising Association responds: "I'd say 99 percent of BUGA UP's claims are fabricated." *Every* argument, *every* statement, is met with an equally vehement denial. The media are in no position to referee this battle. They have their own interests to protect. So who's bullshitting and who isn't?

The following anecdote illustrates the difficulty in sorting fact from fiction. When told that he would not be allowed to "vet" this article, the OAAA spokesman requested anonymity on the grounds that he had a wife and kids and feared retaliation of some sort. A couple of years back there had been alleged incidents of "firebombing" and attacks on private property such as cars and factories belonging to both advertisers and advertising agencies. The spokesman added: "Most of the ratbag element have since moved up to the hippie communes — living on the dole and smoking pot." However, he justified his caution by relating the story of a Rothmans representative who had supposedly been assaulted by two fanatical BUGs at a service station in the outer Sydney suburb of Bundeena back in 1982.

The BUGA UP version of that story is somewhat different. Under the heading "NEVER TRUST A DRUG PUSHER", *Billbored* reported that the altercation started when the two BUGs asked the Rothmans rep not to fix his cigarette ads to the front of the counter, since they would be at eye level for children. An argument ensued, whereupon "the service station owner lost his temper and told them that they had five minutes to get off his property. He then threatened one of them by aiming a petrol hose at his face, and when the other intervened, he punched her on the nose."

According to *Billbored*, the assault charges were actually laid by the BUGs, who were confident they'd win the case as a customer had seen the incident and would be called as a witness. However, the "witness" claimed he hadn't noticed what was going on and the service station owner alleged he'd been beaten about the head by one of the pair. The Rothmans rep collaborated his story. "As both the plaintiffs had 'criminal' records for billboard graffiti [one was Bill Snow, a founder of BUGA UP], the magistrate accepted the story of those fine, upstanding citizens who were 'just doing their job.' " Both BUGs were found guilty of trespass and one was found guilty of assault. They were fined and placed on bonds, the exercise costing them more than $1000. *Billbored* added: "Considering that this money could have purchased 500 spraycans, they have learnt an important lesson about the cost-effectiveness of various forms of protest."

According to Peter Vogel, Bill Snow subsequently located a new witness and appealed against the conviction, but the appeal was not upheld. As to the general allegations of physical violence, he responds: "There may have been paint bombs thrown at cars covered in cigarette ads, but certainly never an attack by us on an individual. We could do that if we wanted to, but it's strictly forbidden. There have been more attacks and threats against BUGA UP people than vice versa."

The latest of these was an alleged attack on BUGA UP activist Lachlan Partridge. On June 30 Partridge emerged from his grandmother's house in Sydney to find his car had been spray painted. He claims that on the way home a dark-colored Volvo sedan tried to run him off the road and into oncoming traffic.

On the question of who's winning this war of words, Dr Chesterfield-Evans is unequivocal: "I really believe we're the best. The techniques we're using are as effective as any that have been tried anywhere in the world. In terms of cost-effectiveness, no-one else has come up with anything like it."

But how is the "success" of BUGA UP going to be measured? As far as Vogel is concerned, the only real common goal is public exposure — keeping the issue alive. "There is good public awareness of who we are and what we are — as hard as the ad industry tries to deny it." And, as in any propaganda war, there's the claim that "the public is on our side." How did he substantiate that view? "Public support when we're out on the street and doing it. A few years ago you'd get a few people every night who'd abuse you, call you a 'vandal' and so on . . . Nowadays that might happen one night in ten. Most people are cheering and saying: 'Good on yer!' " Awareness of public sympathy, according to Vogel, had led the OAAA to launch an abortive anti-vandalism campaign back in 1981 which intended to portray BUGA UP as criminals. The last ad in the four-part campaign was to have been directed at billboard buggerers, but the whole thing was called off at stage one after BUGA UP countered the message: "VANDALISM IS A CRIME — SPEAK UP AND CALL THE POLICE" by spraying every available billboard with this response: "DRUG PUSHING IS A CRIME — SPEAK UP AND CALL THE POLICE . . . OR BUGA UP."

Our spokesman for the OAAA isn't having any of this: "BUGA UP are perceived, frankly, by the public as vandals. Our research — and the figures are constant over the last ten years — shows that around 74 percent of people *like* outdoor advertising. I would think if someone was to ask what people thought of BUGA UP it would be somewhere in the high nineties *against* what they're up to. But they make these outrageous claims about public support. What research have they done? None to my knowledge." BUGA UP claims to be funded entirely by donations and by the individuals in the movement. Peter Vogel says he personally outlaid several thousand dollars, for example, on production of color posters of BUGA UP handiwork. Would it be reasonable to expect BUGA UP to blow their cash on market research? "Well, I find their claim that they don't have funding very strange," responds the ad man, "because there's an awful lot of money that seems to end up in their basket for promotion and printing and so on, and a lot of it seems to have come through government channels, mostly indirectly . . . They're not getting the surveys done because they know they're on weak ground."

For the most part, the field of battle has been the courtroom . . . and that's where the BUGs are claiming imminent victory.

The defence of necessity has not worked in Australia as yet; of the 40-odd cases that have been fought so far, about 50 percent have been thrown out on technicalities or lack of evidence, the rest resulting in fines. But according to the BUGs, the precedent they've been seeking for years is just around the corner . . . and that, they reckon, will mean the beginning of the end for the outdoor advertising industry. "When BUGA UP started, that proposition was not on," says Vogel. "But the whole scene is changing and judges are now saying, in some cases: 'I agree with what you're doing but I have to find you guilty.' "

The advertisers aren't wearing that, either. Their claim is that, far from a tendency toward leniency, the courts are getting tougher on billboard buggerers. According to John Dollison, Chief Executive Officer of the Tobacco Institute of Australia, "There was a period — around 1982 — when the courts appeared to be more lenient. They were getting off on technicalities. But I would say the fines are getting larger and attitudes are hardening."

Not so, says Peter Vogel. He claims police are reluctant to tangle with BUGs because they know it will mean several days of tedious argument in court, with appeals stretching on for years — all for the sake of a lousy $50 fine. "I think the most telling thing is that while our activities have been increasing all the time, arrests have been decreasing. There were about 40 arrests during the first few years and in the last two there've been virtually none."

As to the ultimate effect of BUGA UP on the outdoor advertising industry, Vogel proclaims: "If they'd voluntarily agreed five years ago not to have cigarette and alcohol billboards, the whole thing would have gone away; there aren't enough people out there who feel strongly enough about the other issues. So the whole industry has a small minority of advertisers to blame for what's coming."

No way, says the ad man. "They would love for BUGA UP to be made a bigger deal than what it is, but I can only see them disappearing in the future because they're going to run out of frontline troops. For them to think they're going to have the laws changed — well, that's crazy."

If you get the impression the protagonists in this conflict couldn't agree on the outcome of a tossed coin, you're right. The ad industry claims self-regulation is its strongest defence against misleading ads; the BUGs describe the administration of the industry's Voluntary Codes by the Advertising Standards Council as "just a joke . . . a complete farce." The cigarette companies reckon there is no "conclusive proof" that smoking is damaging to health, conceding only a "statistical correlation" between smoking and disease, but no causal connection between the two; the BUGs endorse the opinion of the Chairman of the Federal Public Service Board, Dr Peter Wilenski, who recently proclaimed: "If the tobacco industry were marketing sex, they would claim that its association with pregnancy was only a chance statistical correlation." And so on . . .

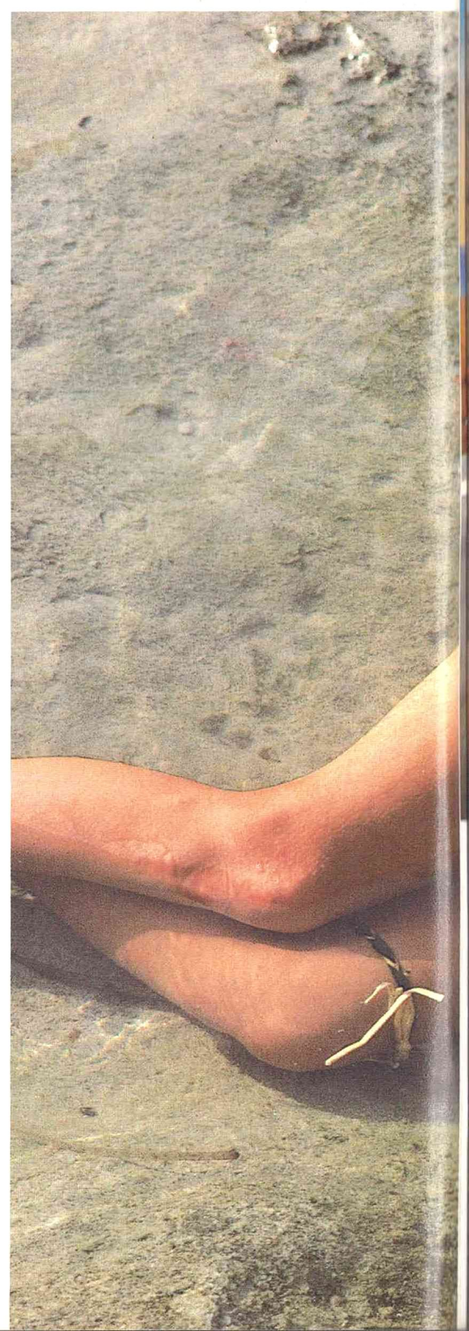
For the millions of bemused observers, this curious form of entertainment continues to be supplied free of charge — buoyed up by a motley collection of fly-by-night BUGA UP offshoots, all of which have no doubt resulted from an appreciation of the sweet symmetry of turning the enemy upon itself at the enemy's expense. We've witnessed the rise and subsequent decline of the BLF (Billboard Liberation Front, an outfit who recently rang a Sydney radio station to announce they'd kidnapped a billboard and would desist from "writing something on it" in exchange for a ransom); BANG (Billboard Anti Nuclear

Continued on page 152

The best thing about being a model,'' says 19-year-old Charlie Dean, ''is that it's a licence to travel free — and first class.'' Charlie has certainly been gadding about since finishing her secondary education at 16. Her current career is a hectic mix of regular modelling for print and TV commercials, doing walk-on parts in television programs and dancing six nights a week in a trendy cabaret dance-club.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLAN J. WASH

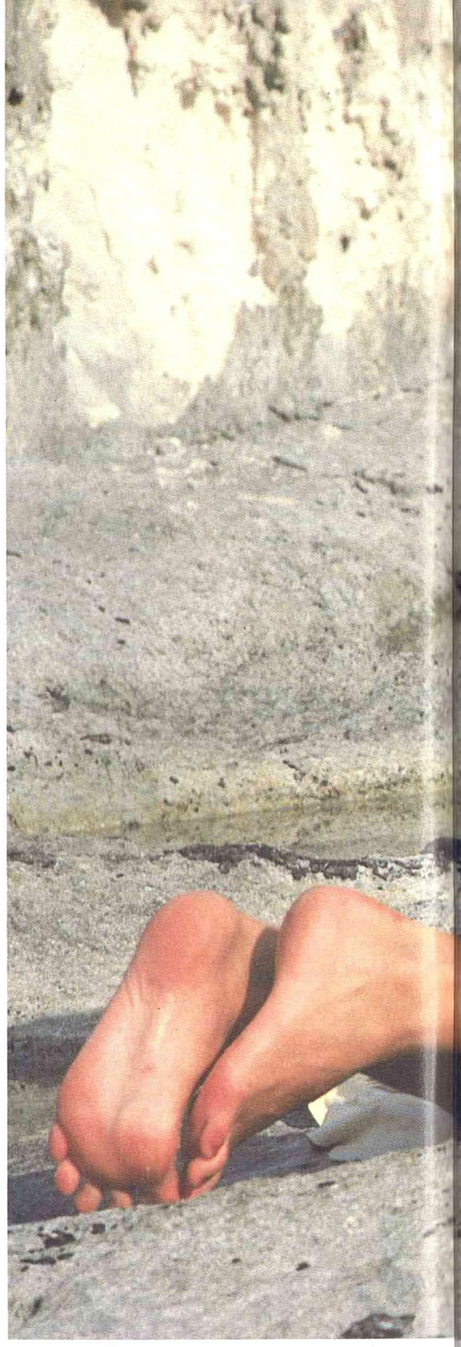
FIRST CLASS

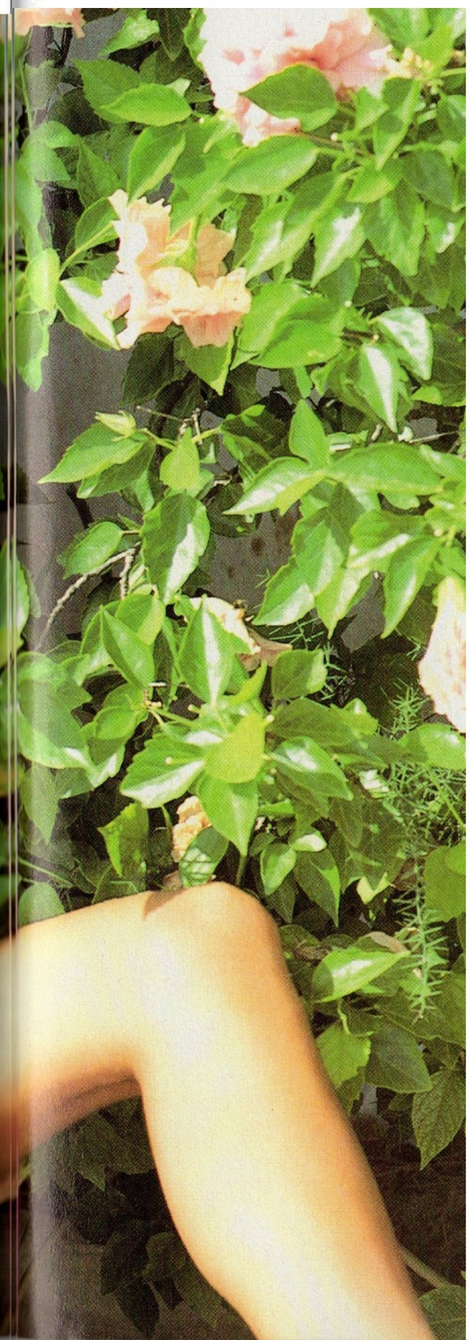


Fresh out of school, Charlie took a job selling menswear, but quickly got sacked. Not, as you might surmise, for causing embarrassing scenes while measuring inside trouser legs, but for quite the opposite reason — she wasn't throwing herself into her work. "It was so boring — and you had to stand up all the time."

"Then I tried marriage — very briefly. It was a big mistake and I got out quick when I saw that. I really like my freedom — to think I almost settled for being a teenage housewife."

"I've been lucky with men and in my profession because I have a really positive attitude. If I'm nervous on an audition or a first date, I just fake it. Obviously, being good looking helps..."





"How you act, though, is a more important factor than how you look," says Charlie. "Especially if you act really naughty!" Professionally she wants to act well, of course, but she wonders if she's willing to trade the glamorous, easy life of modelling for the arduous life of an actress. "Either way," she says, "I'm shooting for rave reviews!"

The new breed of soccer
hooligan is drilled and disciplined for war

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FEVER

BY KEVIN MITCHELL AND JIM POLLARD

It's a murky, midwinter Saturday in London's grimy East End. A couple of hours to "the off" and the lads are tooled up and fuelled up. Immaculate in designer labels from head to toe, they steam out of the glitzy new upmarket bar that has become their match-day HQ. Vodka, gin and strong German lager slurp about in their young bellies. None of your Cockney light-and-bitter brigade among this lot, mate. Gone too are the shaved heads, tie-dyed jeans and bovver boots of past soccer seasons. Their eyes glazed on booze, pills and pre-match adrenalin, West Ham's notorious Inter-City Firm are on the march. In a little while they will be at their battleground, Upton Park, lashing out with their Stanley knives and $50 Nike trackshoes, spitting

FEVER

vitriol and spilling blood — Saturday Afternoon Fever for the back-street glitterati.

This is the British soccer hooligan of 1985. Dr Glenn Wilson, of the London Institute of Psychiatry, describes him as "oversexed, socially frustrated, very fit, and of low intelligence." On his own, he is often a socially inadequate misfit, desperate for recognition in a Breadline Britain that has cast him off in its quest to catch up with a hi-tech world. Monday to Friday, he dwells on the social scrapheap. Come the weekend, he dons his "uniform" — $60 Pringle sweaters at West Ham to the mod-style, "sharpie" dress of the Chelsea followers — and enters his other world: a world of aggro and hate. The quasi-religious setting of a Saturday afternoon match provides a ready-made battlefield.

Dr Wilson says the hooligan is always looking for violence because he wants to feel important. "The average thug on the terrace has a low IQ, but he has grown up in a society which values the smart more than the physically strong." He is either unemployed or in a dead-end job. He spends a lot of his spare time watching video nasties and violent TV shows, or is in the pub, where he does a lot of swearing and boasting.

"He reckons society rejects him, so he seeks gang or tribal groups, and finds them on the terraces," Dr Wilson said. "Among his mates his importance in the gang is enhanced if he kicks in a window or smashes someone in the face. He loves aggro."

On a balmy spring night in a poorly policed stadium in Brussels on May 29, 1985, the soccer thugs achieved their ultimate recognition. Before the European Cup Final between Liverpool and the Italian team Juventus, they engineered a riot which left 38 dead and 250 injured as a stunned television audience of 200 million in 80 countries looked on. England, and the game it gave to the world, would never be the same. Soccer's international ruling body, FIFA, banned English clubs from playing anywhere else in the world. "We have been made the lepers of world football," English Football Association chairman Bert Millichip lamented.

As a veil of shame descended on the nation, the post-mortems began. Once again, the media glare swung on to the terraces of England's 92 professional soccer clubs, peering under the rocks for the slime. What the inquisitors found was the new breed. It had long been known soccer hooliganism was no spontaneous uprising. It now emerged, though, that an elite corps had taken a stranglehold on the passions of the Great Unwashed. Echoes of Nazi Germany whistled around the football grounds as neo-fascists spread their gospel of hate. They had a small but willing audience.

Most English clubs have a hard core of nutters. Many of them now, however, have a strong organisational base and are well-drilled and disciplined in their own perverse way. One such club is Cambridge United, whose main body of storm-troopers marches under the flag of the Cambridge Casuals.

Leading the Casuals until he was jailed for five years last May was Leslie "The General" Muranyi, a balding 24-year-old window cleaner with an army of 150 thugs at his command. He took six weeks to plan the ambush on Chelsea's feared Anti-Personnel Firm that left 40 victims bleeding and bruised in a quiet Cambridge street near the ground.

"I thought I was dying. I thought I'd had it," said 20-year-old David Ayling, who lost one and a half litres of blood when a Casual slit his jugular with a jagged whisky bottle. The drunken hoon who smashes your Esky on the Hill at the SCG or thumps someone in Bay 13 at the MCG wouldn't last five minutes with this mob.

"I now know how wars start," Juventus fan Marco Fornelli said after witnessing the carnage in Brussels. War has already been declared on the streets of Britain. The British public, in fact, have been systematically brutalised over the past few years. Almost every night for 12 months they were served up a diet of real-life conflict on the TV news as striking miners and police slugged it out on the picket lines. The bizarre spectacle of an almost acceptable level of violence that pervades Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange* is coming to life ahead of its time.

This brutalisation reflects itself in the thinking and language of the terrace yobbo. In a remarkable interview with a social scientist from Leicester University one member of this species spoke of the rush he experienced during a fight with opposition fans.

"I can't remember which match it was but we went in their end and we got fucking slaughtered in there and we were fighting like fuck to get out and on the way out the coppers were fucking hitting them with their truncheons like and they were fucking waiting for us like and I thought 'Oh, here's where we get it.'

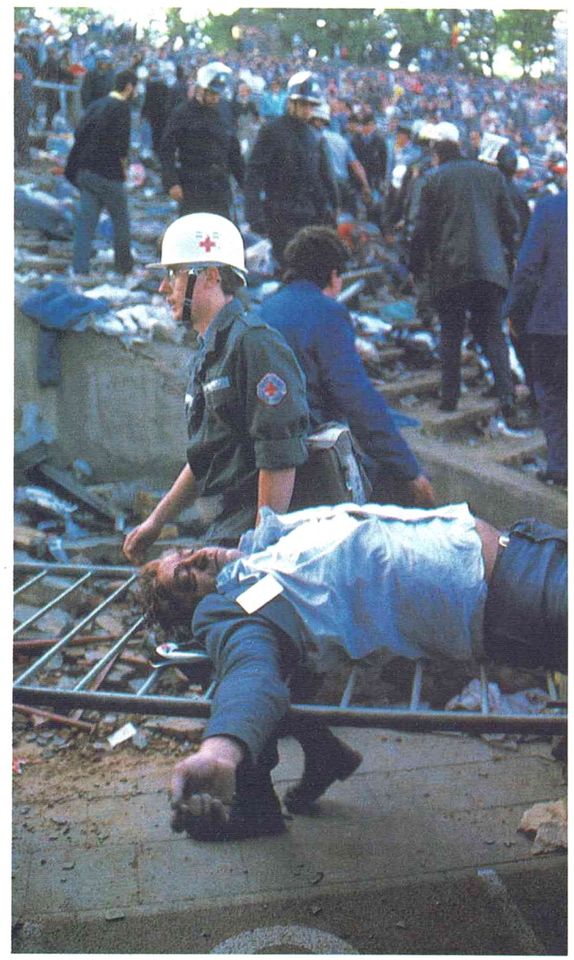
"I thought, well, fuck it if we do. One got hold of this kid like so I fucking booted him in the 'ead. This copper come and seen it, he stopped it an' threw us out. I probably had a couple of bruises like, but no fucker got me in the face like. When we come in like down to the Leicester end they started singing, 'We're fucking proud of you', y'know. I felt fucking brilliant after that, y'know — when they was singing that.

"When we come out of the ground later like, we saw all these fans and we didn't know they were Leicester and we were fucking charging at them an' all. Fucking biggest mistake that. We were brickin' them and everything. They started saying, 'Oh, we're fucking Leicester,' after we bricked them like."

This is the authentic voice of British soccer hooliganism. There is no parallel anywhere else in the world. "Hooliganism is too deeply ingrained in soccer. After 20 years it is part of another England, with rules and morals alien to conventional society. It is part of what it is like to be growing up in working class England," says David Robins, who spent seven years researching his widely acclaimed work on the subject, *We Hate Humans*.

"There are two league tables these days: one for the club matches and the other for the supporters — who ran, when, and from whom," Leicester University researcher John Williams says. He claims that working class housing estates — where unemployment is sometimes as high as 35 percent — are ideal recruiting grounds for extremists. "This is a social group with a

Below: A part of the force required at a big game. Opposite top: Liverpool supporters. Near right, top: A riot spills to the field. Near and far right: Injured supporters.



FEVER

specific value system that is vulnerable to exploitation by extreme political groups, and we found the involvement of the National Front was very significant, particularly in heightening a sense of violent patriotism at foreign matches," Williams says.

"In Copenhagen several years ago, the Danish crowd was bewildered by the English fans who came to cheer their side, but who booed and jeered whenever any of the black English players got the ball," he says. Links between the National Front and soccer violence have been investigated by the Special Branch since at least 1981. They found evidence of National Front activity at England internationals against Switzerland in Basle, in 1981; against Turkey and Romania last season; and against Scotland in May. English officials were amazed to discover that a group of NF fanatics had shelled out close to $5000 each to fly first-class with the English team on their South American tour last year. Angry scenes developed on the plane following racial taunts against black England players John Barnes and Viv Anderson.

The NF newspaper, *The Bulldog*, distributed outside most London grounds, encourages violence by publishing a regular "League Of Louts." Entrenched as it is in an hierarchical class structure, Britain has spawned thugs equally obsessed with "knowing your place." A member of Leicester City's Baby Squad (who are all still at school) told a reporter: "As long as I know that we're top boys in the Midlands, and that there's only one London team we'll run from, that's all that bothers me."

The team they'll run from is Millwall. Supporters of this success-starved second division club, situated in the heart of London's decimated docklands, are widely recognised as the most violent in the land. Bristol City felt the business end of Millwall's cunning and venom last season when they travelled to London for a league match. The police had saturated Millwall's ground anticipating trouble. The boys from Millwall's F-Troop, meanwhile, had followed the Bristol supporters' coaches across London, communicating by CB-radio. They ambushed the buses at Earl's Court — traditional London base for holidaying Aussies — and sent the confused Bristol fans fleeing in all directions.

So thirsty for blood are the lunatics who roam the land in these gangs they will often instigate trouble at matches where their own team is not even playing. Liverpool chairman John Smith said after the Brussels tragedy that six members of the Chelsea National Front boasted to him they had started the rioting. It was the Chelsea Anti-Personnel Firm that was blamed for much of the fighting at the Luton-Millwall cup match in March. Millwall has an average home gate of 4000 but, to the astonishment of the outgunned Luton police,

Flares and fires are commonly ignited in the terraces at both day and night matches.

10,000 Londoners turned up at the small Kenilworth Road ground. It later emerged the APF had long planned to invade Luton for that nationally televised match — partly for the publicity, and partly because Luton has a large Pakistani population, easy targets for racial attacks.

There are dozens of these gangs, not all of them as well known or feared as Chelsea and Millwall, but each violently proud of their reputation. Arsenal head-bangers are known as the Gooners; Liverpool thugs congregate as the Scouse Scallies (the Merseyside term for young Liverpudlians); Manchester City have the Main Line Service Crew, so called because they travel to away matches on scheduled British Rail trains rather than the "soccer specials"; the hooligans at Sheffield United are known as the Blades, for obvious reasons; at Tottenham, supported by a large north London Jewish following, there are the Spurs' Yids; Aberdeen have the Soccer Casuals; Leicester City's aptly named Baby Squad are all schoolboys who wear Wham! T-shirts (though this outfit has been superseded because of the publicity); Millwall, not to be outdone, have three platoons. Besides F-Troop there are the Half-Way Liners and the chillingly named Treatment.

The media spotlight has spurred the new breed to new levels of perversity. It now extends to how stylishly they can carve up their victims. The Anti-Personnel Firm, conscious of Chelsea's image as a world centre of fashion and upmarket chic, leave gilt-edged calling cards on their victims which read: "Nothing personal — you have been serviced by the Anti-Personnel Firm." In the copy-cat way in which many of these practices spread, West Ham's Inter-City Firm leave a similarly flash card which says: "Congratulations, you have just met the Inter-City Firm." A couple of years ago neither gang would have even considered such flamboyance — they just slashed their initials on the victim's chest.

The thugs have found other subtle ways to outwit the authorities. The most foolhardy adopt the accents of the opposition supporters to gain entry to the other end of the ground, and then start a ruck. Inevitably they get a kicking, but if they manage to avoid arrest (or hospital), they're heroes.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher set up "short sharp shock" centres to rehabilitate hooligans, but the results have been very disappointing. At one detention centre, 68 percent of the inmates returned to crime and violence. An astonishing 37 percent of them had a mental reading age of 10. There has been severe criticism because the military-style discipline turns the thugs back on the streets fitter and more resentful towards authority.

The general consensus in Britain is that the latest containment measures — banning booze at grounds, installing crowd-monitoring video cameras, identity cards etc — won't turn back the tide of terror. This is largely a social problem. It took a judge sitting in the relative obscurity of a Crown Court in Yorkshire to articulate the seemingly obvious. Judge Vivian Hurwitz said: "So-called football violence is caused by minorities of violent people who choose football as their arena. Because the whole world — newspapers, TV and politicians — seem so obsessed with what they call football violence, it tends to blur the reality that the problem is violence itself."

Central to the solution is an understanding of the hooligan mind. Experts agree that the thugs see themselves as brave, manly and heroic, like so many vainglorious heroes of the Viking sagas. They like fighting and are proud of what is probably their only skill.

"I'd been fighting, y'know, and the fucking bastards had been watching me. Afterwards they've been coming up to me, y'know, Leicester fans, and saying 'You're all right' as if they know you. They fucking respect you like, y'know what I mean? That's what it is. It's about fucking fellas respecting you."

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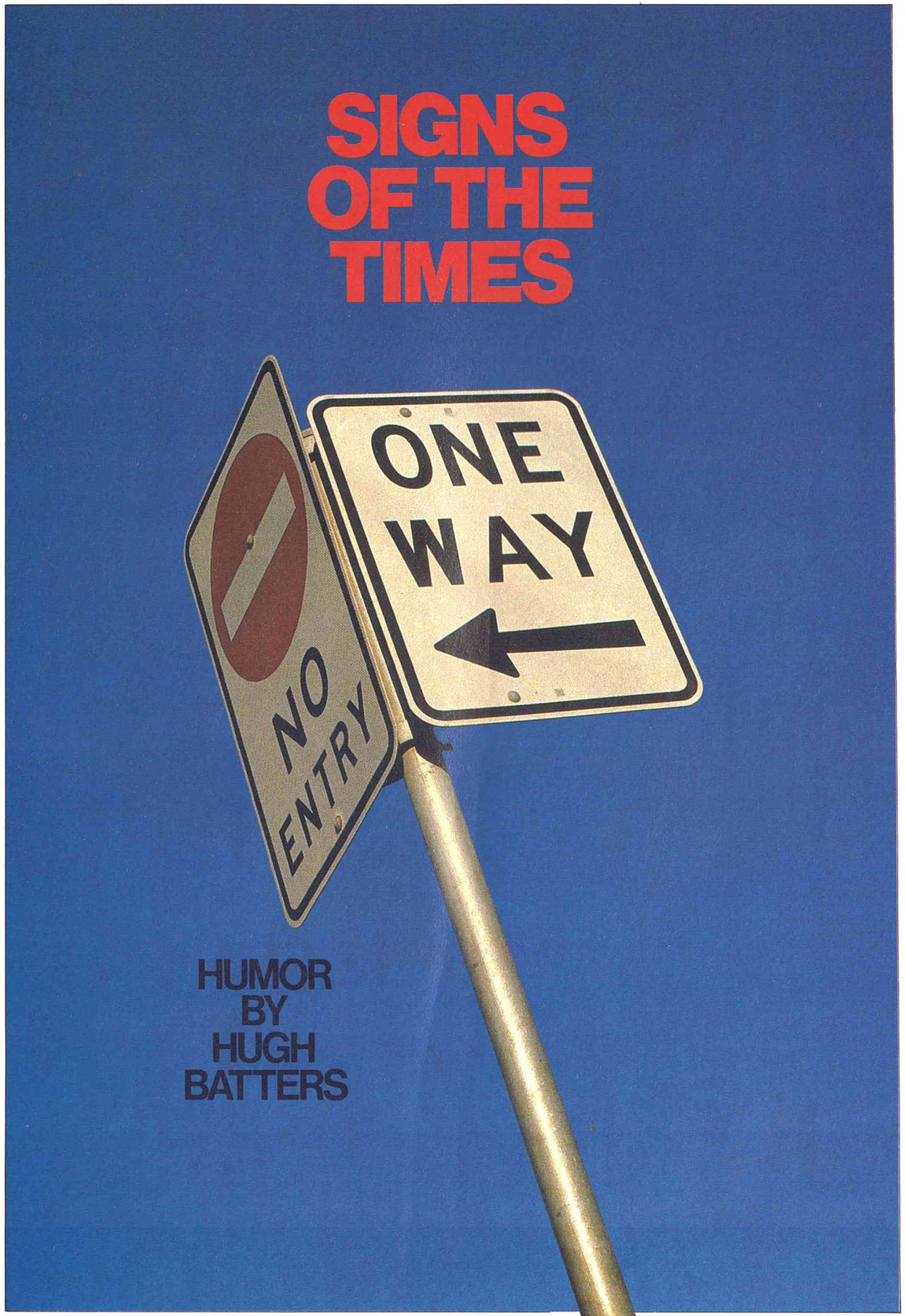
SIGNS OF THE TIMES



HUMOR
BY
HUGH
BATTERS

WRONG WAY GO BACK

A Female Evangelist

A Homosexual Orgy

Bent People

NO ENTRY

A Virgin

ROUGH SURFACE

NO STANDING

A Well-Staffed Massage Parlor

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

A Girl Into Multiple Orgasms

FLOODWAY

GIVE WAY

SOFT EDGES

An Over-Thirties Singles Bar

ONE WAY

A Married Catholic Girl

A Drunk in a Brothel

STOP

A Cockteaser

C

A Drunk Female In A Discotheque

WHEN WET

TWO WAY

A Nymphomaniac

HUMP

20

LOADING ZONE 8:30AM-6:00PM MON.-FRI.

A Busy Hooker

NO PARKING

A Brothel

In the pop music fame game, today you're a bullet performer but tomorrow you're shot

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YESTERDAY'S HEROES?

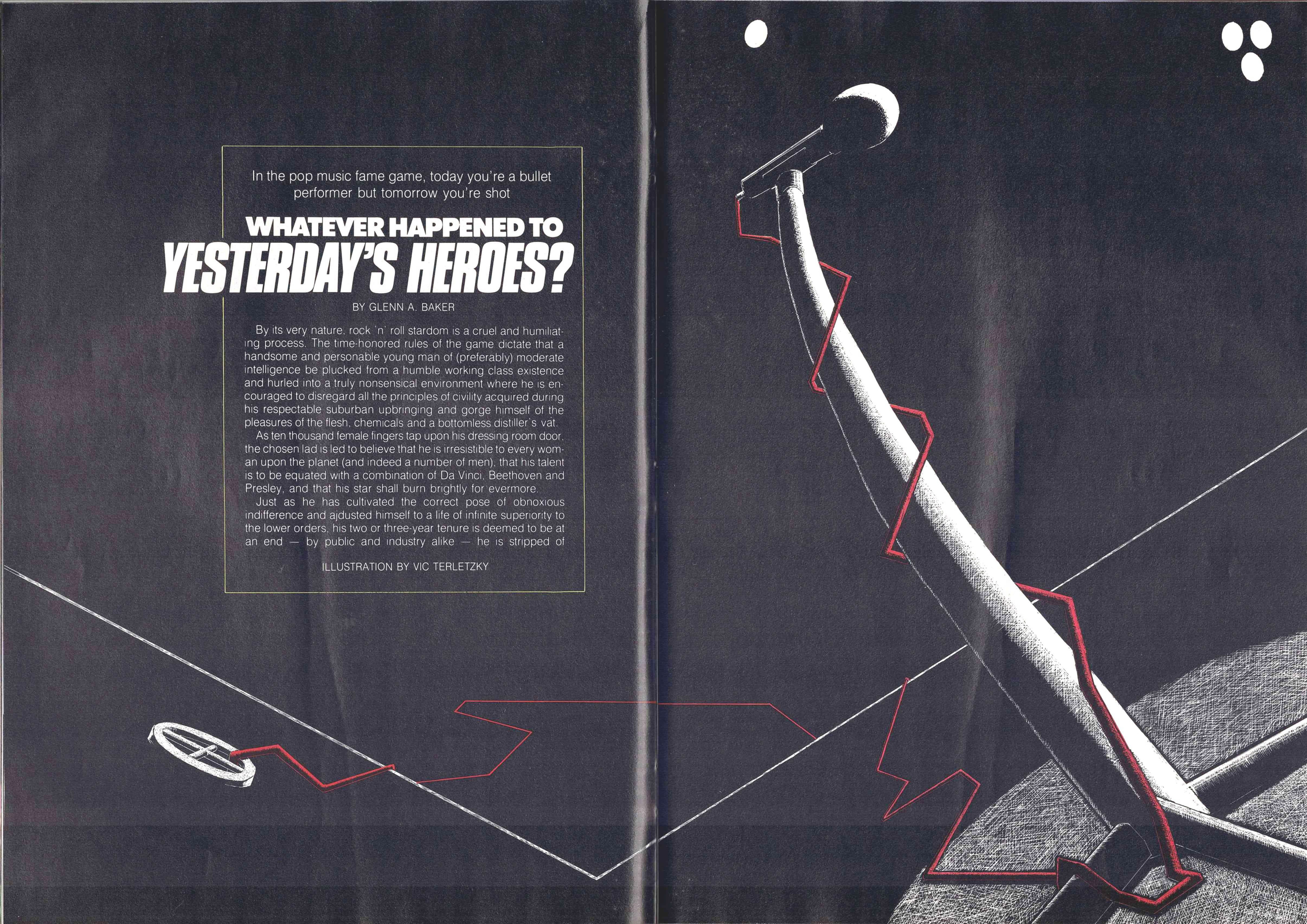
BY GLENN A. BAKER

By its very nature, rock 'n' roll stardom is a cruel and humiliating process. The time-honored rules of the game dictate that a handsome and personable young man of (preferably) moderate intelligence be plucked from a humble working class existence and hurled into a truly nonsensical environment where he is encouraged to disregard all the principles of civility acquired during his respectable suburban upbringing and gorge himself of the pleasures of the flesh, chemicals and a bottomless distiller's vat.

As ten thousand female fingers tap upon his dressing room door, the chosen lad is led to believe that he is irresistible to every woman upon the planet (and indeed a number of men), that his talent is to be equated with a combination of Da Vinci, Beethoven and Presley, and that his star shall burn brightly for evermore.

Just as he has cultivated the correct pose of obnoxious indifference and ajdusted himself to a life of infinite superiority to the lower orders, his two or three-year tenure is deemed to be at an end — by public and industry alike — he is stripped of

ILLUSTRATION BY VIC TERLETZKY



Top left: Rob E.G — the instrumental whizz-kid is now a record company mogul. Top right: The Easybeats — drummer Snowy Fleet (centre) quit to become a builder. Dick Diamonde (to his right) found religion. Above: Master's Apprentices bassist Glenn Wheatley forsook teen stardom to build an entertainment empire.

WHATEVER?

all honors and privileges and told to go back from whence he came to make way for the next object of mass affection.

Thus the shell-shocked displaced pop star is hurled into that floating community of disillusioned but eternally optimistic has-beens whose standard line of conversation centres upon the new demos they've just cut or the comeback tour some promoter has offered. Precious few have the good sense to consider themselves fortunate for an exciting interlude in their adolescence. Instead of setting about productively employing their remaining years they fall prey to the greatest aphrodisiac of all — fame. Some become so despondent that they descend into drug and alcohol abuse, so ensuring that they will never find their way back to the major league. The re-adjustment blues can be harsh . . . and deadly.

The ones who survive over decades with their integrity and popularity intact are often intelligent specimens who managed to sneak through the lines or, that rarest of animals in pop, a truly talented individual. Every country has them in scarce supply. In Australia, try to think of one other currently charting and teen-popular artist who has been regularly on the charts since 1965, outside of Mondo Rock's Ross Wilson. The only real contenders are Glenn Shorrock and Harry Vanda & George Young (currently big news in Europe as Flash & The Pan).

Outside of the handful of adaptable talents, the true survivors (apart from those who simply walked away and tried their hand at something else) are musicians and performers who sensed that the longevity of those behind the scenes in music is far greater than that of most artists.

Quite a few Oz Rock veterans have sought to make use of their own experience, on the road and within the business, by becoming managers of other acts. Mondo Rock has been handled for many years by Jon Blanchfield, a Bee Gees discovery who enjoyed moderate success as a pleasant pop vocalist during the Sixties, his biggest hit being "Son Of A Simple Man." Brian Peacock, a member of the Librettos, Playboys, Procession and Western Flyer, and hit-writer for Normie Rowe and the New Seekers, today manages the internationally successful Eurogliders, while former Master's Apprentices bassist Glenn Wheatley helms a vast entertainment empire which embraces management and/or recording of Little River Band, Real Life, Glenn Shorrock and Australian Crawl. Geoff Skewes, until recently the manager of Wendy & The Rocketts, played keyboards with hit act ("Something About You, Baby") The Vibrants in the Sixties.

Rob E. G., the gawky kid who played a lap steel guitar on such hits as "55 Days At Peking" and "Si Senor", became Robbie Porter, producer of multi-platinum records for Marcia Hines in the Seventies and now owner of the Wizard Records label. Another independent label, Laser Records, is operated by Sixties singer Gene Pierson ("Reach Out"), who also produces best-selling videos and anthology albums of Gladys Moncrieff.

Mass media has claimed an equally large share of old rockers. Bob Hudson, who touched funnybones with "The Newcastle Song" in 1975, a national number one, is now heard each weekday evening on Sydney's 2BL. Mark DeMajo, bassist with The Town Criers ("Everlasting Love", "1068") pounds a typewriter for *The Melbourne Truth*. Two members of Sydney garage-rock outfit The Missing Links, whose sole album is now the most valuable ever recorded in this country, fetching up to $500 in auctions, found fame which far exceeded their meagre musical success — Andy James as a television soap opera actor and John Jones as author of the *Amityville Horror III* novel and screenplay. Also seen in the soaps, notably *Number 96* and *The Class Of '75*, was Marty Rhone, who had a minor hit with "Village Tapestry" in 1966 and a major one with "Denim and Lace." In recent times he has worked on the London stage with Yul Brynner in *The King And I*. Gerry Humphreys, gravelly lead singer with the Loved Ones, became a London cab driver for a time and is now active in the technical side of the British film and television industry.

The desire to remain at least on the periphery of the music industry is strong with most performers. Ol' 55 frontman Frankie J. Holden operated as talent director for *The Daryl Somers Show* for a season and now works for a Melbourne marketing company. His compatriot, bassist Jim Manzie, is a house producer at Albert Productions in Sydney, his credits including albums by Choirboys and Joy Smithers. Yet another member of that rock revival group, drummer Geoff Plummer, operates his own mobile recording studio. Wayne Duncan, bassist with Daddy Cool, and Bob Starkie, guitarist with Skyhooks, both own Melbourne record stores. Les Gock, guitarist with Seventies scream sensations Hush, is now one of the most prosperous creators of advertising jingles in the country, as is former MPD Ltd member Mike Brady, who also produced the four million-selling "Shaddap You Face" for Joe Dolce. Pitt Street farmer Billy Field, once he had milked his "Bad Habits" for all they were worth, went back to running Sydney's Paradise recording studio, which he happens to own.

Tough Sixties hearthrob Tony Worsley, as cocky as ever, now operates a disco on the NSW north coast. The Atlantics (of "Bombora" fame) run their own recording studio in the Sydney suburb of Earlwood. Danny Finley, drummer with MPD Ltd, managed the career of wife Colleen Hewett for a number of years and is now the right hand man to *Young Talent Time* titan Johnny Young, who himself was a ridiculously popular Sixties chart star. Fifties crooner Tony Brady, who told us "Big Things Are Happening" in 1961, books acts for the ATA organisation, which is run by former Joy Boys pianist (and Col Joye's brother) Kevin Jacobsen. Peter Brideoake, rhythm guitarist with The Twilights ("Needles In A Haystack"), is now a director of the Adelaide Conservatorium of Music and a highly respected composer of classical music.

Terry Britten, lead guitarist with the same Sixties group, leads off the roster of pop stars turned hit songwriters. Britten has been responsible for Cliff Richard's "Devil Woman" and Tina Turner's "What's Love Got To Do With It?" Steve Kipner of Steve & The Board (who can forget the immortal "Giggle-Eyed Goo?") came up with "Physical" for Olivia Newton-John. Other Olivia hits, including her duet smash with John Travolta, "You're The One That I Want", have been penned by her mentor figure John Farrar, who led Melbourne Sixties outfit The Strangers, house band on *The Go!! Show* in 1965.

Early Seventies quartet Tin Tin, who scored an international hit with "Toast And Marmalade For Tea", had the extraordinary distinction of generating four hit songwriters. Apart from Steve Kipner, there was John Vallins, who co-wrote the five million-selling "Too Much Too Little Too Late" for Johnny Mathis and Deniece Williams; Carl Grossman, who wrote "Down The Dustpipe" for Status Quo; and Steve Groves, who won the Tokyo Song Festival with "On The Loose Again."

Not all faded pop sensations cling to their fame or the music industry. Many have walked away from the spotlight graciously when their burst of popularity expired, while others have had little choice. Melbourne beefcake singer Merv Benton, who once ranked behind Normie Rowe and Ronnie Burns in popularity polls, was stricken with throat problems in 1966 after a run of a dozen hits. He slipped from sight gracefully and is now an active speculator/developer on the Gold Coast. Easybeats drummer Gordon "Snowy" Fleet lived a lie for three years, by adjusting his age and hiding a wife and child. At the peak of the group's international success, with "Friday On My Mind" bursting out of radios all over the world, he decided the pressure was intolerable and handed in his notice. Today he is one of Perth's leading builders.

Tony Barber (not to be confused with the quiz show compere) arrived in Australia from England in 1963 and within months was rhythm guitarist and songwriter with Billy Thorpe & The Aztecs. When "Poison Ivy" went to number one the act was the biggest teen sensation in the country, able to draw 63,000 to the Myer Music Bowl in Melbourne. In 1965, Tony walked out of the group and immediately enjoyed a national top ten solo hit with "Someday." He married pixieish *Go Set* writer Sue Peck, had three more minor hits and then disappeared from sight for almost 20 years. He was recently discovered running a doll shop in the outer Melbourne suburb of Ferntree Gully, with bold plans for the mass-production of his own Puggle dolls, which he hopes will become the new Smurfs.

Ross D. Wylie was enjoying only minor success with his first single, "Short Skirts", in 1968, when he was spotted on a Brisbane stage by entrepreneur David Joseph, who invited him to compere a new television pop show called *Uptight*. The genial Ross proved instantly popular and at the end of 1969 was a number one on the charts with a Johnny Young composition, "The Star." *Uptight* became *Happening '70*, and by 1971 Ross was back in Brisbane, out of the national spotlight. He formed a public relations company with another show regular, Tony Healey, presented late night movies for Channel 0 in Melbourne and, up until the end of 1984 when the company went down the tubes, was a salesman for the Riley Bishop video chain.

> Survivors are often intelligent specimens who manage to sneak through the lines or, that rarest of pop animals, a truly talented individual

Religion has saved a few tainted rock 'n' roll souls. John Bell, lead singer in 1965 of The Throb, who beat the Rolling Stones on the charts with their version of "Fortune Teller", quit music to become a Seventh Day Adventist minister. Bell had also served time as lead singer of an early formation of the Easybeats, the bass guitarist of which, Dick Diamonde, disowned rock and became a Jehovah's Witness. His career was essentially over at the time, however, although that was certainly not the case with George McArdle. As bassist with The Little River Band, then a huge international success, George served his notice at the beginning of 1979 and went off to join a Bible study group in the Blue Mountains, thus turning his back on enormous earnings. Daddy Cool/Bill T. guitarist Ross Hannaford is a devotee of Indian mystic Maharaj Ji and has often suspended his career for lengthy periods to undertake devotional exercises. On the fringe of these born again rockers is Doug Osborne from the Henchmen, the first winners of the National Battle Of The Sounds in 1965. He apparently makes a reasonable living as a full-time faith healer.

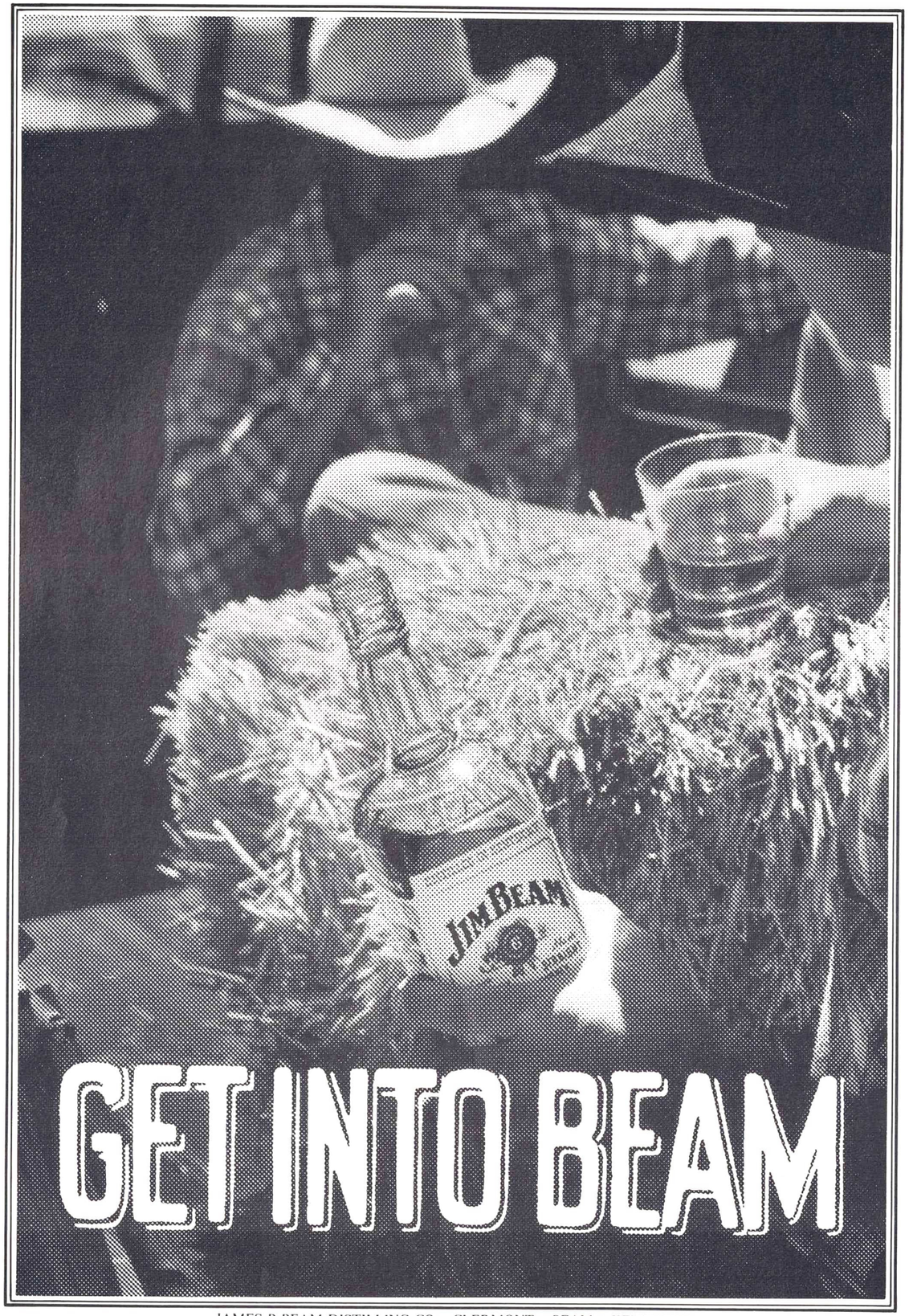
For many years, New Zealand-born vintage rocker Johnny Devlin could be found working in the paint department of the Carlingford and Top Ryde branches of Grace Brothers department stores in Sydney in between seasons of the Happy Days Of Rock 'n' Roll club revue. Fellow Kiwi Dinah Lee, remembered for "Don't You Know Yockomo" and some of the most ludicrous items of clothing ever seen on stage beneath the Equator, still undertakes the odd club spot but seems far more interested in competitive body building. Similarly, contemporary Little Pattie pays the bills with regular cabaret renderings of "He's My Blond Headed Stompy Wompie Real Gone Surfer Boy", while devoting a great deal of time and effort to left-wing political activities and her membership of the board of Actors' Equity.

When Sherbet became the far less idolised Sherbs in 1980, drummer Alan Sandow attempted to keep himself in the style to which he had become accustomed by climbing aboard a motor bike and working as a commercial courier. Singer/songwriter Glenn Cardier, who cut three albums for Festival Records in the early Seventies and wrote a couple of songs for Olivia Newton-John, has returned to high school teaching in recent years, while still writing and performing in spare hours.

Kiwi superstar Ray Columbus, who took his Invaders on a tour of Australia with the Rolling Stones in the wake of his massive chart success with "She's A Mod", is the only rocker in this part of the world to be awarded an OBE. A highly visible public figure in his homeland, he also serves as a director of the Australasian Performing Rights Association.

And so it goes, the list is endless. As in the Hollywood adage, a score of faded pop stars have gone back to the car wash in this country, as in every other. They can be encountered in all walks of life. Take a careful look at the next guy who delivers your groceries or clears your drains. Once, he just "mighta been a contenda" . . . one who ignored the sage warning of late British glam rocker Marc Bolan: "On the way up, people are only too pleased to give you advice. But nobody ever tells you what to do after you've made it. Once you've had a big hit, that's it — everybody knows you; failure would be an embarrassment so you've got to keep it up. That's how the pressure starts, and the more famous and successful you get, the greater the pressure gets."

On the other hand, as radio man John Laws said, "It's better to be a flash in the pan than never to hit the pan at all."



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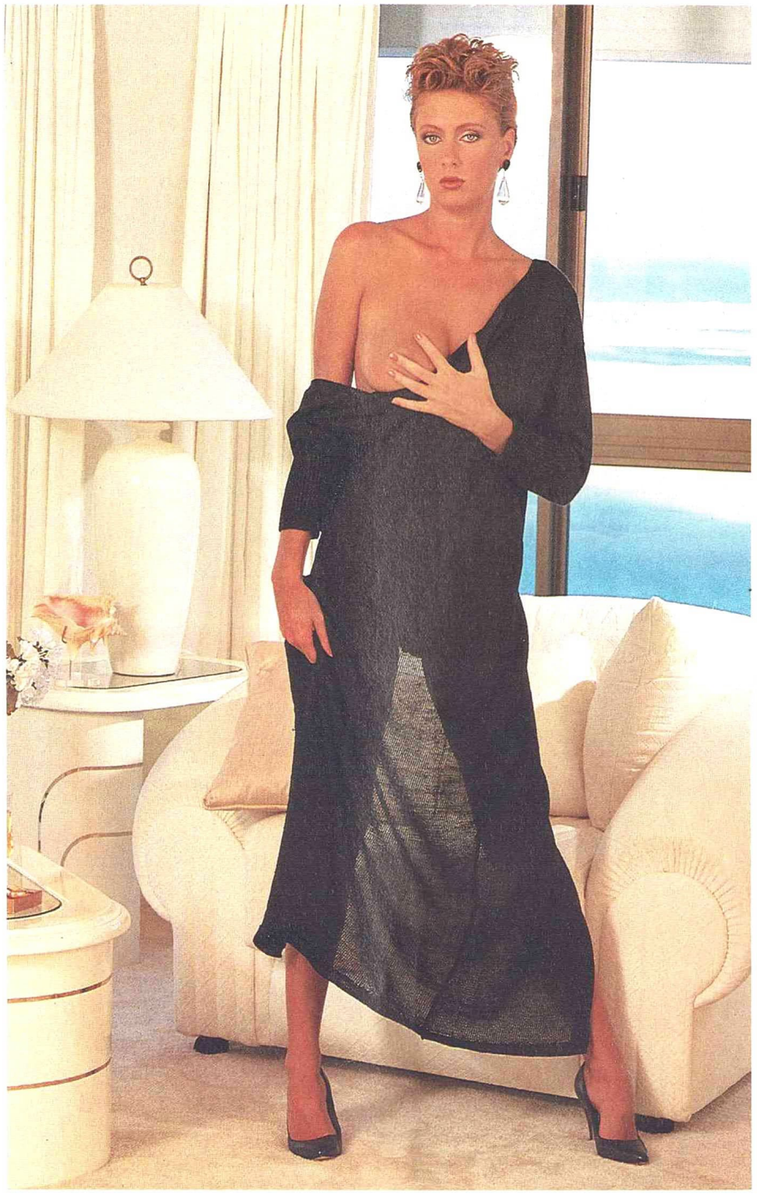
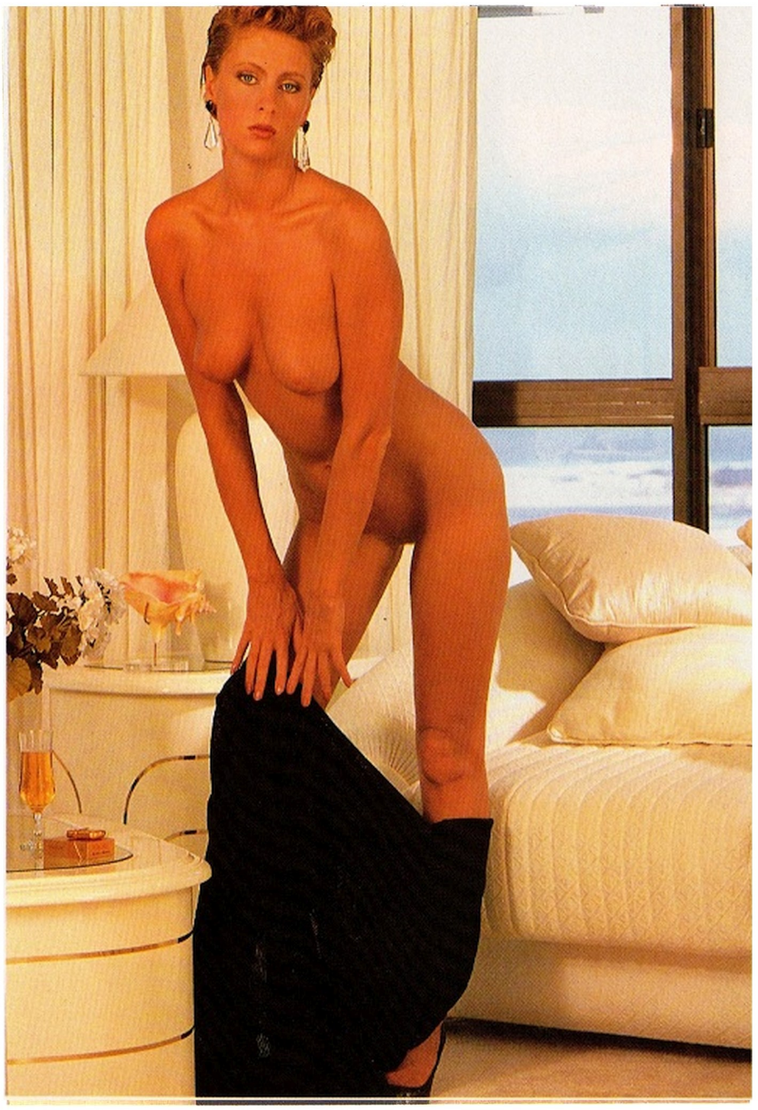


MICHELLE

Shot on location at Queensland's Bayview Harbor; Hair and make-up by Deborah Carson of Ursula Hufnagl's Sydney; Clothes by Agenda; Jewellery by Chameleon; Dress by Wendy Heather.

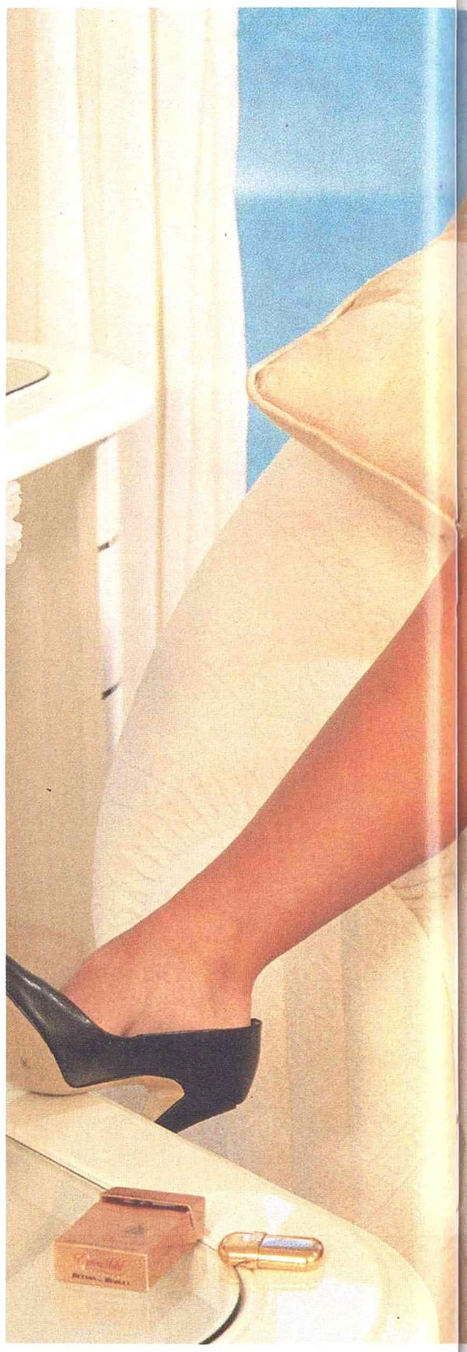
SOPHISTICATED LADY



Pet Of The Month Michelle Rush maintains that, like a fine wine, she keeps getting better as she matures. The lithe strawberry blonde is 24 now and it would seem that if she looked any better she'd be downright dangerous in public places, let alone anywhere else. On the personality side, Michelle displays a worldly air combined with an easy naturalness that makes her very approachable — a perfect combination we feel could never be improved upon.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE ASHBURY

Michelle was born in New Zealand and moved to Australia when she was 18. "My great grandfather was an Aussie," she says. "A family legend has it that the old boy rode with the Kelly Gang. I really believed it when I was a child, now I know it was just a tale. But a good one: and why let the facts get in the way of a good story?"

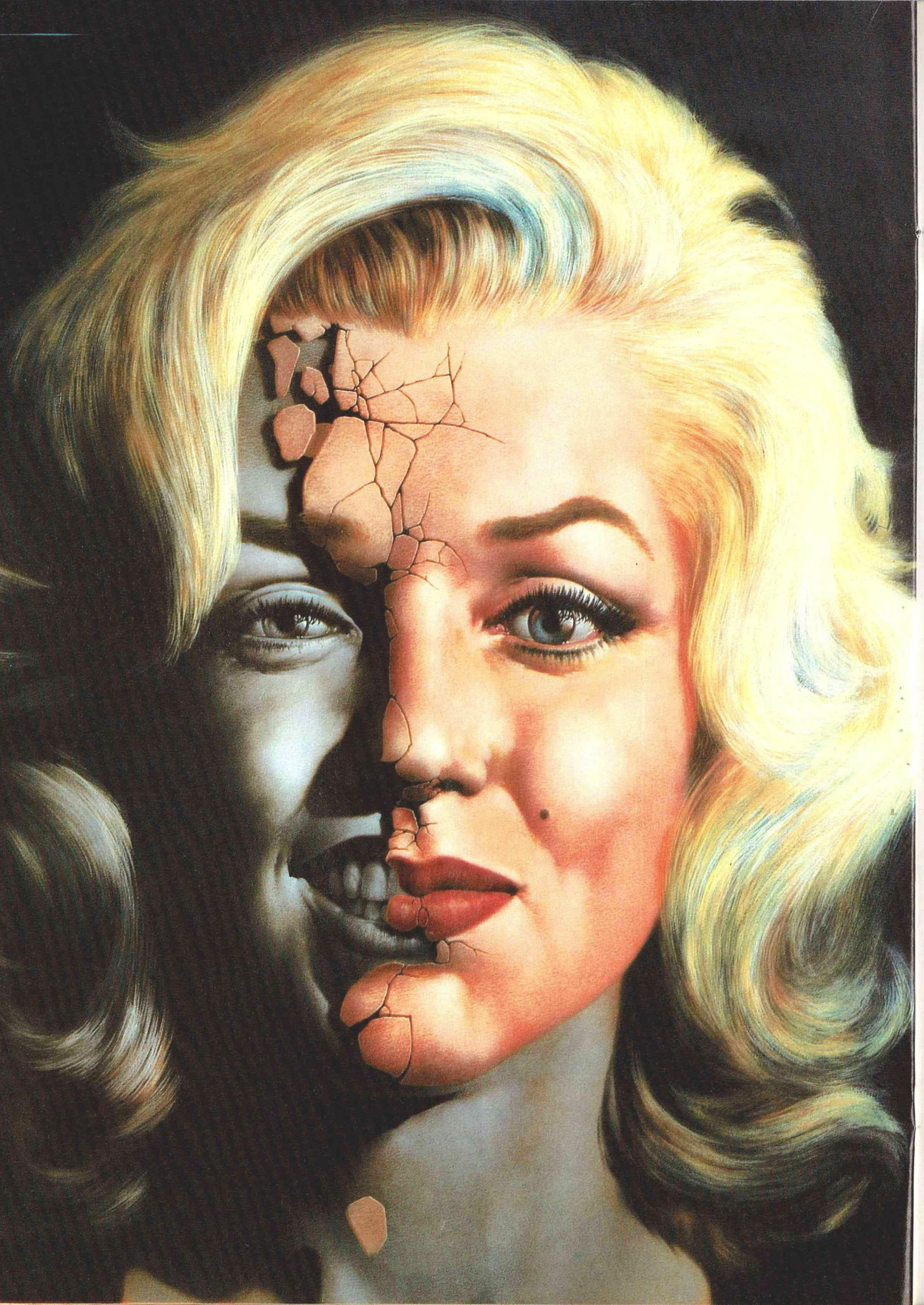


Though she's set up house in Sydney, Michelle is never content to sit at home for too long. "I like the security of a base, but I also love to travel and explore. A while back I drove a Kombi from Cape Tribulation in North Queensland down to Melbourne — now that was an adventure!"

"Another time I went pig shooting in western Queensland with a girlfriend and two guys, one of whom was a well-known shark hunter. For four days there was never a dull moment." It all seems so far removed from the elegant, glamorous persona that has made Michelle one of the most popular *Penthouse* representatives at promotions.

Michelle's fantasy life is no secret. "I dream of singing like Barbra Streisand and dancing like Kate Bush." She takes singing lessons and she's a voracious reader — an unopened book doesn't stay that way for long in her presence. It's part of a self-improvement program that's rapidly adding up to one hell of a sophisticated lady.

MISS MICHELLE RUSH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Her former lover and lifelong friend remembers America's sex goddess as a beautiful, doomed teenager

NORMA JEAN

THE REAL MARILYN MONROE

BY TED JORDAN

I spotted her instantly from my vantage point atop the Lido Club's high diving board. She stood among a line of beautiful women just outside the fence around the club's swimming pool. She was impossible to miss, even in that group of typically stunning young women, the kind of beauties that flocked by the battalion to Hollywood in that golden summer of 1943. As lifeguard at the pool — part of Hollywood's then most famous hotel, the Ambassador — one of the job's fringe benefits was girl watching. For me, 19 years old at the time, no better benefit existed than the seemingly endless groups of young beauties who were ushered in and out of the pool area.

But one woman I had spotted that morning struck me, even from my lofty vantage point. I dived into the pool and swam to the other end. Emerging, I began to dry myself while staring at one of the most extraordinary creatures I had ever seen.

She stood among a group of 20 young models, all dressed in what was then a daring new swimsuit style — a French two-piece model, which left exposed a section of midriff. The young woman I had noticed was wearing a blue version of the swimsuit. She was stunning; with remarkably firm, large breasts and an hourglass shape, she looked as though the swimsuit had been expressly designed for her.

Aside from her breathtaking figure, there seemed nothing else that distinguished her physically. She had light, mousy brown hair down to her shoulders; very curly, it looked somewhat frizzy. Her face, while pretty

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

NORMA JEAN

enough, was not especially beautiful. In fact, many of the other young women that morning waiting their turn to model had more striking faces.

And yet, there was *something* about this woman, something so intriguing and vibrant, that I had to meet her right away. That would not be too difficult, for I already had entree in the person of a lady with the unlikely name of Miss Emmeline Snively. Miss Snively, who ran the Blue Book Modelling Agency, had her headquarters at the hotel. She used the Lido Club's pool and a golf course adjacent to the hotel as backdrops for the photographers who shot fashion layouts using her models.

As a Lido employee, I stopped in every morning to say hello to Miss Snively, a brisk, no-nonsense businesswoman. My interest, of course, was not Miss Snively; actually, I established friendly relations for the sole purpose of meeting some of the lovely models she was parading daily around the pool.

And there was one model in particular I was dying to meet that morning. I asked Miss Snively the model's name, and while I was very much smitten with the young lady's charms, apparently Miss Snively was not.

"She's one of the new girls," she said, her voice trailing off as she tried to remember the new model's name. She could not, but added, "It's her first modelling job; she's quite nervous. Why don't you wait until they're finished taking pictures, then go over and introduce yourself?"

So I waited as the photographer posed the models in those typical Forties-era poses, all innocent sex and dramatic backdrops. It gave me the opportunity to study the model whose name Miss Snively could not remember. I was struck by a number of interesting aspects of this shapely woman — among them a glorious rear end. For the life of me, I could not understand why Miss Snively was not as awestruck by this woman as I was.

Perhaps it was because the woman positively radiated sex. Even while she was just standing around, sex was written all over her; she was, to my mind, sex personified. Additionally, the woman had a number of peculiar mannerisms. She constantly licked her lips while performing eye-catching gyrations with her mouth. The mouth itself seemed to be very tight, and she would throw her lips forward and backward, uncertain of herself when she was asked to smile.

After the modelling session was finished, I walked over to the woman and introduced myself. "Hi," she replied in a high-pitched, breathless voice. "I'm Norma Jean Dougherty."

I wish I could say that the earth heaved and the heavens parted with thunder at the moment of this meeting with Norma Jean Baker Dougherty, later Marilyn Monroe. But in fact very nearly nothing happened. Norma Jean did not seem very interested in me at all, although I noticed that she did not walk away. Quickly, I imparted as much biographical information as I could over the next minute, hoping to catch her interest.

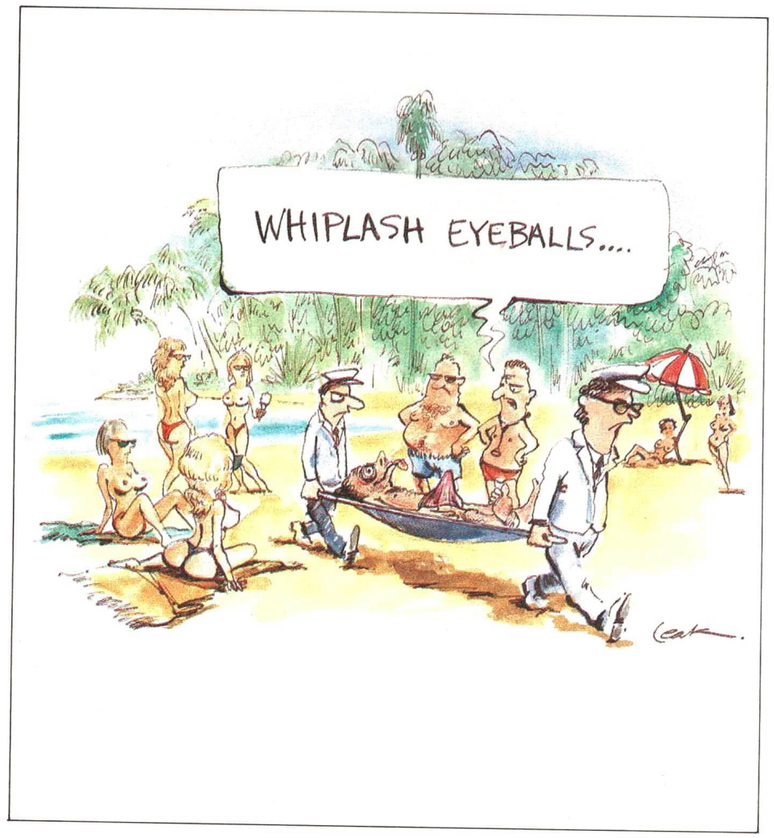
Actually, it didn't take long to sum up the 19 years of my life to that point. Born in Ohio, I had emigrated to Los Angeles with my family a few years before. Invalided out of the Navy after recovering from wounds in a gun-mount explosion, I had become hooked on Hollywood. Determined to be an actor, I was studying acting and working in small plays, hoping for the proverbial big break that would get me a studio contract. Meanwhile, to support myself, I was working as a lifeguard at the Lido Club.

The word "actor" suddenly piqued her interest. "Oh," she said in that little-girl voice that later became one of her best-known trademarks, "that's a coincidence. My greatest ambition is to become an actress." She went on to explain that she was modelling to earn enough money to pay room and board at the home of her Aunt Grace — a relative with whom she was staying — and hoped, somehow, to begin an acting career. As if anticipating my next question, she mentioned that she was separated from her husband, James Dougherty, a Navy seaman.

So far so good, I thought, but her mild interest in me suddenly and dramatically expanded when I mentioned casually that I was the nephew of entertainer Ted Lewis. It was almost as if I had hit her with an electrical shock. Now she was the picture of devoted attention to my every word, while at the same time pressing me for details about Lewis. Very little needed to be explained about my uncle. Called "Mr Entertainment", he was the leading entertainer of the day, headliner at every posh nightclub in the country. Known for his famous line, "Is everybody happy?" he was the Milton Berle of his era. His show business connections made him one of the most important power brokers in the industry. More importantly in the context of this story, he was also well-connected in the movie industry, close friends with several studio moguls.

"Who represents him?" Norma Jean asked, a question that seemed odd only in retrospect, for there were not many models in those days who wondered what agent represented a particular entertainer.

But I wasn't thinking too clearly at the time. Frankly, I was dazzled by this woman, and with a youthful libido dominated by the thought that I *must* have her, I was not paying too much attention to the specifics of what Norma Jean was saying. In the process, I failed to notice a number of clues which should have told me that I had encountered not a naive young model — she was only 17 years old at the time — but



a young woman of a far more interesting background than she had let on.

I did not notice, for example, that when I asked her for a date, she betrayed a knowledge of Hollywood night spots that seemed remarkably sophisticated for a teenage model supposedly scraping by on a few meagre modelling fees while living with her aunt.

I told her I would pick her up at her aunt's house. "No," she said. "It's best that we meet somewhere." I suggested The Haig, a local night spot just across the street from the Ambassador Hotel. She seemed to know the place, and went on to talk knowledgeably about the bar in the Windsor Hotel, the Gaylord Hotel, and the bar at the Chaptman Park Hotel. She also mentioned the Ambassador Hotel bar.

In my smitten state, I did not bother to ask how she had come to know all these places so well; it was not until some years later when she admitted to me one of the terrible secrets from her past (there would be many others, as it turned out). In fact, she said, she had worked during that period as a part-time prostitute. It was not an episode she was proud of, but she defended the selling of herself as a necessity. Simply put, she was desperate for money. Uneducated, with few marketable skills, she often did not even have enough money to buy make-up. The few modelling fees she earned did not cover the cost of food. (She often skipped meals to make the money stretch further.)

She had, I later discovered, a regular routine in those days. Desperately lonely, she hung out at night in bars and nightclubs all over Hollywood. Picked up by men, she would go to bed with them, following which they would pay her money.

While she claimed at first that she had resorted to prostitution out of financial desperation, I realised, much later, that there was something more at work. She suddenly revealed it one night when discussing those episodes in her life. "You know," she said, "all I have to do is take my dress off. Then they just stare at me and tell me how beautiful I am. Oh, they say how beautiful over and over again." Of course, that was it: Norma Jean craved affection and attention, and she discovered that the easiest way to do it was simply to reveal to the world the one thing she thought separated her from every other woman — her incredibly voluptuous body. All she had to do was to show that body, and she received all the attention and admiration she so desperately craved. (She also recounted to me a recurring dream she had: walking naked into a crowded church, and feeling no shame as everyone stared at her.)

But none of this even crossed my mind that first night I took her out. On my meagre income of $80 a week, the best I could do was a date at The Haig. I listened, with total adoration, as she nearly squealed with delight in discovering that we were both Geminis. She put great faith in astrology, and was especially fascinated by the so-called "double personalities" all Geminis are supposed to have. Perhaps, but she could have been talking about nuclear physics, for all I cared; I just loved to hear her talk.

We had a few more dates, and as I began to know her, I discovered a personality that was very difficult to define. My impression was of a naive young woman with not much experience who had delusions of being an actress. Smitten as I was, I was still sober enough to conclude that she had no hope of ever being one. I didn't especially care, nor was I particularly interested when she recited what later became the familiar details of her horrifying childhood: a mother who went insane, a succession of foster homes, an arranged marriage to a next-door neighbor.

I also realised that she was intellectually very shallow. When I would ask her a question to which she did not know the answer, she would change the subject. She seemed to have a dread of being misinformed, or perceived as stupid, so she tended to agree with just about any opinion. Not that I cared, really; the fact is that I was totally captivated and was intent on having her. It was a fever, actually, and I didn't even bother to think about the possible consequences of having sex with "jailbait." The laws on such things were pretty strict, but I was so badly smitten, the thought of going to jail for 20 years on a statutory rape charge hardly entered my mind.

Not a girl — a woman, an insatiably passionate woman whose sexual appetite and range of desire made her far older than her 17 years

Several nights later, at her suggestion, we went to Chinatown. We began drinking Cuba Libres (rum and Coca-Cola), and it was not long before we were fairly tanked up, as they say back in Ohio. We were also out of money, but Norma Jean acted as though we didn't have a care in the world. She began talking about sex — "I think fucking is great" — and in my state, I did not stop to wonder if my perception of her as a naive and innocent young model might be wrong.

We walked along the street as a heavy rain began to fall. "Hey, you know something?" I told her. "We're flat broke!"

She began to giggle. "Hell, I don't care," she said. "I'm having a ball. What would you like to do?"

"For the first time in your life," I replied, "you're going to be a lookout. Come with me, I'll show you." I led her down the street to a Chinese restaurant that had a large wishing well in front of it. In the centre of the well was a large island with a small Buddha statue. The figure had outstretched, cupped hands. The local custom was for people to throw coins toward the statues; if the hands caught the coins, then their wishes would come true. It was very rare for anyone's coin to stay in the small hands, so the wishing well was loaded with coins. As the rain poured down, Norma Jean and I thrashed around in the well, grabbing coins. With a few bucks' worth, we bought some more Cuba Libres.

At last, feeling no pain, we headed back to her Aunt Grace's house. But Norma Jean suddenly said, "Why don't we go over to where you work?" It was a hint of something I hardly dared believe might happen: she and I were on the same wavelength, and she wanted me as much as I wanted her. I cupped one of her breasts, and when she did not protest, I knew it was time.

Instead, I suggested that we go to West Lake Park, which contained a large lake surrounded by palm trees and weeping willows. In the rain, barely able to contain our excitement, we lay under a large weeping willow. Hardly very experienced myself, I began kissing her and feeling her body. Then she said, "Do you believe in fellatio?"

I was aware of what that word meant, and had hardly got over my surprise that she was a lot more experienced than I assumed when I discovered that she certainly knew a lot about fellatio. When she had finished, she said in that disarming little-girl voice, "Now you suck me."

What followed seemed very nearly like paradise; I hardly noticed the rain and the steady downpour of water from the branches of the weeping willow. We were soaked, but in that mad passion under the tree, I knew only that I was madly in love with this woman. Not a girl — a woman, an insatiably passionate woman whose sexual appetite and range of desire made her far older than her 17 years. She was, I discovered to my joy, a sexual animal who revelled in every possible aspect.

At last we left the park, looking like two drowned water rats. We didn't care; in that power of young love, my whole universe had suddenly contracted to that little spot on earth.

"Do you want to go home to Aunt Grace?" I asked. Without hesitation, Norma Jean replied, "Is there any place we can go?"

My small living quarters in a local $8-a-week rooming house was out of the question — male boarders were forbidden to

NORMA JEAN

bring home female guests — so on a whim, I suggested the Lido Club. In an upstairs room, where I gave rubdowns to club members, I began to take a shower. Suddenly, the shower door opened and there stood Norma Jean, naked. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in my life. She had stunning breasts, and as she stood there, just basking in the glow of my staring at her, she reminded me of a beautiful statue. "Do you like what you see?" she asked. "Will I pass the qualifications? Do you like it?"

And the statue was apparently insatiable. Despite all the earlier lovemaking, she demanded more. At one point, she bit my lip and sucked the blood. "I hope I've made you happy," she said, staring deep into my eyes, "and I hope I always make you happy. Let's go outside now and go for a swim."

If she had asked me to walk across the Sahara at that point, I would have done it. We went downstairs, both nude. The pool area was deserted; rain was falling steadily. We entered the pool at the shallow end and slowly made our way to the deep end. There, she held on to the ladder with both arms behind her. As thunder and lightning rumbled and flashed overhead, she spread her legs and commanded, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

There are heights that only 19-year-old men in good athletic condition can achieve. That was part of it, but the real spur was simple, unbridled passion, the kind that comes only once in a lifetime. On that night, I lost control — even to the extent of ignoring the fact that here we were, in a swimming pool during an electrical storm. In my frenzied passion, it simply did not occur to me that we stood a good chance of being electrocuted by the first thunderbolt that hit the pool.

The only thing I was concentrating on was this amazing life force called Norma Jean Dougherty. "You know," she said, her eyes like a wild woman's, "every time the lightning strikes, it's like an orgasm lighting up the sky, and every time the thunder booms, it's like someone up there yelling and screaming in ecstasy."

Sometime later, we left the pool. Back upstairs, we lay on a mattress on the floor. I stared at this gorgeous child-woman as she talked about her marriage.

"I was 16 when I married Jim [Dougherty]," she said. After a while, she suddenly admitted, "I've been promiscuous."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Only with men I like," she replied. "If they're nice, then I try to please them. I like older men — you know, a father image. I never had a father to talk to when I was a child, so I'm always looking for one."

As I later found out, that was true as far as it went. Years later, I discovered that she was well-known to the bartenders at the major hotels. They knew her as a hooker, a young woman — they had no idea she was only 17 — who would sit at the bar, order a drink, and then wait. Men, coming in and spotting her alone, would strike up conversations with her. If they seemed intellectual or talked intelligently about the movie business, she would leave with them.

Then what? As she later told me, she would go with the men to either their hotel rooms or apartments. There, after making sure the men understood she was desperate for money, she would strip naked. The men would stare at her and, in the moment she waited for, tell her how beautiful her body was. She would make the men put on condoms before having sex with her. Afterward, the men would give her "gifts" — money to buy underwear, an extra dress, or nice new shoes.

Interestingly, Norma Jean never demanded large amounts, preferring to accept whatever the men would give her. "They all act the same way," she once told me. "I feel like I have a special power over them. All I have to do is take my dress off. They give me a superiority complex; they make me feel I'm more than I really am. You know, in foster homes, nobody tells you how beautiful you are."

> "You know," Norma Jean said, "all I have to do is take my dress off. They just stare at me and tell me how beautiful I am, over and over again."

I was prepared to tell her she was beautiful, for that was the honest fact. I thought she was the most beautiful thing that God had ever put on this earth. I had never met anyone even remotely like her. Nothing in my past had prepared me for this ravenous she-animal, this 17-year-old girl who casually used words like "fuck," "cock," and "cunt" while at the same time appearing almost innocent. Nothing had ever prepared me for a teenage girl who was so totally open about sex and human sexual anatomy, yet who often seemed coy and shy. It was a bewitching combination.

In a word, I was in love — madly, passionately, hopelessly so. And in that state, there was much I did not see at first. I did not see that there were other sides to Norma Jean.

For one thing, I did not understand just how driven she was to become an actress. It was a desire that at first I just shrugged off — every girl in Hollywood in those days wanted to be an actress — but Norma Jean burned with a consuming ambition that was obvious to all but the most starry-eyed lover. And I did not understand how willing she was to do *anything* to make it, including using anybody who could help her.

"Anybody" included me, I was to find out the hard way. But in the summer of 1943, I saw Norma Jean only as a lover, the centre of my universe; we went everywhere together. Yet, the clues were there, had I bothered to look.

One came in Hollywood, at a popular night spot called Slapsy Maxie's. I took Norma Jean there to see my uncle, Ted Lewis, whose eyes almost popped out of his head. And no wonder: Norma Jean was wearing a white angora sweater. As usual, she was wearing no bra — unusual in those days — and her breasts and nipples stood out in what can only be described as a breathtaking monument to natural architecture. Having obtained Lewis's undivided attention, Norma Jean proceeded to charm him out of his socks. She stayed for the second show, and in another visit backstage, met two of Lewis's best friends, the columnist Walter Winchell and, even more importantly, writer-producer Damon Runyon. They fell all over themselves in assuring her that they would help her in any way possible to get into the Screen Actors' Guild — a prerequisite for acting in the movies.

I was oblivious to all this, and even more oblivious to the fact that Norma Jean began a secret relationship with Lewis — and, later, Winchell — to get her into the movies. True, her modelling career had suddenly prospered, and she was getting more and more assignments. In my infatuation, I attributed that to the recognition by the rest of Hollywood that she was as beautiful as I thought she was.

I did realise she was movie crazy, talking endlessly about how she wanted to work in pictures. She bubbled with joy when I finally got my Screen Actors' Guild card and began working on a movie at 20th Century Fox. She had never been inside a movie studio — they were like churches to her — and I agreed one day that I would smuggle her inside. (There was a strict ban on visitors for such lowly contract players as myself.) What happened next befuddled me at the time, but in later years I understood: that visit was Marilyn Monroe's first real acting performance.

I had brought her to the studio commissary, where everything almost stopped dead as she walked in beside me. Well, *walked* in hardly describes it; she sort of wiggled in. Dressed, again, in an angora sweater and tight skirt, the voluptuous body walked into that commissary in a kind of rolling, sinuous glide that I had come to take for granted as her distinctive walk. But to the men in the commissary, some of whom literally stopped in mid-bite, the Walk was a phenomenon they had never experienced. To heighten the effect, it was somewhat chilly, and her nipples, made erect by the coolness, stood out like headlights. In sum, Norma Jean Dougherty took over the studio that day; she practically caused a riot. The men just could not get enough of her; they couldn't stop watching her, couldn't wait to hear her say something in that cooing little-girl voice with all the breath in it.

"Who is that girl you're with?" Damon Runyon asked me as we left sometime later.

"That's Norma Jean Dougherty," I reminded him.

Runyon, a man of understatement, regarded her. "Well, you sure have fine taste in women," he said, staring at her breasts.

I appreciated the compliment, but I had bigger plans in mind for Norma Jean: I wanted to marry her. It was a fatuous hope, of course, for I failed to understand that the last thing Norma Jean wanted at that point was marriage — and certainly not to some smitten young kid working as a contract player. No, Norma Jean wanted much more; she wanted to be a movie star. It was a leap of ambition that was almost breathtaking, for she had set her sights on a quick route to the top, to vault herself almost instantly from the ranks of the army of unknown models in Hollywood to studio stardom. It just didn't work that way, as anybody in the business knew, but Norma Jean had decided that the rules were for everybody else; she was going to do it her way.

Slowly, I became aware of the change in Norma Jean. The lady I first knew was gradually but perceptibly being changed into somebody I really didn't know, the persona that came to be known as Marilyn Monroe. She was beginning to move in a fast crowd, the big-time producers, agents, and accompanying retinue that marked somebody on the make. Her ambition was more naked now, and that wonderful naturalness was beginning to disappear.

Her way was to head straight for the top. In the Hollywood of those days, such a direct route was possible because of the so-called "studio system", in which each major studio kept its players under restrictive contracts which bound them to a form of indentured servitude, requiring them to make films however and whenever the studios decided they would. That made the heads of studios something like demigods, with total power to decide who worked and who didn't.

Norma Jean understood this system perfectly, which is why she began cultivating those who had access to the studio moguls.

To be sure, there were some more obvious changes. I had taken the first nude photographs of her in early 1944. Where once she might have been delighted with amateurish attempts at "art" photography, now she hated them, complaining, "They make my arse look too big." She also had cosmetic surgery to remove a bump on the end of her nose and to correct a weak chin line. She was being seen at all the best Hollywood parties, where the movers and shakers operated. No more angora sweaters; now she wore expensive outfits. Her hair was no longer indifferently brushed; now it was being changed by a professional hairstylist into what came to be her distinctive platinum-blonde look.

But the really important changes were the ones you couldn't see. And they were the ones I was most concerned about as we began to drift apart. They all seemed to crystallise in the fall of 1944, when she went with me as I drove out to see my folks in Ohio.

We spent what I thought was an idyllic several weeks out there. The leaves were just turning, and as we roamed the woods as lovers, I believed that this sort of closeness, away from the grind of Hollywood, would reunite us in the tight bond in which our love had begun. We climbed the local mountain, made love in a cave, and carved our initials in a tree (they remain there to this day). Away from Tinseltown, we looked like two teenage lovers, which was basically what we were.

But I had not reckoned on the lure — the tragic, irresistible lure — that was pulling at Norma Jean. It was Hollywood, and as we drove back westward, she sank into a depression. We talked about the future, and suddenly she erupted into an outburst that had none of the cooing little-girl voice, none of the breathy emphasis. This was pure Norma Jean Dougherty, the orphan girl of an insane mother, the struggling foster child who had to fight for every scrap of love and affection, the Hollywood waif who had sold her body for a few bits of cloth or a new pair of shoes. From somewhere deep in her belly came the voice that proclaimed the challenge: "Listen, Teddy, I told you once: when you're broke, you're a joke. And if I'm lyin', I hope I'm dyin'. I'll fuck anybody who can help me get what I want. I'm tired of being broke. After thinking this whole situation over, Teddy, why in hell couldn't I just as easily give myself to a producer or a director, or some bigshot agent who can do me some real good? Sure, I fucked many guys around the Ambassador district. Big fucking deal! Even to this day I don't feel guilty about it. Why should I? Listen, if I have to suck every cock in Hollywood, that's what I'll do!"

As we sped through the night, back toward Hollywood, I sensed, somehow, that Norma Jean Dougherty was dying there, right beside me. What was emerging was the great bitch goddess . . . And the fire that was consuming Norma Jean would, in time, also devour the goddess that had arisen from her ashes.

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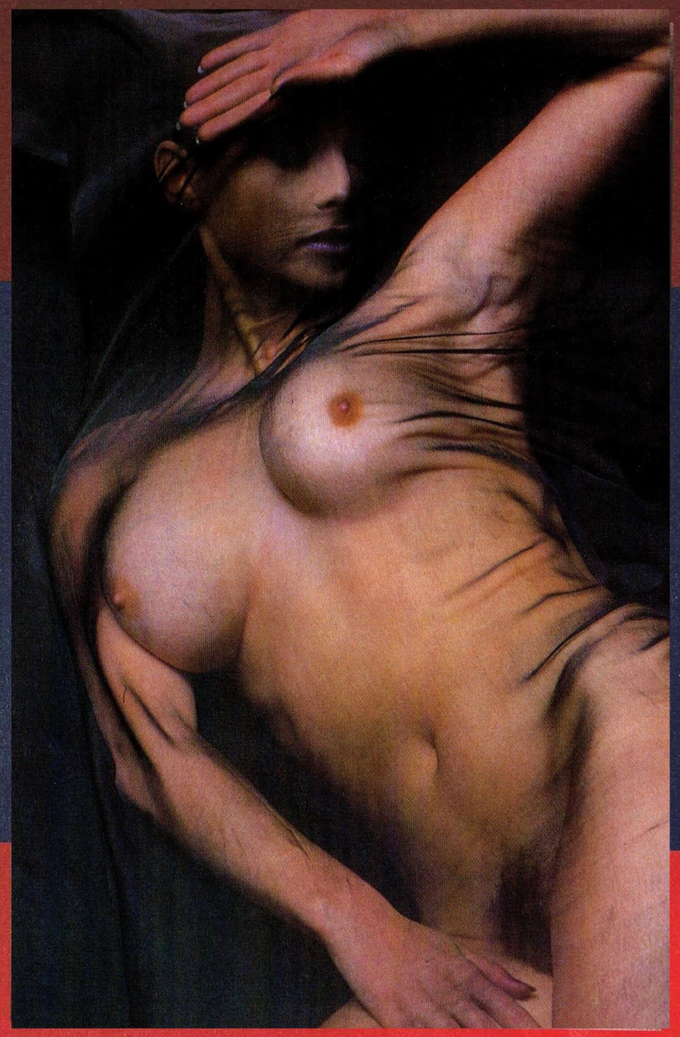
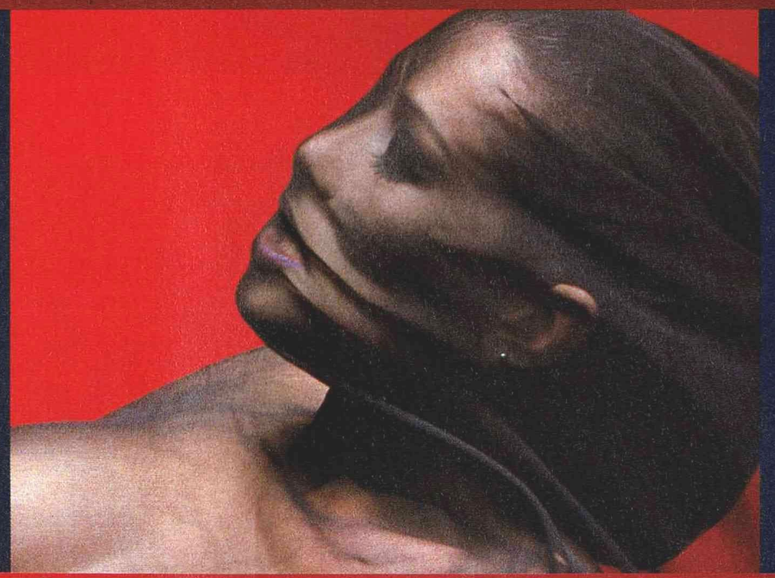
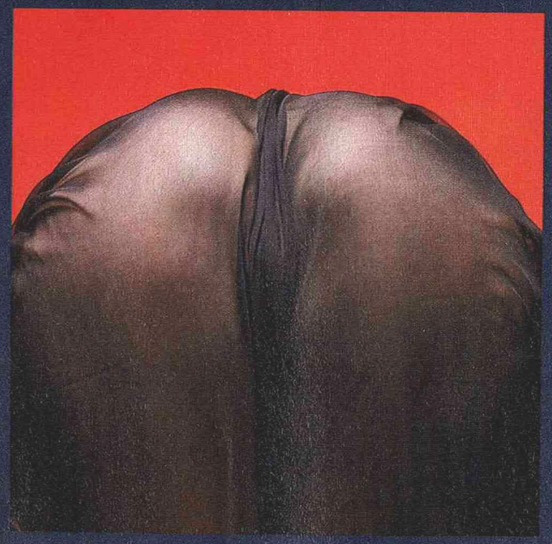
UNDER WRAPS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVIE HUGHES



The tendency throughout history to shroud the female form has long been recognised for its rather transparent motive of heightening the erotic; the creation of this veil of mystique envelops the very fabric of our sensuality. For this *Penthouse* pictorial, acclaimed British photographer Stevie Hughes has turned his camera briefly away from the world of pop stars such as Boy George, availing to us a refreshing perspective of the alluring qualities of the sheer-clad woman. The exquisite results of his foray presented here honor this timeless fashion.





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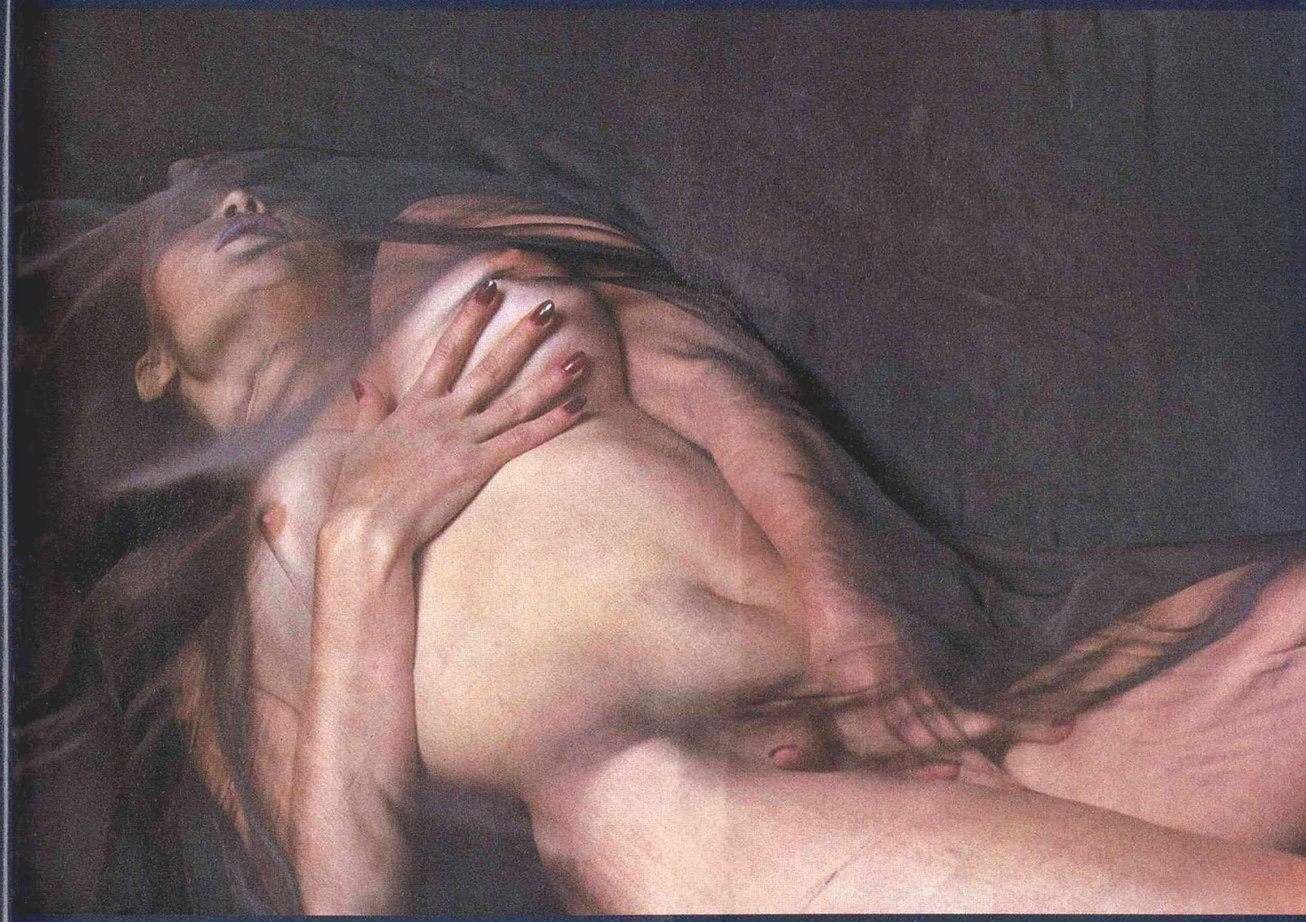

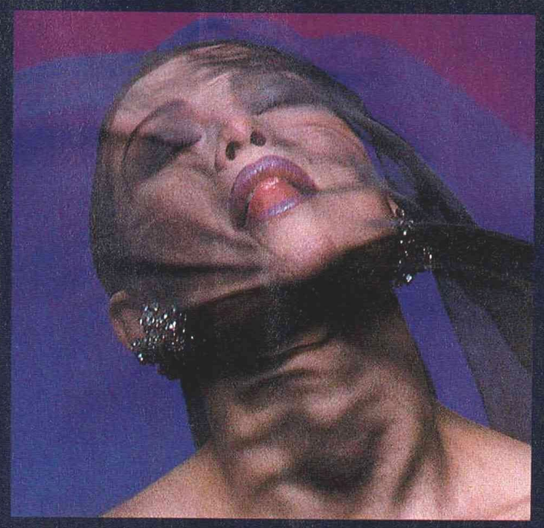

UNDER WRAPS

WHITE SUMMER

Why does sunshine give Albie the summertime blues?

FICTION BY FRANK ROBSON

Albie Larrson is not a curious man, nor particularly observant. Shopping with his wife, he enters a bicycle store and asks to see a ten-speed model advertised in the morning paper.

It is Rita's idea (she plans to buy him the bike for Christmas), but when the young man comes around the counter and begins describing the machine's virtues, Albie is puzzled by his wife's behavior.

She seems . . . distracted, restless, eager to leave. His own queries are soon exhausted, yet Rita, normally fascinated by the details of any potential purchase, says nothing.

So they leave.

Albie is wondering if he really wants a

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFFREY NOTMAN

SUMMER

bicycle (it had been suggested he could tour the suburbs, exploring, but there is nothing he cannot see from a car), when Rita says: "That *poor* kid!"

She shudders and seems to be gritting her teeth.

He stares at her.

"God, Albie — that kid in the bike store!"

"What about him?"

Rita laughs wildly; a familiar exasperated bark.

"I don't *believe* it!" she cries. "That kid had the most hideously deformed . . . he had, like, big columns of gucky flesh — thick as fence posts! — from his shoulders right up to behind his ears!"

Albie considers this.

"Perhaps it's from hunching over handlebars," he says. "Like surfers get big shoulders from paddling."

His wife snorts.

"You're amazing. You never notice anything! It's a wonder you don't get run over or raped or something."

Peculiar, thinks Albie as they move along window shopping, that she should mention rape. Every afternoon for the past week, leaving his office in the city and passing a certain doorway, Albie had been propositioned by the same prostitute.

It wasn't until the third or fourth time she'd spoken to him that Albie began to wonder why, among the thousands of potential customers passing that doorway, she seemed to be waiting for him. As an accountant, he'd recognised the odds against it being accidental.

He was mildly puzzled, also, by the manner of her approach. Each time, so far as he could recall, the woman had stepped from the doorway, placed a hand on his arm and said: "Would you care to join us?"

And each time Albie had smiled politely and replied: "No thanks very much."

At which point the prostitute, seeming genuinely disappointed, made an odd gesture with her hand — a sort of raised finger salute in the manner of early Hollywood Indians — and said: "Right on!"

That was all. Albie is no jive-talk aficionado, but he knows that "Right on!" is a damn strange way for a prostitute to respond to a knockback.

Later in the night he stands before a full-length mirror in their bedroom, preparing to trim his nostril hair. (As a child Albie watched his father trimming his and made the terrible error of assuming everyone did it. Once he began, of course, there was no stopping.)

Fortunately, Albie Larrson's hair is so pale as to be almost invisible, a mark of his Scandinavian ancestry. His skin, too, is milk white and acutely sensitive to sunlight; behind gold-rimmed Lennon specs his eyes are the palest blue — the color, Rita once observed with her flair for exactitude, of bleached Wedgewood.

Brown-eyed Rita, on the other hand, was once mistaken for Evonne Cawley by autograph hunters during a London holiday.

Opposites attract, but for the Larrsons, seasons divide.

In summer, when Rita spends day after day baking on the beach, Albie lurks disconsolate indoors. Just to mow the lawn he must dress like the Elephant Man. He is jealous of his wife's robust appearance, the beauty of her tanned skin and the vitality she exudes after a day of sun and surf.

"This is no country for vampires," he laments, but Rita doesn't acknowledge the unhappiness behind such jokes. She calls him "Snowman" and leaps on top of him in bed, pretending not to notice he is there. "We *must* get colored sheets," she cackles.

Albie cannot always manage a laugh. Nor does it help that Rita is an all-over suntanner; that every part of her long body is the color of dark chocolate. With little experience or understanding of outdoor pleasures, Albie thinks of the nude beach she frequents as a club — a fraternity of gambolling voyeurs who possess, with their alluring forms and 20/20 vision, the necessary equipment for the ideal game of give and take.

It being late November, these thoughts preoccupy Albie during the next working day. He toys with the idea of a skin-toned wetsuit. He sniffs suntan lotion in the air and gazes forlornly from the office window at a sky deep blue and cloudless. He packs his attache case and trudges mechanically for the train.

"Would you care to join us?"

The hand attaches itself to his arm.

Albie stops, and the two of them become an island buffeted by opposing currents of commuters. Perhaps because of the bike store incident, he concentrates on looking *at* the woman instead of in her direction.

Her eyes are obscured behind very dark glasses, but her skin and hair are as pale as his own; perhaps — he sees with a shock — even paler. She has a pleasant, open smile. She is as tall as him. She leans slightly, raising a hip as if (again Albie thinks of Indians) she is accustomed to carrying a child upon it.

Her body is lithe, graceful . . .

"Feline," Albie murmurs, before his mouth has time to trap the thought.

"Pardon?"

Embarrassed, he gestures to the doorway, her doorway, and she nods.

They shuffle into this eddy of relative calm, where Albie notices a stairway descending into absolute darkness.

"Look," he says (his heart beats strangely hard), "I don't want . . . I don't need a woman. But . . . why do you keep asking me? Why *me*?"

In the shadow of the doorway the woman removes her glasses. Her irises are pink, glinting like the crystals in a kaleidoscope. Her hair, he realises as she blinks, molelike, is not pale but white. As white as a snowman.

"You're an albino!" he says obtusely.

"Of course."

"But . . . are you an albino prostitute? I mean," he stammers, seeing her smile disappear, "are you a prostitute *for* albinos?"

The woman replaces her glasses, an act that seems to remove a curious intimacy he had felt between them.

"I'm not a prostitute of any kind."

(Albie wishes he had a cigarette. He wishes he had not been persuaded to give up smoking by the healthy Rita. How many indoor pleasures, he thinks with sudden bitterness, can a vampire do without?)

"Then why," he says cunningly, "do you keep asking me to join you?"

The peculiar woman seems as vexed as he.

"Because *you're* an albino!" she cries.

Albie stiffens.

"That is incorrect," he says.

"Well" — the woman is smiling again — "you're no nigger!"

He can't believe this is happening to him. First the threat of summer, now this!

"Look, I'm *pale*. I have a pale complexion. My folks are from Stockholm. Is that any reason to persecute me, in a public street, for whatever bizarre purpose you . . .?"

"White on!" she trills, giving the queer hand signal.

"What? Right on *what*? Right on the buildings? Right on the time of day? Are you a hippy — some religious cult?"

(Irritated, he searches himself again for cigarettes.)

"Not right — *white*! White on! The cry of the clear ones. White on black — us on night. It's . . . different."

She smiles, lip slow-rising, wet. She sees Albie looking for a gap in the crowd (time to up-anchor, he is thinking) and her expression becomes soft, understanding.

"Why do you repress your albinism? If only you knew the fun we have . . ."

"I am *not* an albino! Now I have to go. Nice meeting you. Goodbye."

"I don't even know your name!" she calls as Albie struggles away into the clattering throng.

(Thank God for that, he thinks.)

Albie has a restless night and wakes to the raucous yammering of a breakfast DJ.

"Another magic day clear along the eastern seaboard! Beach time, folks!" The DJ sings: *"Roll out those la-zy ha-zy crazy days of sum-mer . . ."*

Rita springs from bed, throws off her nightie and begins a Jane Fonda workout before the mirror. Her vitality fills the air like an aggressive perfume; the thumping of her powerful loins shakes the furniture.

Groaning, he pulls the covers over his head, but moments later — with an exuberant whoop — Rita bounds through the air and lands astride him. Her thighs, exuding a heat he feels immediately through the sheet, clamp his waist with the force of an industrial vice.

"Up an' at it, Albie!"

Squeeze. Grind.

"I got the summer hots!"

Squash. Squirm.

Albie doesn't move or speak; just breathing seems to encourage her. He can feel her doing tricks against his belly, tiny flutters and twitches, and the warmth between them develops a sticky humidity.

("Mercury's gonna hit 31!" crows the DJ. "Doncha just love our sunburnt city?")

"Maybe I'll skip work," Rita says, losing interest, knowing how to punish him for indifference. "I might just go to the beach and *fry*. Albie?"

"Uhr?"

"What's wrong?"

He merges from the sheets, squinting at sunlight flooding the open window. Far away across the city there is a line where ocean and sky converge; pleasure craft leave white scars on shimmering blue.

"What if I was an albino?" he says dismally, as though revealing a terminal illness.

Rita laughs uproariously. The way she sits, it feels like some tiny creature kneading Albie's stomach.

"You mean you've just noticed?" Then, seeing his expression: "Oh, come on. You're just pale. Albinos are born that way — you can't turn into one." She leans for-

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Tee-rific!

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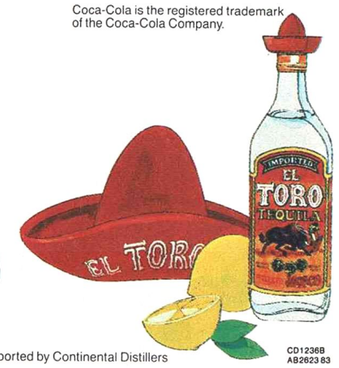

El Toro Tequila – another fine product imported by Continental Distillers

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SUMMER

ward and kisses the tip of his nose.

"If you got small amounts of sun, like I keep telling you, you'd be brown as the rest of us by mid-summer."

Albie closes his eyes.

(*As brown as the rest of us.* He visualises a vast platter of sausages of precisely the same burnished hue. He imagines the nude beach coming to life; sausages marching dumbly across blazing sand, prostrating themselves to the fiery star whose obscene heat misses no nook or cranny. Paganism, he thinks, feeling nauseous: I am married to a self-sacrificing snag.)

Albie is not sufficiently curious to notice a change in his perceptions; not curious enough to wonder where that change is leading him. At the office the albino's enchanting words ("Black on white — us on night") tiptoe distractingly in and out of his thoughts. He thinks of the stairway descending to cool darkness, and begins to watch the clock.

She is waiting as usual.

"I'm curious," he says (for the first time he can remember), and the woman nods. She takes his hand, her touch chilly, refreshing. Halfway down the stairs she removes her dark glasses; the twin pinpoints of pink glint eerily.

"My name is Airlia," she says.

He feels again the peculiar intimacy, as though she had removed far more than her glasses.

"Albie — Albert. Tell me, what do you *do* down here?"

"You'll see." She taps on a door marked Club Luther (Strictly Members Only), and to Albie's surprise it is opened by a solidly-built Aborigine in a foppish white suit.

Behind him is a horseshoe-shaped bar lit from floor level, giving the drinkers' faces the unsettling caste children achieve with flashlights beneath their chins.

Shadows move across the walls and ceiling and music — soft liquid flutes — seems to rise with the light . . . a gentle fountain of somniferous notes. The doorman smiles, flicking out an Indian salute.

"Hot up there?"

"A stinker," Airlia tells him, and Albie follows her to the bar. Up close, he sees that the customers' ghostly complexions are permanent; except for a few more blacks in white suits around a table in a far corner of the room (and himself, of course), everyone here is albino.

Polishing glasses and holding them up for examination, the barkeep's eyes gleam with the lustre of setting suns. Albie is staring at the black men, trying to make connections, when a resonant voice behind him says, "We're all recluses of one kind or another."

It is the tallest, most disconcerting albino so far: an elderly man, quite bald, whose emaciated arm stretches toward Albie like a yard of limp spaghetti.

His grip when they shake is spongy (*al dente*, thinks Albie, suppressing an urge to scream).

> He goes after her, deeper and deeper, hypnotised by the exquisite scissoring movement of her thighs

"Luther Dainty," the old man intones. "Founder and president of this little haven. Your first time?"

"Pardon?"

"Your first time in the club? Remarkable how many of our people don't know we exist. Of course," he chuckles, settling at the bar, "we don't advertise — not in the conventional sense."

Albie nods. He takes a stool next to Airlia, who, like the president, watches him as if expecting some declaration of his motive in being here.

"I'm from out of town," he says after an uncomfortable silence, hoping the woman won't contradict his lie. Instead her fingers alight, a butterfly touch, on Albie's thigh. When he glances across the complicity of her slow smile makes his heart leap.

"Can I show Albert the beach?" she asks Luther Dainty, who waves an opaque claw to indicate she may do as she wishes.

"Beach!" Albie croaks. "You have a *beach*?"

"Why certainly." Dainty grins, revealing — to the visitor's intense discomfort — a solitary row of blackened teeth.

"I see by your face," he says, "that you're confused. Up there (the arm uncoils toward the celing) we have normal lives; as normal as circumstances permit. But while our legislators may sometimes show compassion for minority groups, our climate does not."

Dainty allows himself a moment of sombre reflection. "Myself and a few friends, albinos all, started the club as a sort of sanctuary — a place to escape to in the heat of the day. Also, of course, we simulate things here. Things we could not do under the sun."

Dainty spits out the last word with evident distaste.

(Naturally Albie has considered the possibility of this being a dream; if it is, he wants Airlia to show him the beach before he wakes.)

"Like the beach?" he prods.

"Precisely. In winter we have a simulated ski resort." The president looks smugly about him.

"We are a very exclusive club," he says, peering with a hint of suspicion into Albie's eyes. "To belong, one must be absolutely pigmentless."

"But . . . what about the black people?"

Dainty unleashes his savage dark grin. "Aesthetics," he hisses, letting the word filter in fragments through the jagged teeth. "I like the contrast. And it gives their unemployed fellows something to do. We allocate our black friends certain . . . duties."

(*Black on white*, Albie recalls uneasily, *us on night.*)

Mercifully, Airlia rises and takes his hand.

"We'll be at the beach," she tells Dainty, who raises his glass and gives Albie a frightful wink.

Following Airlia through the gloom he hears running water. Rounding a corner they enter another dimly-lit cellar, far larger than the first, and Albie realises they are walking on sand that slopes gently into a vast sunken pool.

He sees albinos in deckchairs sipping from tall glasses, their naked forms giving out a soft luminosity. He hears Burl Ives crooning "Pearly Shells" from a portable radio; black waiters in the same white suits slip soundlessly to and fro bearing trays.

(Senses reeling, Albie concludes he must be dreaming. An underground albino beach is one thing, but he doubts whether reality would permit an ordinary accountant access to a *nude* albino underground beach.)

"Shall we swim?"

Airlia has removed her clothing. She stands waiting on the sand, hip raised, the slow smile humorous yet shy. Her body makes him think of a delicate and priceless figurine whose vulnerability invites a careful but thorough tactile examination. Albie can't wait to get his hands on her.

"Perhaps I *am* an albino," he says, and begins to undress.

They swim far across the tepid pool, lit from below by what seems a million pale globes, to an edge where luxuriant plants overhang the water.

Airlia dives and he goes after her, deeper and deeper, hynotised by the exquisite scissoring movement of her thighs. They break the surface, hidden by an awning of greenery, and he pulls her to him.

"I'm not a prostitute," she murmurs.

"Ar ugglstan," he gurgles, nuzzling her alabaster breasts.

"I just like you. I don't know why you lied to Mr Dainty, but I like you." She runs light fingers over his painful erection. "I want you to come here every day. Okay?"

He nods furiously, slapping the water with his forehead.

"Albert," she croons then, lips against his ear, silky thighs locking behind his back. "Albert the lost albino."

They sink and surface, sink and surface; they twist and slither and twine.

Weightless, she envelops him. Images exotic and disturbing flash and fade like traces behind his eyelids, an accelerating carousel of insane diversity; of cirrocumulus scattered across the dark sky, Greek Gods on iceberg ships and pale alchemists in midnight dungeons; of places never visited and faces — ancient, cobwebbed — never seen.

Their eyes snap open at precisely the same instant. Albie wants to look away but cannot; her irises blaze into his with an intensity that imparts a flash of hot pain — as if he had stared into the sun itself — somewhere low at the back of his head.

"White on!" she howls, thrashing about so wildly, and for so long, that Albie has to grasp a big palm frond to stay afloat. As soon as it is over he feels . . . restored, his old self again. Astonishingly, considering what he has just experienced, Albie Larrson has no inclination to ask questions.

He has no sense of Airlia having manipulated him, but knows at last that he is not dreaming. Otherwise, of course, he would have woken in his own bed the instant he saw Airlia naked — that being the treacherous nature of the human subconscious.

Watching the woman float beside him, her expression flatteringly serene, Albie see-saws between guilt and hilarity. Part of him sympathises with the abinos; their hideout, after all, seems no more peculiar than the rituals of Rita's nude beach crowd.

> "I enjoyed it!" Albie babbles, struggling into his clothes. "Don't think I didn't. But a joke is a joke and I must be off."

But being merely pale, he has entered their surreal world (and, for that matter, Airlia) under false pretences. Or false colors, he thinks, a reckless mirth threatening to betray him.

Old Luther Dainty is on the beach in a pair of lime green racing togs, a spectacle that doesn't help Albie's condition. Clenching his teeth, he trails Airlia up the simulated shore, where the president has just finished blowing up a beach ball.

"How's . . . the . . . water?" he pants, then lopes grotesquely to the pool, the ball under one arm, waving with exaggerated gaiety at the other bathers.

As if to help lift the ball on merry looping arcs among the albinos, the radio at that instant gives forth Cliff Richard's "Summer Holiday." Albie gnaws his lip and turns away, shoulders jumping, this combination proving too much for his until now admirable self-control. Sinking to the sand, he covers his mouth and makes noises like a faulty outboard.

"Stop it. Please stop now!" Airlia stands over him with an expression of infinite disappointment. "How could you be so *cruel*?" She wipes her eyes. "We don't know how things are done at the beach. Everything is from films and pictures . . . by example."

Albie struggles to his feet.

"I'm sorry . . . it was just . . . just, oh God Airlia!" He gives in to a fresh burst of implosive snorts and guffaws. "I can't believe any of this!" he cries. "Somebody set it up, right? A joke?"

She says nothing, but watches him with the same injured look. Then, still naked, she replaces her dark glasses.

"I enjoyed it!" Albie babbles, struggling into his clothes. "Don't think I didn't. But a joke is a joke and now" — he finds his watch and feigns shock at the time — "now I really must be off. Goodbye Luther!" Albie imitates the president's wave and the old man misses a catch responding.

"Perhaps next time you'll feel less like laughing," says Airlia, and gathering her clothing she strides quickly away.

On the train home, Albie whistles jauntily. (Fat chance of a next time, he thinks, I just love 'em and leave 'em crying!) Walking from the station he clicks his heels and decides, without wondering why, to begin working on a tan.

That night Rita snores vigorously, exhausted by her own seaside games of give and take, while Albie confronts the mirror to trim his nostril hairs.

And freezes. The scissors slip from his fingers and clatter away to a part of the world that no longer exists for him. In the centre of his suddenly diminished universe, Albie has noticed something awful: a biologically impossible transmutation that a more observant man might have detected among Club Luther's queerly acquiescent blacks.

He stands there a long time, but no effort of will permits him to refute the evidence. No trick of refraction can explain the twin pin-pricks of strawberry at the centre of Albie's Wedgewood eyes. OH

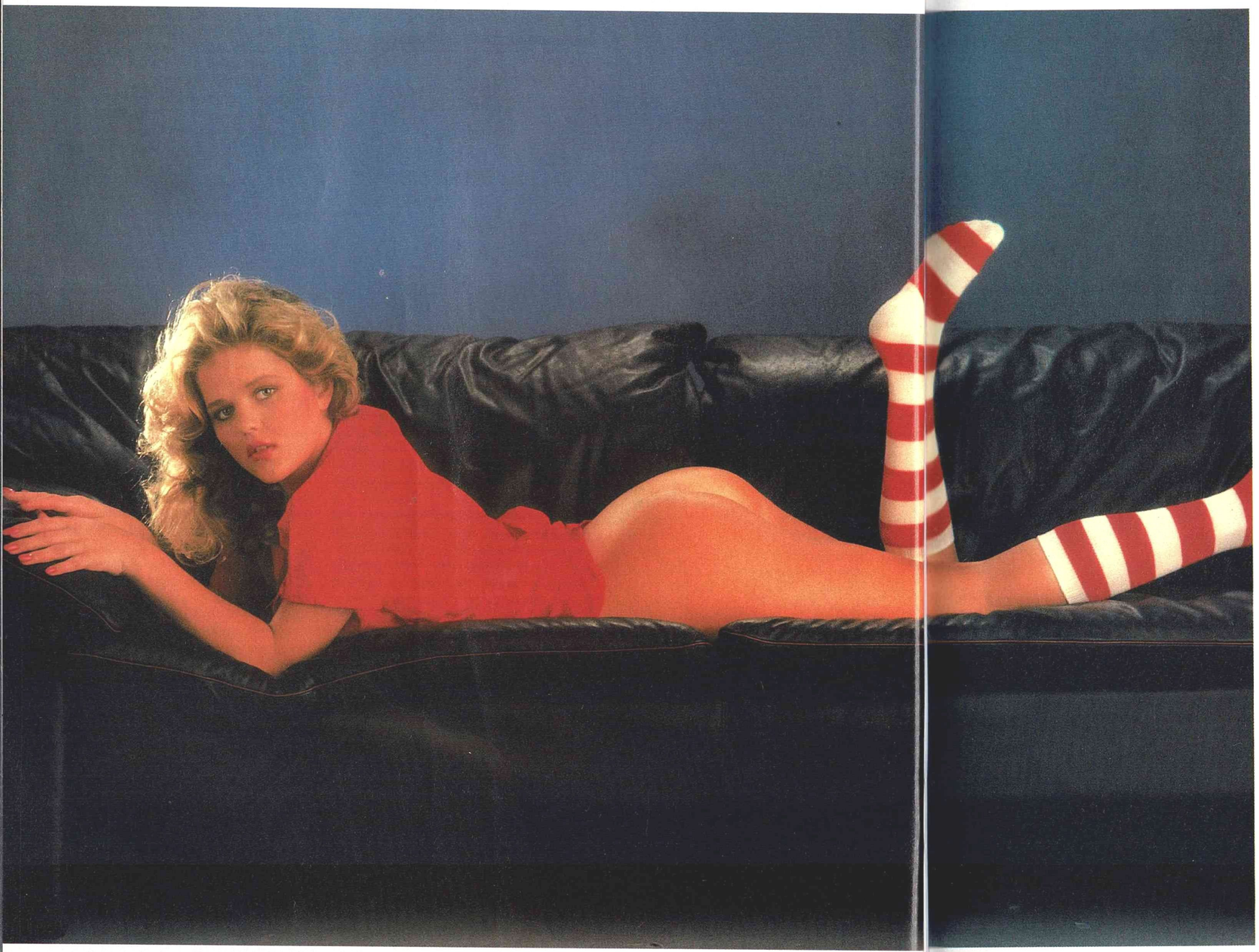
What to buy if the Porsche, the penthouse apartment and the spa don't impress the pants off her.

MDA/JOV 2

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED.

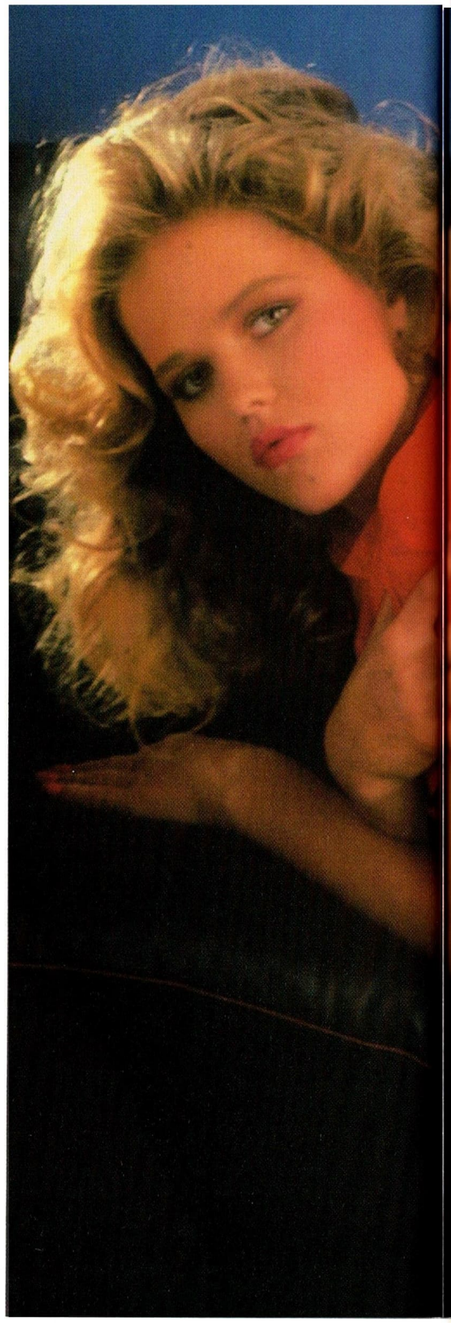
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

CHANGE OF HEART

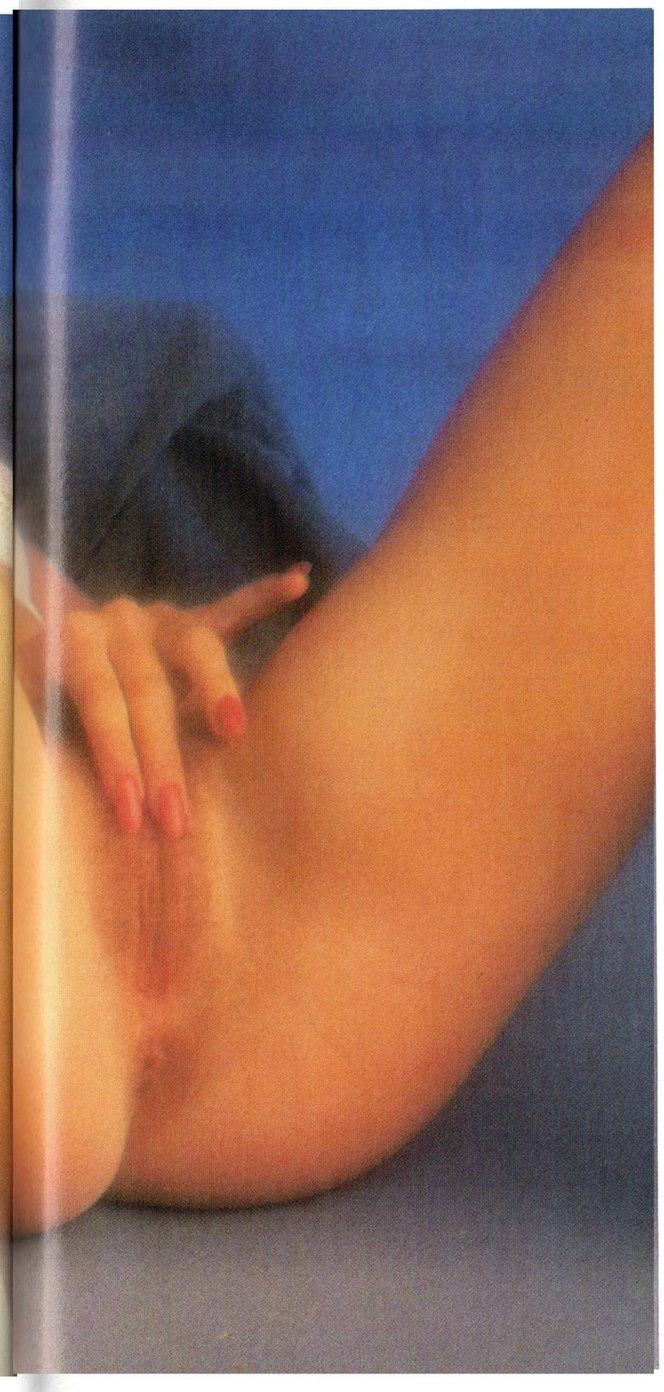


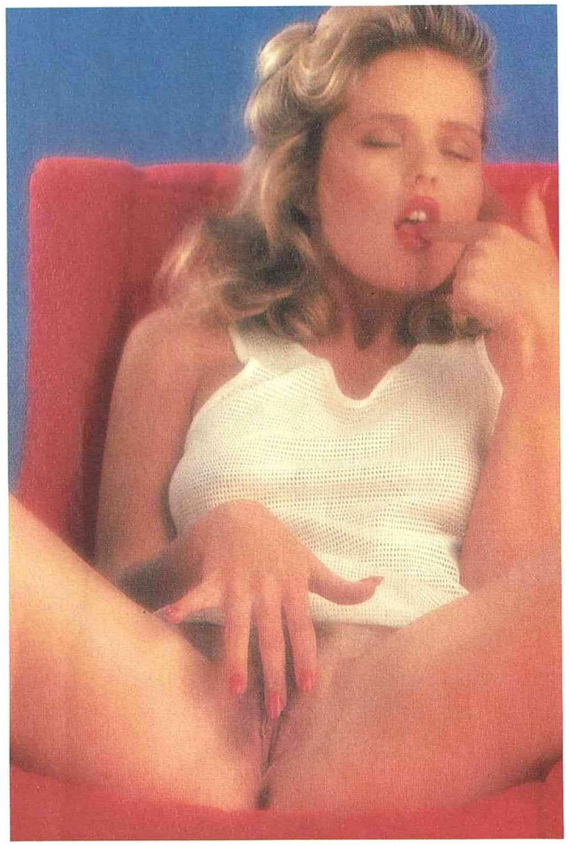
There was a time when gorgeous Erika Elson could have been tagged (politely) as coquettish and go-getting in her sexual demands. "Yes," she admits, "I was your classic tease as a teenager. It was my own version of megalomania. I want to apologise for all the teasing I've done and make a clean breast of my past."

"I remember once telling a boyfriend that we'd only ever get it on if he burned his surfboard for me. Would you believe he actually did it? Of course, where I grew up, no girl in her right mind would be seen *dead* with a guy who didn't surf. I just want to say sorry, guys, for the stomping I did."



Although Erika doesn't want to give too much away about herself, she hints: "I'm sure there'll be blokes out there who'll recognise me from my wild and woolly early years. I hope they can realise that my provocative elements are simply a part of me that I couldn't control."





Erika stresses that she'll be treading the straight and narrow from here on. She says she has her sights set on being tamed by the man of her dreams, but for once she is prepared to wait. "I much prefer to get laid-back than uptight these days," she confesses.

BEATING AROUND THE BUSH

BY PETER McKAY

All Peugeot needed to win the World Rally Championship was two new 205 Turbo 16s, 300 grand and total commitment

MOTORING

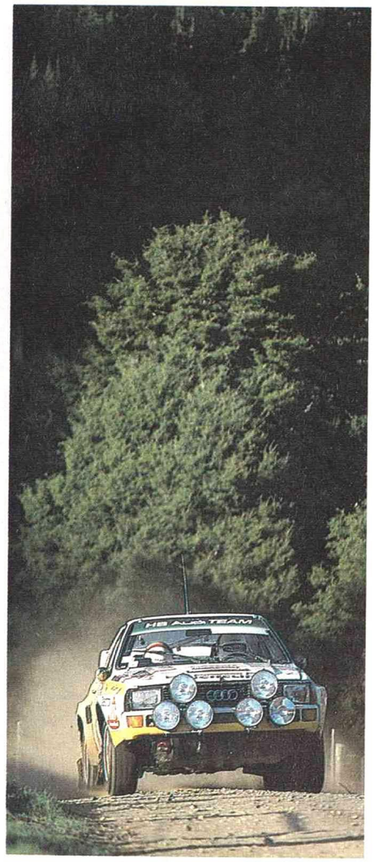
How smug the New Zealanders are — they've got a World Rally Championship event and Australia hasn't.

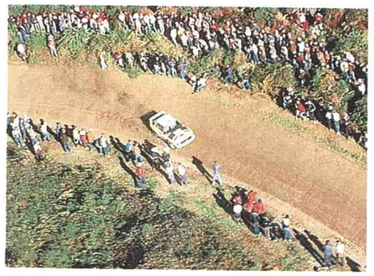
But the Aussies are working on it. Australia will have a world championship rally within three years; that's the bold plan of John Large, president of the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport (CAMS).

Australia's only world-class real rally was the Southern Cross, held each year around Port Macquarie in NSW. When the Cross died a few years ago, it virtually killed all hopes of Australia securing a world title event in the immediate future. The sport crashed into the doldrums.

The long haul back began in August with the staging of the Rally of Australia, the first event to cater exclusively for production-based machines. John Large says he'll give the Rally of Australia a couple of years to establish itself as a blue ribbon international-level contest before applying for championship status. He thinks Australia will ultimately score a WRC to be held

PHOTO BY GREG YARD





Action at the recent New Zealand world rally championship.

THE BUSH

elbow-to-elbow with the Rally of New Zealand.

The Kiwis, initially wary of Australia's ambitions, now support their neighbor's claims. They realise that the leading championship teams would then have two good reasons to make the long and costly haul from Europe. The NZ event is now certainly solidly-established. The recent world title rally was the fourth held in the Shaky Isles and it keeps getting better.

The entry list for the 1985 Rally of New Zealand runs to 65 and they've come to this outpost from all over the world. Even the Russians and their boxy Lada sedans are present, with Marxist-Leninist optimism exceeding ability and automotive technology. They fare about as well as the Communist Party did in the last New Zealand elections.

The battle is really between two camps — the titans of the world rally scene: defending champ Audi and upstart newcomer Peugeot. The well-drilled, no-expense-spared teams from West Germany and France each have two cars kitted out in battle trim for this critical seventh of 12 title rounds.

You marvel at their professionalism, their attention to detail and their mind-boggling financial commitment. Peugeot has air-freighted two brand new 205 Turbo 16s from Paris, along with 180 wheels and 500 tyres, and a mere 15 tonnes of spares, including four extra engines and transmissions. And seven management staff. And 20 French mechanics. A dozen assorted service vehicles have been arranged locally, along with an Aerospatiale Squirrel chopper for the use of team manager Jean Todt. All up cost to the team for this one event: $300,000. After this it's on to Argentina (another 300 thou), and then to Finland (another 300 . . .). Rallying at this level gobbles up and spits out money at a rate matched by only the mega-spenders of Formula One racing.

That there are huge rewards is irrefutable. Peugeot, involved in world championship rallying for only 12 months, can point to substantial sales increases across all of its model lineup. Rallying at this level is a big return investment with a high risk factor. The risk is that it's possible to spend a mountain of money and still be comprehensively creamed. Many giants take the punt: Nissan, Toyota, Mitsubishi, British Leyland, Mercedes-Benz, Fiat, Subaru, Renault, Porsche, Ford, and Lancia all have been there, or are about to jump into championship rallying. But right now Audi and Peugeot are at the top of the heap. Audi won the title in '84; by the end of the last event in the '85 championship late November — the RAC Rally in Britain — the trophy will be with Peugeot. Next year . . . who knows? A couple of months is forever in motor sport.

The will-o'-the-wisp Pug 205 Turbo is undeniably state of the rally art. The groundbreaking four-wheel-drive concept pioneered in rallying by Audi just four years ago has been refined and embellished and then used to regularly beat the West Germans. The French went to a mid-engined configuration with the emphasis on traction and handling. And because the original 4WD 1.8 litre 205 Turbo produced just 350 horses — or 150 less than the Quattros — it was imperative that the French car be much lighter (990 kilos) to balance the power-to-weight equation, but robust and durable with it.

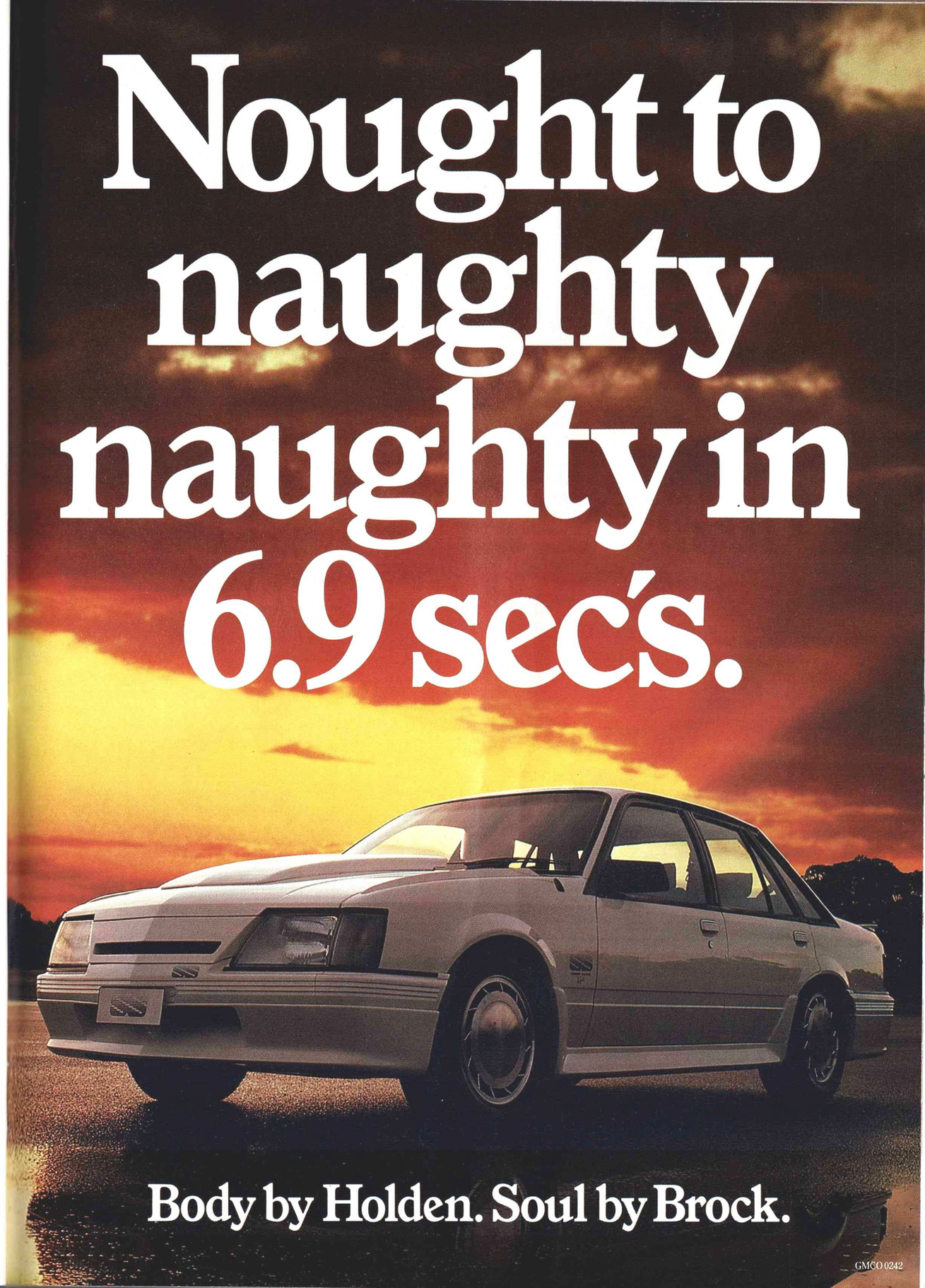
But the flesh-and-blood components in this confrontation also command attention and respect. Championship leader is Peugeot's Timo Salonen. A bespectacled, laid-back Finn with a ready smile, Salonen is rarely more than a minute from his next cigarette. But how do you tell a man who spends his working week belting along narrow dirt trails at breakneck speeds that too many cigarettes could put him at risk?

Ari Vatanen, 33, is the Nordic archetype, a tall and handsome so-blond Finn who was world champion in 1981. He's number one at Peugeot but so far this season is being upstaged by teammate Salonen. Early in his career Vatanen suffered from the occasional rush of blood to the brain. Lightning fast was Ari, but frequently crashed out of contention. These days he's not the same too-brave tear-arse and he's winning much more. He's a dedicated son-of-a-gun and spends around 250 days of the year absent from his adopted home, tranquil Berkshire in England.

Walter Rohrl leads the Audi assault. Twice world champ, the West German beanpole is said to be the best driver in the business. He's certainly the most analytical of the trumps, and the press makes great play of his uncanny pre-event predic-

Photos by Ray Berghouse, Phil Christensen, Greg Yard

Nought to naughty naughty in 6.9 secs.



Body by Holden. Soul by Brock.

GMCO 0242

THE BUSH

tions. "I will be third this time," he might say. And then he goes out and runs third.

His Audi teammate: Stig Blomqvist, the defending world champion. Stig, a Swede and a bachelor, doesn't say much. In fact he's hard pressed to say anything at all. Vatanen tells a story of someone once asking Blomqvist's team boss whether his driver spoke any English. "English?" replied the rally chief. "No, and he doesn't speak Swedish either." But Silent Stig is a gun operator; last year he won a record five events en route to the world championship. And he is perhaps the most spectacular rallyman among the upper echelon.

New Zealand is neutral ground for the principal protagonists. Audi hopes for plenty of fast open terrain where the Quattros can fully utilise their superior power and higher top speed. On the other hand Peugeot is better suited to tight, twisting, narrow courses which suit the handling advantages of the nimble 205 Turbos . . .

The four-day rally is set for 950 kilometres broken into 48 sections or stages, timed to the second. The early going favors the snarling German cars, their exhausts spitting fire and crackling at every gearchange.

Rohrl leads at the end of day one, but predicts it will become harder for the Quattros. He's right, but then he always is. Night brings the sobering observation that many Kiwis have little to live for. There's no other way of explaining the attempts at mass suicide by groups of locals decked out in the regulation uniform of lumber jacket and Ug boots, topped by the ubiquitous beanie.

Standing so vulnerably on the road's edge on the outside of corners they're oblivious to the shouted warnings in the local dialect: "Yud bitter stip back or ilse Ridge Cuck wool gitcha, eh." A handy multi-linquist graciously deciphers the message: apparently a colorful local rallyman named Reg Cook is a dab hand at using his long-suffering Nissan to rearrange the landscape, frequently putting livestock and onlookers to flight.

The Audi-Peugeot dogfight up front is as frantic as ever. Salonen overhauls the leading Audi during day two, and Vatanen is closing on Rohrl.

The original entry list has been savaged. The North Island is littered with busted cars and broken dreams. In the media centre, cryptically worded Incident Log sheets pinned to the notice board reveal some of the hassles . . .

The report for Stage 36 suggests a touch of drama for Kiwi Peter Cullen and his Ford Escort. Against his name and number an entry reads: "Lost wheel and axle — probably into Whakamura Dam." Then, later, Cullen reports: "No brakes — hit tree causing damage to right front. Lost nine minutes." Cullen's blues continue — four

The Shaky Isles provide one of the world rally circuit's more scenic backdrops.

stages later the log reads: "Hit a tree — still having brake problems."

Toyota driver Graham Crawford ran into a headache of a different nature. The Stage 42 Incident Log reports: "Navigator sick. A psychiatrist would no doubt add that they're all sick . . . sick in the mind, these crazed fools who hurl their overpowered time bombs along narrow dirt roads at speeds impossible for the mere mortal among motorists to fully accept."

But no incident report can fully describe Blomqvist's last-day heartstopper. Vainly chasing the Peugeots, the monosyllabic world champ clipped an earth bank on a sweeper while flat out in sixth gear. The Quattro looped into a spin, which Blomqvist managed to catch in mid-flight. With Blomqvist and his stoic navigator unwilling passengers, the car raced backwards down the narrow gravel road at around 160 to170 km/h . . . and didn't hit a thing. Blomqvist said even less than usual at the next service break.

Vatanen grabbed second during the first stage on the final morning to complete the Peugeot landslide. The Pugs have triumphed. The first one-two for the French team. Peugeot now has a secure hold on the manufacturers' title, while Salonen moves closer to the drivers' crown.

The oft-maligned Ridge Cuck finally silenced his critics, climbing to a laudable sixth outright by the rally's end. Seventh was the mayor of Mataura, Inky Tulloch, in a Ford Escort. Another local, rejoicing in the gloriously Antipodean name of Possum Bourne, took Group A honors in a class for production cars. Mr Bourne drives a Subaru Leone RX, emphasising the swing to turbocharged power and all-wheel-drive grip in international rallying.

But it's Peugeot's finest hour. At the obligatory media conference the disembodied voice of the chairman of Peugeot, Jean Boillot, is heard via amplified telephone. Ecstasy is a conservative description of his mood. "We are close to our aim of winning the championship in 1985, and we hope to be still winning it in 1990." That's M. Boillot's subtle way of telling the world Peugeot is making a long-term commitment to rallying.

Staying in front of the pack is an awesome task, more so for the engineers than the drivers. Audi knows better than most. It's now having its four-wheel-drive weapon pointed back at it from every direction. The Pugs were the cars to beat during the first half of '85. Then Audi responded with its latest mid-engined creation, a brute of a thing with close to 600 horsepower on tap. Contemplate, for a moment, the skill and daring required to control a car of this prodigious power output on treacherous rally tracks that could be ball-bearing gravel, or slush, or snow, or ice.

Since the NZ foray, Peugeot has introduced its new Flavor of the Month, a 450 horsepower bolter which the team believes will keep them at the head of the turbo charge.

It is not merely a two-make contest. The opposition is hardly complacent. Ford, Leyland and Lancia are coming back with their new-generation rockets — mid-engined and four-wheel-drive. The technological warfare goes on. The automotive boffins make the bullets; Timo and Walter and Ari and Stig and Ridge fire 'em. ○—■

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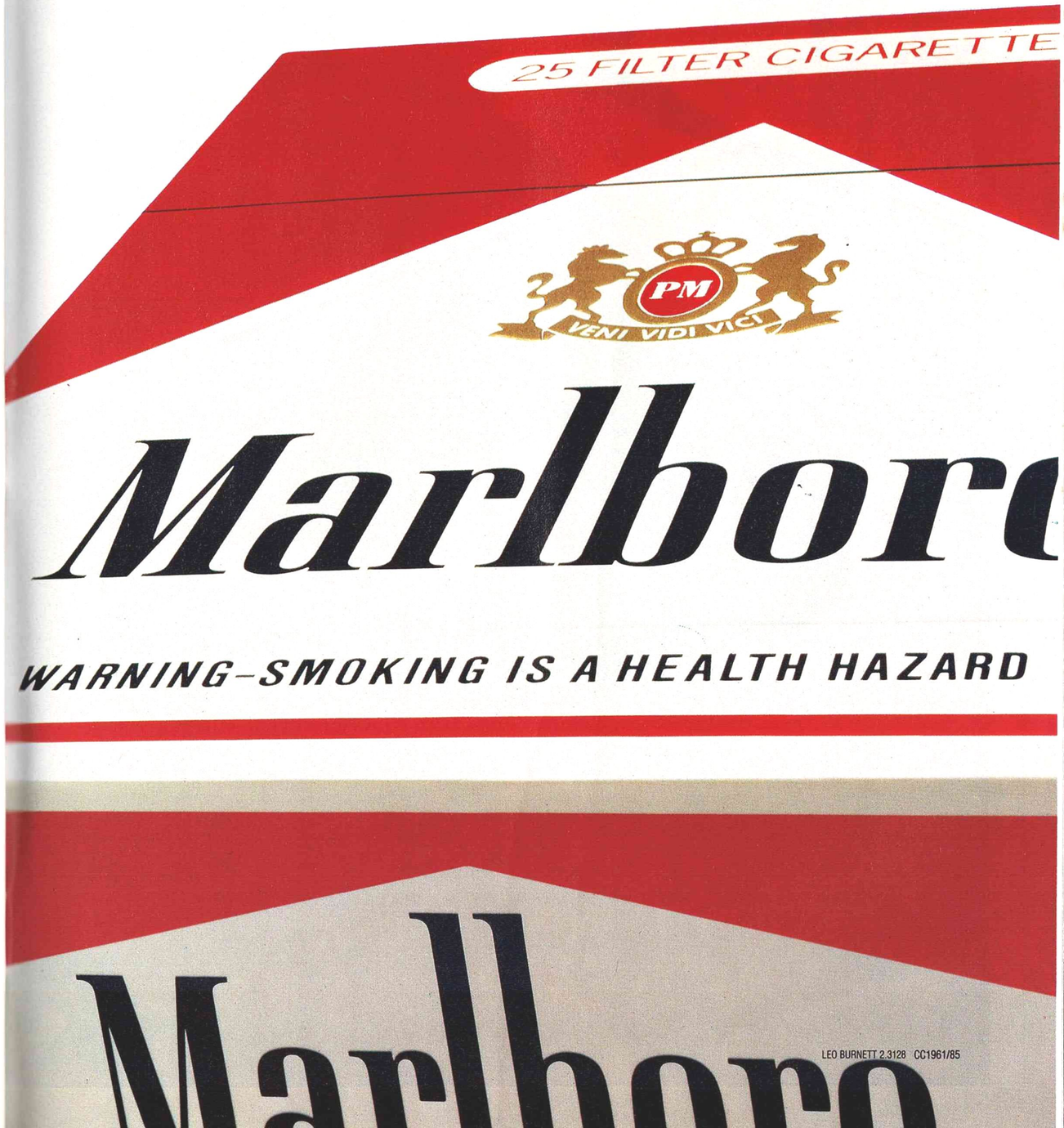

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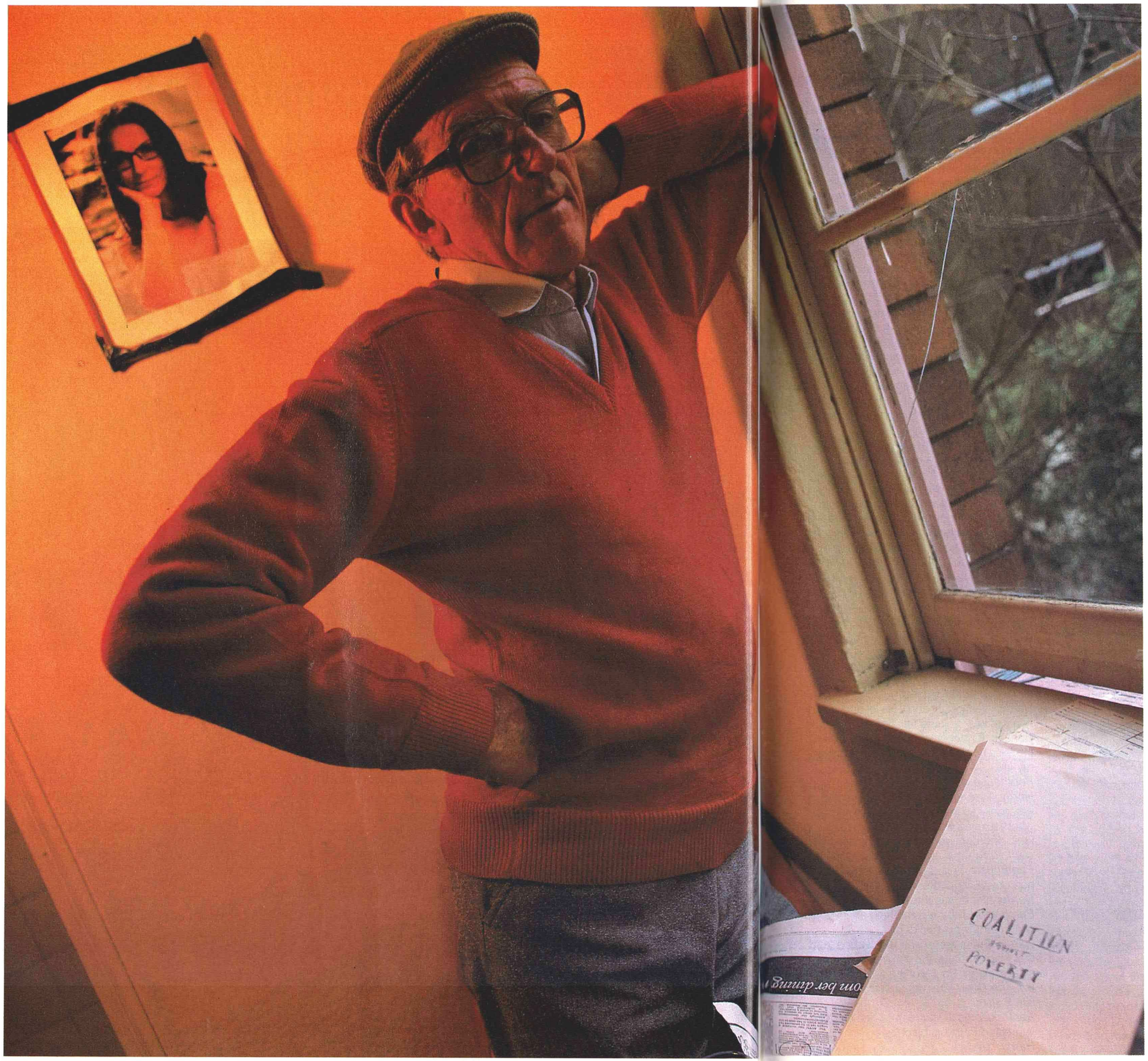


PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

❛ I'm a communist from the experience of the heart and soul as well as the mind and stomach. The capitalist system will inevitably be replaced by communism ❜

PART 2

FRANK HARDY

BY ADRIAN TAME

At 67 life has turned full circle for Australian man of letters Frank Hardy. Once the scourge of the Establishment, he wrote his first novel, *Power Without Glory*, as "the ultimate book exposing the capitalist myth." He has remained a communist since his formative years, despite many divergences from the party line along the way. He still gambles obsessively, and (as he once said) can still "write, drink and love longer" than anybody 30 years his junior.

But, much as he may regret it, and difficult as it is to explain, more than a slight veneer of respectability, perhaps even venerability, has attached itself to the Hardy myth. Perhaps it has something to do with the friendships he enjoys in high places. Or maybe it involves the growing recognition that his work, at least latterly, is as important for its literary merits as its deep social conscience. His all-consuming passions at present are the Coalition Against Poverty And Unemployment and the need to introduce Australia to Henry Lawson, a man he holds in massive esteem.

In Part One of the *Penthouse* interview, published last month, he spoke of Australians and racism, his own perpetual search for truth, and his friendships with James Baldwin, Nana Mouskouri and, most importantly, Bob Hawke. He traced the early days of their relationship, when they evolved a successful system on the punt, and gave his own judgement of Hawke the Prime Minister.

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

INTERVIEW

In Part Two of the interview, Hardy deals with a subject that has obsessed him for much of his adult life — suicide. He talks about the deaths of two friends and his sister Mary, and muses out loud over whether or not he will end his own life. He discusses his legendary meeting with Raquel Welch, and how Yves Montand demonstrated that it is possible to be a communist at the wheel of a brand new Rolls Royce.

He explains his unique view of the feminist movement and why it is failing, his valiant efforts on behalf of Australia's native people, and the horrors he has witnessed being carried out against them. And he speaks for the first time of his conviction that had he been jailed after the *Power Without Glory* trial he would have been murdered within the walls of Pentridge.

Penthouse: Malcolm Muggeridge described you as the most Australian of all Australians.

Hardy: I have great affection for Muggeridge. He was a most amusing man — the greatest satirical conversationalist I ever met. My Australian humor appealed to him, and we got along very well. He told terrifyingly funny jokes about Churchill. One of them was that Churchill had been dead for two years. He told this at a time Churchill was still alive. He said the books are not finished, and they've got all these writers in a room finishing them. And they've got the body of Churchill pickled and they put a cigar between the two fingers and put it in a car and drive it through London. It's possibly true.

Penthouse: Who has had the biggest influence on you as a writer?

Hardy: Henry Lawson: the people's writer.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a literary successor to Lawson?

Hardy: I have no doubt that you can trace Australian literature through Lawson down to me. I have no doubt that's how it will be seen some day.

Penthouse: You were quoted as saying you could write, drink and love longer than anybody 30 years your junior.

Hardy: That was a boast I made not so long ago.

Penthouse: Do you stand by it?

Hardy: Bloody oath . . . can prove it too.

Penthouse: Being a good drinker is very much part of the Australian . . .

Hardy: Well, these days I'm not really a drinker in the sense that I'd prove it in a competition. But I've had competitions in my younger days: I had a competition with Yevtushenko drinking raw alcohol. We drank a lot of vodka, and then a glass of raw alcohol to round it off. I walked out to the taxi rank, and he slumped out completely. It happened in Moscow in 1963, a long time ago. He challenged me — the Russians always do. But I don't drink very much now . . . I've given up ritual drinking.

Penthouse: I won't dispute your claim about writing longer than anybody 30 years younger. But what about loving longer?

Hardy: Well, that's just something you'll have to take my word for. Do you want me to get some written testimonials?

Penthouse: What does your communism mean to you?

Hardy: I'm a communist from the experience of the heart and soul as well as the mind and the stomach. The capitalist system will inevitably be replaced by communism in some form.

Penthouse: Within our lifetime?

Hardy: Probably within mine, although you may not live to see it. The reason I say that is the capitalist system doesn't work any more; it can't deliver any more.

Penthouse: How bloody will it be?

Hardy: Who knows? Certainly it will be preferable to nuclear war. Anyway, by force or not, this system will give way to a more equitable social structure.

Penthouse: You're not saying, are you, that Russia or China is going to march in and take over Australia?

Hardy: No. That's the only way it couldn't happen. There'll be a socialist structure of society which will dismantle the multinationals and nationalise the banks. It's only a matter of time. It will have to be done.

Penthouse: One thread which seems to have run right through your life is suicide. Two of your friends committed suicide relatively early on, you then began reading about the subject and later wrote a book based on a suicide, *But The Dead Are Many*. Most recently there was the tragedy of your sister Mary's suicide. Are you going to commit suicide?

Hardy: No, no chance.

Penthouse: Isn't that the only logical conclusion one can draw from your near obsession with the subject?

Hardy: I've thought about it a lot and would not commit suicide in normal circumstances. If I become incapable of fulfilling the roles I have set for myself I will terminate my life.

Penthouse: How?

Hardy: I haven't thought how. Suicide is essentially an irrational and despairing act, whereas mine would be an act of logic — logic and confidence and compassion to say I've run my race. I've decided that.

Penthouse: Suicide is something which has obviously obsessed you.

Hardy: No, it was thrust upon me.

Penthouse: Tell me something about your two friends who suicided.

Hardy: One's name was Rick Bruce, and that didn't shake me so much, but my closest friend, Paul Mortier, who is John in *But The Dead Are Many*, suicided in the late Sixties.

Penthouse: Is that when you first became interested in the subject?

Hardy: Yes.

Penthouse: You began reading about it, and said you doubted if anybody had ever read as much on the subject as you.

Hardy: That's probably still true today.

Penthouse: Because a friend and a close friend committed suicide?

Hardy: Yes, because it's the ultimate act. I found that it's also the ultimate act of communication. The only act of communication between the dead and the living is the suicide note. The ultimate suicide note sets out to induce guilt: no-one kills themselves without wanting to kill someone else. He leaves a note that says: "Tell Charlie not to worry, it wasn't his fault."

Penthouse: So that Charlie thinks for the rest of his life it was his fault?

Hardy: Yes.

Penthouse: Did you feel responsible in any way for the suicide of these two friends?

Hardy: In the first case not at all, in the second case I felt responsible because I didn't know. There wasn't a lot I could have done, but I just didn't know. In the case of Mary I knew . . .

Penthouse: Before Mary committed suicide you said there are two things which are important. One is that a person on the verge of suicide should learn to cry out for help, and the second is that those who are close to them should be aware of and listen for that cry.

Hardy: Yes, that's true. But there is a point at which suicide assumes its own logic. There is only one hope, and that's to do it.

Penthouse: How long before Mary committed suicide were you aware that that was what she was going to do?

Hardy: I knew she had attempted it many times — I prevented her many times.

Penthouse: There's a saying that people who attempt suicide never go through with it, although Mary is obviously the denial of that.

Hardy: No, that's not true. The majority of suicides have attempted it before they succeed. I discussed it quite openly with Mary a few months before she did it.

Penthouse: Did she give you any idea that she was going to?

Hardy: No, in fact in the last ten days she knew everyone was waiting to stop her, so she pretended that all was well.

Penthouse: In a previous *Penthouse* interview John Michael Howson told me about Mary — how amazingly generous she was, but also how nobody got back to her with any offers once she got out of the business.

Hardy: Those who prevented her from working will not be readily forgiven. When she was riding high she pulled on the bosses of radio and TV stations, and if someone rang up with trouble over the landlord she'd ring the estate agent and lean on him and solve the problem. She even thought of going into politics at one stage. On the day of the Kerr coup she spent four hours of her radio session telling people to go to Canberra or send telegrams. The management tried to take her off the air, and she refused to be dragged out of the studio. She had no hobbies. What she lived for was people — and for fame and success and showbiz. And once that was gone there was nothing.

Penthouse: Was there anything you could have done, or was it inevitable?

Hardy: It took on an air of inevitability. Most people who knew her were not surprised even though they were shocked and saddened. Four years ago my daughter and I used to go round there on a regular basis to check with the neighbors to see if she had been seen about. And in the last week, from what we can gather from people who remained close to her, and from a phone call I had with her, she made all the effort in the world to convince them that all was well, so they'd keep away. She couldn't have appeared to be happier, but she had already bought the gun. She was a great woman who was too kind. I told her: "You've got to toughen up. You're kind, but you've got to be tough to be kind." I offered her the leading part in my play, *Who Was Harry Larsen?* I rang her up from NSW in November. She died early in January. And I said: "Mary, you've got three months to get your weight down." She'd got very fat. "It's a genuine offer . . . the contract will be sent through the mail. It's not a dream. You've got the female lead." And she said: "Panic stations, darling Frank. I couldn't do it. I'll never work again." She couldn't even take a part in my play. Something as important as that, to me and to her. She knew that she couldn't do it any more. She'd been kept from doing it when she could have, and then she'd lost the power.

> Suicide is essentially an irrational and despairing act, whereas mine would be an act of logic and confidence and compassion

Penthouse: You once said: "Suicide is not a problem, because I've come to terms with death."

Hardy: Yes. I will choose the time and the place, possibly — if necessary.

Penthouse: Do you think there is anything morbid about that?

Hardy: No, because I don't think about it now. But I made that decision a long time ago. And I know that decision is there, all ready and made. I'll just come back and do it . . . if I can't function and I can't fulfil, maybe even at a less intense level. Being unable to fulfil my writing goals would be sufficient. I will know if and when it is to be done, and I will do it. I haven't even thought about how, but I will make a thorough job: I know all the ways. I might walk into the sea, maybe. Swim, just swim out . . . I can swim for miles.

Penthouse: You've gone on record as saying you have four obsessions in life — writing, the pursuit of the perfect woman, the pursuit of truth and gambling.

Hardy: Yes. I let that out by accident on the [*Michael*] *Parkinson Show*. I had been living that way for many years, and once I realised that I was an obsessive personality, I was able to live very peacefully and with great serenity.

Penthouse: None of those are very peaceful obsessions.

Hardy: For an obsessed person the only thing that is stressful is being unobsessed.

Penthouse: Is there a fifth obsession now?

Hardy: Yes — the defence of the poor, and the poor nations. I wrote a book, *The Obsession Of Oscar Oswald*, which hasn't been widely read in this country, unfortunately. It's about a man driven to insanity by the debt collecting system in Australia, in which criminals are employed by the big banks to collect their debts. As a result of the fifth obsession I spent 18 months in Melbourne campaigning for the Coalition Against Poverty And Unemployment and other organisations, assisting the poor to organise themselves against this monstrous system of debt collection and eviction. I intend to explain specifically to the poor that it's not their fault the system has collapsed around them. That's the fifth obsession.

Penthouse: I believe you have a siesta when you're writing, and then work again in the evening.

Hardy: Yes. I started that in 1969 when I met Yves Montand when I first went over to France at the invitation of James Mason, the actor. He wrote to me praising my book *The Four-Legged Lottery*. He said he'd just read it aloud to his wife, and invited me over to France, where he was filming.

Penthouse: With Raquel Welch, I believe? You said some very uncomplimentary things about her.

Hardy: That was a very strange thing, because I wondered why so much interest was shown by the media when I returned to Australia. I was always going in and out, and no bastard was ever at the airport, but on this occasion it got into the London press that there had been a row with Raquel Welch on the set in France. I didn't have a row with her but I was there, and my name was mentioned, so suddenly the Australian press showed interest in me. Suddenly I was an authority on Raquel Welch, and at the airport you couldn't get through the bloody door for microphones. One bloke said to me: "What do you think of Raquel Welch?" I was jet-lagged,

arriving back from London at six in the morning, and this idiot shoves a fucking microphone at me, so I said: "She's a drak sort, mate." Now that's a saying from way back to describe an ugly woman . . . a dog. It's a very descriptive phrase, and I suppose the feminists are glad to see it go — I'm not. And on the front page of the *Sydney Telegraph*, it read: "RAQUEL WELCH DRAK SORT, SAYS HARDY." On some occasions during that period TV crews would turn up at my door and say: "We were in the district and just came to ask you about Raquel Welch." So I had a bet with a friend of mine that I could do ten-minute interviews without mentioning her, no matter what questions they asked. I had the media stuffed.

Penthouse: Did you ever meet her?

Hardy: Yes, several times. On one occasion she said: "You have a lovely warm hand." And I'd had my pipe in my hand, right? I took her hand to kiss it, and the bowl was still warm.

Penthouse: Apart from being "a drak sort", was she all right?

Hardy: Yes, I would say that somewhere buried there is just a battling, working class woman. On the set she had a Svengali with her who would pretend her lines were badly written, because she couldn't remember them. But I found her, and the other woman there, Dyan Cannon, to be interested in things other than whether or not they were sex objects.

Penthouse: She'd be very different, I imagine, from Simone Signoret, who you also met at that time?

Hardy: Oh yes. I knew her very well for a period of years. I met her through James Mason and for four and a half years I rented the apartment directly above her and Yves Montand in this French village. It had been occupied by Leslie Bricuse, the song writer, a very interesting character with some wonderful stories about Rex Harrison. He was a half-wit you know, but he had something that appealed to intellectual women that was extraordinary. And this woman was leaving him, walking down the path with her suitcases, and he calls out from the window upstairs: "Come back here. You can't do this." And then he turns to one of his sons and says: "That woman there, what's her name?" He'd been married to her for 12 years, and couldn't remember her name. Leslie Bricuse said the only way he could get through to Harrison was to talk about his son Mark. One day he asked: "How's Mark?" and Harrison replied: "Mark? Mark?" He couldn't remember his own son's name. Can you imagine?

Penthouse: What about Simone Signoret?

Hardy: I saw a lot of her between '74 and '80. She was interested in philosophy and politics and Marxism particularly; she was a Marxist. She sent a book to my sister, Mary, encouraging Mary to write her biography. She said: "I'm also finished as an actress, so don't you worry. Write a book." I had discussed Mary with her and asked her to send her the book. To my knowledge Mary never did write the book.

Penthouse: What do you do on days when the words won't come?

Hardy: The main thing is not to panic. Patrick White once said to me: "No-one will care if you and I never write another book." And it's true. For instance I'm working on a project at the moment, and nobody gives a fuck whether I finish it or not. So you've got to discipline yourself. If nothing happens today it may happen tomorrow. But the point is you still stay at the desk. I always have two jobs going at once, so if one's going badly I can switch to the other.

Penthouse: Max Harris said you were so late a developer you nearly didn't develop at all. You didn't write a word until you were 30.

> Once I realised that I was an obsessive personality I was able to live very peacefully and with great serenity

Hardy: I think that was a good thing. Of course it happened because of a lack of education: I didn't know of anybody who wrote. I lived in places like Bacchus Marsh and Warrnambool, and travelled around Victoria picking apples and so on. I don't think we even read books. It was the Communist Party that caused me to be a writer. What little education I've got, I got in the Communist Party.

Penthouse: When did *Power Without Glory* start to happen?

Hardy: Before I got out of the Army in 1946 I hit on the idea. I was a very dedicated communist — still am — and I decided to write the ultimate book exposing the capitalist myth and the role the Labor Party played in disarming the working class. My father once said to me: "The Labor Party's not a worker's party, it's John Wren's party. He owns it lock, stock and barrel, so don't think you're going to get anywhere with the Labor Party."

Penthouse: But you finished up admiring John Wren in a way?

Hardy: That's been said by critics, but I don't think it's true.

Penthouse: No, not critics. You've been quoted as saying he was a great judge of character.

Hardy: And a genius for organisation. Now what was the drive behind that? What I faced in 1930 he faced in 1889: am I going to try and make a quid, or am I going to try and fight this system? And he made one decision and I made the other. So I understood him — maybe not with admiration, but grudging respect.

Penthouse: One of the most interesting aspects of you as a gambler was *Power Without Glory* . . . the gamble you took with it. You hadn't written a book before, you had no idea whether it was going to get published, and you had no idea whether you were going to get sued . . .

Hardy: Or killed. Gambling is part of nature. *Power Without Glory* was the biggest gamble of my life, and it came off in the biggest way.

Penthouse: In material terms for what it is and what it has become in myth, and in Australian literary history, it hasn't rewarded you anything like as much as it should have done.

Hardy: No, but in my terms I've made a lot of money out of it. I got $18,000 for the television rights.

Penthouse: That's incredibly low.

Hardy: Yes, but it was still the most money I ever saw at one time in my life. I had $18,000 in the bank, and I couldn't believe it.

Penthouse: What's the total sum you've made out of the book?

Hardy: There'd be no way of knowing. It's sold a lot of copies. I suppose over the 35 years I've made an average of $2000 or $3000 a year out of it. I'd get nothing more if it gets sold, the TV version, anywhere else. I've always made bad contracts. I've never been commercially minded enough. I always had the attitude of saying: "I'm a revolutionary, I don't want money." Now I take the view that I don't write for money, but I'll squeeze every dollar I can get out of this system to buy time to write.

Penthouse: You've said one of the principles you live by is W.H. Auden's saying: "Thou shalt not live within thy means."

Hardy: I wonder why Australians like me so much, and in general they do. In the Fifties I was the most notorious communist and the most isolated man of all time, but by now I suppose I'm as acceptable as almost anyone, and a bit of a cult figure. But I think it's partly because the Australian battler admires the fact that I get into debt and I don't give a fuck.

Penthouse: After you wrote *But the Dead Are Many*, one of your bitterest enemies, Max Harris, posed the question: "Should Frank Hardy go on writing works of genius like this and remain poor forever," or words to that effect, "or should . . .

Hardy: "Should Whitlam pension him off?" They are not the alternatives, as Max probably realises. Nevertheless, that was a very kind article for an arch enemy to write. A writer for *The Evening Standard* asked me how I could remain a communist as well as being a successful writer. I said that the richer I become the more of a revolutionary I become, because a poor man can't afford to be a revolutionary.

Penthouse: Now gambling. You've said your biggest ever win was $15,000 and $500 was your biggest ever loss. That's not astronomically high.

Hardy: No. I haven't got the resources to bet more, but I have to gamble out of psychological necessity and I make it pay.

Penthouse: You've said that you have to get what you call "your fix" of gambling at least twice a week. And you've also said that the whole essence is in the moment. Afterwards, when you leave the course, none of it matters.

Hardy: Yes, that's right. You see my father was a keen gambler as well as a revolutionary, and I took his bets to the SP when I was a child; I had my first bet when I was eight. In the last nine years I've made gambling pay, and I could live without writing.

Penthouse: Could you live without gambling?

Hardy: No, I couldn't because I like gambling, and I couldn't live without writing, but I could earn my living without writing.

Penthouse: If you calculated all the money you've invested since the first bet you've ever had . . .

Hardy: I would be a loser, but if I calculated it over the past ten years I reckon I've made $10,000 a year.

Penthouse: What about the next ten years?

Hardy: I reckon I'll make $10,000 a year. I know now I've learned one thing, the biggest thing a gambler can ever learn, and that's to quit while you're ahead. Don't get out, but cut your bets down, because it can't go on.

Penthouse: You have said that until you left Australia and went to live in France, you never got Australia properly in context in your own head. You have to be a writer in exile to really understand your country.

Hardy: I should have left earlier. When I came back I went straight back to my roots in Carringbush [Collingwood], and found — I hadn't realised — that I was a legend. I would say that the writing I have done since coming back is due to two things — my exile and the influence of Nana Mouskouri.

Penthouse: But why did you leave in the first place?

Hardy: Several things occurred at the same time. The Kerr coup. I met Nana [Mouskouri] in Melbourne. I had seen this village in France [St Paul] and I wanted to write a book there.

Penthouse: Did the Kerr coup make you want to live away from Australia?

Hardy: It was one of the reasons, yes. I just said that. You don't listen. The fourth reason was I had the fucking money for the first time in my life.

Penthouse: From reading about you it is not hard to get the impression you sometimes live your life as a novel, in the sense that you do things deliberately so you can write them later in your books.

Hardy: It's a combination. I live the sort of life that made me a working class writer, and I chose the sort of life that would keep that going. I choose to be poor. My embarrassment is that I've got so many projects going that I've got to live for another 25 years to get them out.

Penthouse: I waded through several thousand words about you before I found anything about your wife. Yet you were married for 26 years. I believe she died in 1979.

Hardy: I always called her "Funny Face." She was a character. Nothing lasts forever but that was a long marriage, a good one and a positive one. Three useful citizens grew from it, still loving their dead mother and still loving me. That was the most successful thing I ever did, to marry her . . . my greatest achievement.

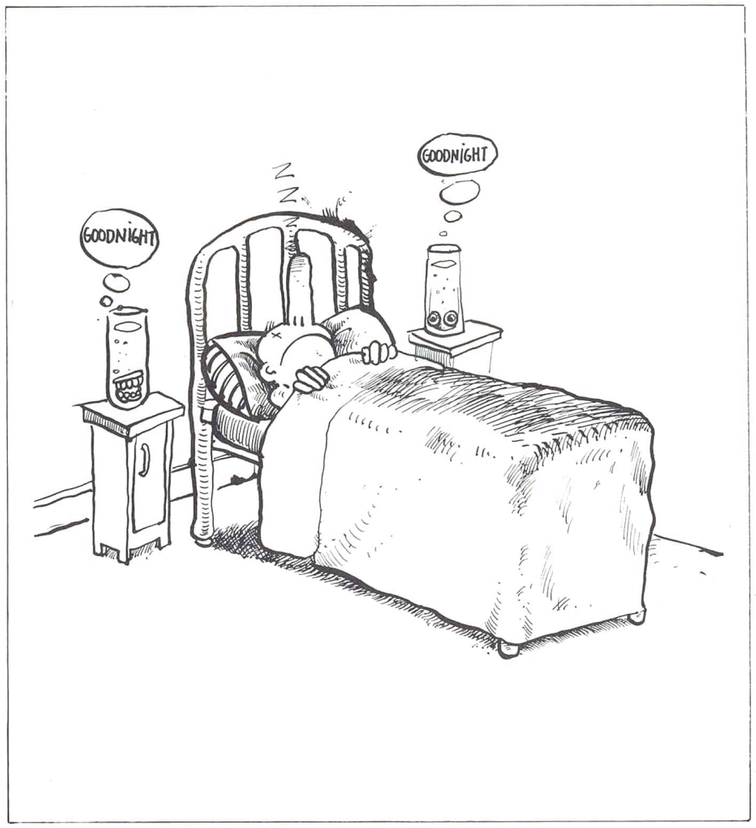
Penthouse: In the years since she died how have you coped with your life as a single man in an empty bed and an empty kitchen?

Hardy: Let's discuss the topic in general. I'm going to write a book called *Woman Of The Seventies*, or some such title, a novel about sexual relations, because I think I've learned a lot about the subject, due to the very essence of the question you're asking. I've been in both situations — a steady marriage and then the constant warfare of the sexual battle. But because I'm much younger than my years, and still vigorous, and probably because I'm famous, I'm still attractive to women.

Penthouse: How much does it concern you that you're attracting women because you're Frank Hardy, the name, and not because you're you?

Hardy: I used to ponder over that, but I don't any more because how could anyone really know me if I wasn't a writer? You see part of me is the fact that I'm a writer. I consider myself to be roughly in my late thirties, therefore I tend to mix with women in their early thirties, because that's how I think. And they don't seem to object. But there is a difference in the attitudes and the mores, and you have to adapt yourself. I've been through the whole gamut — the long marriage, the one-night stand, the temporary relationship which you both enter into knowing it's going to end. That's the danger today, and why there's so much sadness around. People enter relationships without enough commitment; they are preparing for the end, because they know relationships have become transitory. It's had a psychological effect on both men and women equally. I don't think women are suffering more than men, I think men are suffering just as much. The sexual revolution of the early Seventies has led women into a worse situation than they were in before, because male chauvinism has taken on a new guise.

Penthouse: How do you view the differ-



ences between the so-called liberated woman of today, and the woman of say 15 or 20 years ago?

Hardy: In the long run the differences will become positive, but there is still a problem in the development of this radical separatism, where the war between men and women becomes the aim of women. This is very destructive to the feminist movement because the feminist movement should be all about economic equality. That's what's wrong in America and Australia and England — women can't earn enough money. Almost certainly the average woman earns less than a man.

Penthouse: That's a very materialistic way of looking at it.

Hardy: But it's the thing from which other things flow. There can be no equality of any sort until there is economic equality. The idea of concentrating on the sexual revolution rather than the economic revolution was historically mistaken. I know a lot of women who hate Germaine Greer because they believe she led them into a trap. They're left with the two kids, the husband's gone, and they've had a sexual revolution, and now they're trying to rebuild their lives as single mothers on a pension, with spies waiting across the road to see if their boyfriends are living in. That will be the theme of my book, which is very sympathetic to women, but not to the extremes of feminism. I'll cop a lot of flak for this but I'll say it anyway — if a male homosexual said, "I am the ultimate male because I hate women; I am the natural leader of men," you would laugh. But that's what the radical feminists are saying. "I hate men, I am a homosexual, therefore I am the natural leader of women." Some of these women are not naturally lesbians — it's just that they've become so shat off with the frustrations.

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Penthouse: Do you see any alarm bells ringing, or is it merely media exaggeration in regard to the recent demonstrations by the Vietnamese community?

Hardy: This is a very complicated question. There are two things happening here. One is that the extreme right wing, wealthy of South Vietnam — the generals and army officers who were kicked out — have formed a right wing political clique. And when there's a celebration of the liberation of South Vietnam, which they see as something bad, they go along and fight. You see Australia has had the ill luck to inherit, as America did, the right-wing *emigres* of countries: Vietnam, Russia, Ukraine, the Baltic states. Most of the people that came here from those countries were right wing — the left wing didn't want to get out. What they have done is introduce a disproportionate amount of right-wing thinking into the community, irrespective of their skin color. I don't think that racism is the main question.

Penthouse: What about racism and Aborigines?

Hardy: I first met Aborigines when they were divided in the Northern Territory. The women were up at the top end and the men were south . . .

Penthouse: Why were they divided?

Hardy: So they wouldn't breed. It was during the war. That was during the time when the policy was to let them die out. There have been four distinct periods of policy towards them — kill them, let them die out, assimilate them — that's fuck them — and now it's bribe them.

Penthouse: At one stage they were separated?

Hardy: By deliberate policy during the war, throughout the Northern Territory. They just segregated them and took them away in trucks and put them in camps, 500 or a 1000 miles away. One of my jobs in the Army at one stage was to take the food to these camps, so I got to know them. There they were, hundreds of them, and they were in concentration camps. Mataranka was one of them.

Penthouse: Why was that done just during the war?

Hardy: On the excuse of shifting them from the north they segregated the men and women. They could have shifted them together, for fuck's sake. It made me realise this was a criminal attempt at genocide. I befriended these people, talked to them and asked questions, and they remembered me. Eventually I wrote *The Unlucky Australians*, but I had been involved in the struggle for three or four years before that. In 1971, ATV in London made a documentary of the book. The book was published in '68 and the strikes were in '65.

Penthouse: What strikes?

Hardy: The Aborigines simply went on strike on a few stations, and the word went around that the match was in the spinifex. The Aborigines approached me in Darwin because I happened to be there, with my name and reputation as a battler. The fire was spreading; it couldn't be stopped. The land rights struggle began, and the Gurindji got their land, and that's what triggered off the rest of it, but that's now forgotten. And the documentary about that was made brilliantly and professionally by ATV, with the Gurindji re-enacting what happened in the strike and so on. That documentary has been shown in dozens of countries: Russia, Japan, China, America and so on. The film has never been shown in Australia, although I got a copy into a mole in the Aboriginal Affairs Department about ten years ago, and it's been seen there thousands of times. But the point is now that the Aborigines can't any longer be destroyed by the whites, only by weaknesses within themselves. I would have feared that two or three years ago, but not any more after their abandonment by the Hawke Government. The Aborigines are organising.

Penthouse: Naive as it may sound, there seemed to be hope before Hawke came to power.

Hardy: Well, strangely enough, most Aboriginal leaders will tell you that the best Prime Minister this country has ever had from their point of view was Malcolm Fraser. On one occasion when the Gurindji desperately needed money I finally wrote direct to Fraser asking for about $80,000 to treat their cattle, and he sent $120,000. And that's not the only time that occurred.

Penthouse: Did you think Hawke's people would honor their promises to the Aborigines?

Hardy: Not really. In the federal sphere they have to make international decisions on uranium and similar issues affecting the mining companies.

Penthouse: What should Hawke's government have done?

Hardy: The main issue with the Labor Party is the mining companies. The government makes the gesture of giving the Aborigines Ayers Rock, but no land where there are any minerals. They don't mind dumping the pastoral land because it doesn't pay anyway. I was aware of Hawke's ambition, and the situation into which he was being pushed, and I knew that in the end he would try to keep the system running by pleasing the business sector because he lacked a socialist ideology. Otherwise he could have been a great leader.

Penthouse: The most common argument you hear against Aborigines is that sacred sites are cropping up everywhere there is a useful piece of land.

Hardy: That's bullshit.

Penthouse: What about racial brutality against Aborigines?

Hardy: That's such a commonplace thing that I wouldn't find it extraordinary. I've seen white fellows kill a black man in the middle of the road in Katherine one night in 1968. They killed him for the fun of it. These two white fellows bashed this bloke up, and when I came down they abused me and ran away. And I took this bloke to hospital and he died. I reported it to the police, but nothing. They did it out of sheer racist hatred.

Penthouse: What about their future?

Hardy: That will depend entirely on themselves. They can forget all about help. But it's very difficult to say if they'll win. We've won some battles. We won the Gurindji battle. But in terms of what they had, there's no doubt they've lost. But they'll win in the end, I feel.

Penthouse: You've said your life has been threatened on three occasions. Can you elaborate?

Hardy: I can't talk about the recent one, because if I do, I'm dead. It's as simple as that. It was over a book but the issue has been defused. If I'm seen to be gloating over it he will do it. It can't be traced to him.

Penthouse: What about the other two threats?

Hardy: In the past I've refused to talk about this sort of thing. Because there are now a dozen professional killers in Melbourne, and more than that in Sydney. It's a strange scene, not my scene, but due to certain parts of *The Obsession Of Oscar Oswald* it has involved me. The first incident was in 1951. The third incident is the most interesting of all, and hasn't been published. When I was writing *Who Shot George Kirkland?* — I suppose it must be seven years ago — I went looking around in Collingwood and Richmond with a friend for people who might have known this character George Kirkland. Someone recommended that we go and see this character who was the only one still alive and in good shape and it turns out I had known this bloke 30 years ago. With a few beers in tow we front up to his house and ask him about Kirkland. He was absolutely astonished that I should turn up at his door, and I was astonished at finding myself there. After we'd been talking for a few minutes on the verandah I decided to break off; there was no point in continuing the discussion. He was bewildered that I should turn up like a ghost from the past after 35 years and ask him all these stupid questions about a person he's never heard of. Anyway, as I got to the gate he called out to me: "You ought to quit while you're in front." He put it in a funny way. He said: "If that jury had not found you not guilty you wouldn't be alive here to ask me these questions. [Names a senior government minister of the time] was going to have you killed in Pentridge. A fight and you were a dead man."

Penthouse: This was referring to the *Power Without Glory* jury?

Hardy: Yes.

Penthouse: How much credence did you give him?

Hardy: There's no doubt he was telling me the truth.

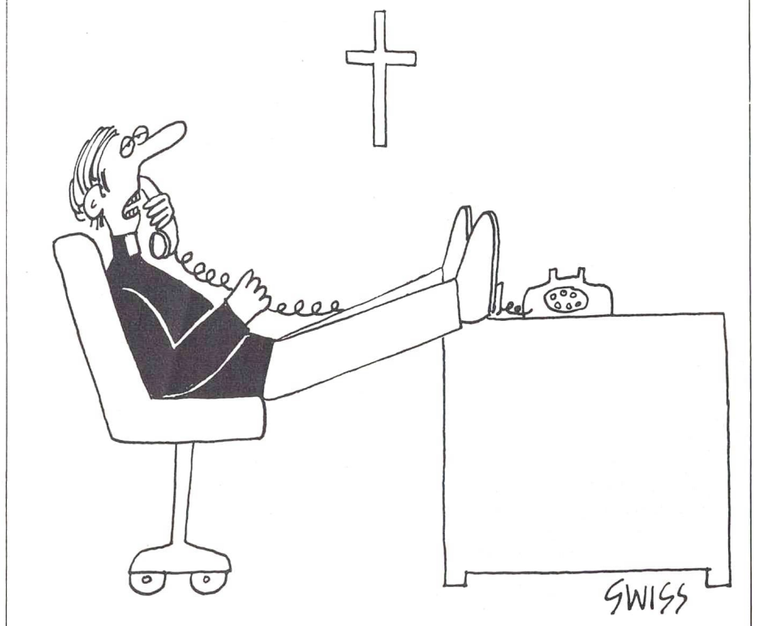
Penthouse: Did it shock you?

Hardy: It did a bit, in that it opened up areas of the mind which were closed off. I was a bit wet behind the ears in those days. I didn't even think about the possibility. The most famous threat of all stems from an incident when a fellow came to repossess a radiogram from me when I was writing *Power Without Glory*. I offered him a quid and suggested he put it back, but he didn't. I had a cricket bat handy, so I picked it up and said: "Put it back," and he didn't, so I hit him with the bat. The question was then that if I didn't stop hitting him he would have maimed me. There we were like two gladiators in this little lounge room — never met before in our lives — and we were fighting out what seemed to me the struggle between the rich and the poor right there in that room. That battle became the basis for a novel 30 years later and led to a death threat.

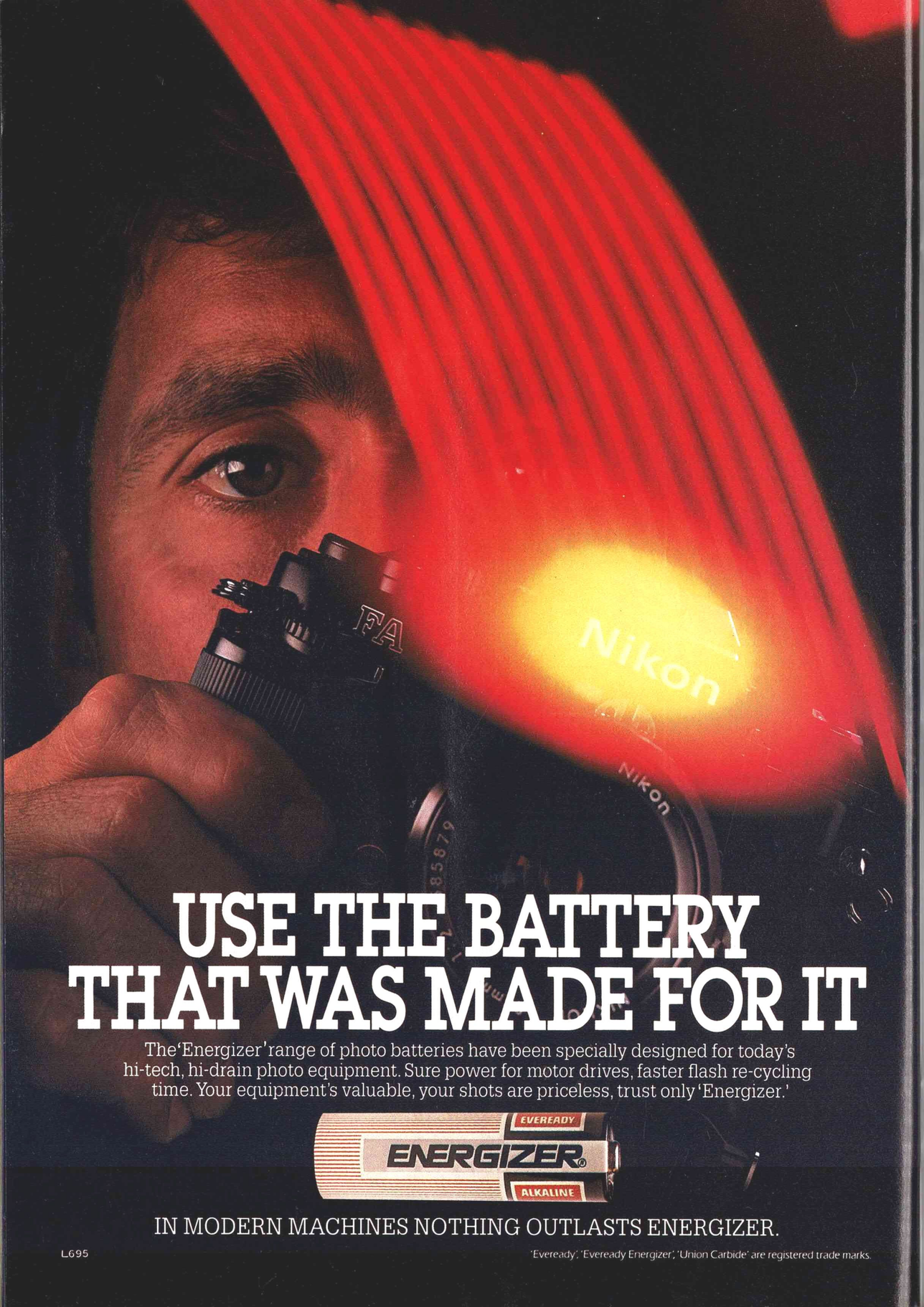
Recently in my research a straight detective said to me that I should investigate, now that there's a depression on, the area of the criminal element acting as debt collectors for the finance companies and banks. So this I did and found it to be rampant in Melbourne and Sydney, because in times of depression there is a fortune to be made out of repossessing motor cars — one man can make a thousand dollars a day legally. But my book is also concerned with indebtedness on an international level. Bolivia owes $72 billion, and can't pay the interest on the interest; the Australian population, middle class and poor, owes the finance companies more than the National Debt. Of course it can't be paid. Finance companies do the same trick as they do in the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank — as long as they can keep the debt alive. The world financial situation is now that it all exists on paper and nobody can pay anybody.

Penthouse: I believe you've gone as far as to advocate the killing of bailiffs.

Hardy: No, the novel was about a man who in the end killed bailiffs. Certainly I advocated that they should not be allowed into a house, and force should be used, if necessary, to keep them out. There should be no legal right of entry. It is still true that in NSW 40 percent of the prison population is there because they haven't paid debts or parking fines. This has been going on now for five or six years, and nobody knows this. I've been stirring the pot and campaigning against the infamous thing of putting people in jail for not paying a parking fine. The reason they do it is because they don't want to tax the wealthy so the governments are running on parking fines. If they don't jail them they won't pay the fines. My belief is that indebtedness is a greater threat than the bomb. I doubt if the bomb will be used unless the capitalist system gets into so much trouble that someone up there decides it's better to go for broke than to collapse from within. Orwell got it all wrong in *1984*. It's not Big Brother we have to fear, it's big business.



"Oh, the usual. Eatin' Christ's flesh . . . drinkin' His blood. And you . . .?"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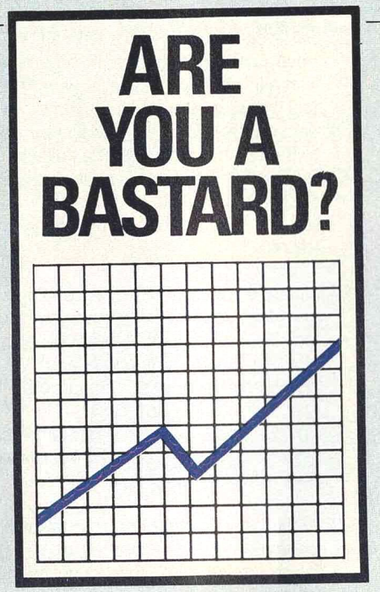
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A BASTARD?



Most of us are not overly nasty. As a matter of fact, you probably think you're a pretty decent person. You haven't hijacked an aeroplane lately, and it's been months since you've purposely run down a pedestrian on the street. You generally follow the norms of civilised behavior and don't cause anyone a lot of trouble. Yet, merely being civilised does not necessarily make you a good guy. The world has seen lots of civilised bastards.

This quiz may give you an idea of how strong your altruistic leanings actually are. It deals with what psychologists often call "helping behavior." When someone is teetering on the edge of trouble, do you offer a helping hand or do you give him a banana peel and tell him what he can do with it?

Most of us have a rather inflated idea of how altruistic we are. *You* may be a bastard, but in an emergency *I* can be counted on to help. Yet a look at any evening's news sets one to wondering if we're really as nice as we think we are. The barbarians are out there pillaging, raping, and burning, but there don't seem to be many good guys around stopping them.

Because research into altruism is still developing, we can't guarantee that the results of the quiz will be absolutely authoritative. If Genghis Khan took it, he might come out glowing like an angel. Still, the questions are based on the latest research available. They should at least give you an inkling of whether you're a gentleman or a bastard.

1. Do you believe that life is basically fair and that, in the final analysis, some sort of justice prevails?
   (a) yes (b) maybe (c) I doubt it
   (d) definitely not

2. *Situation:* You're walking down the street. A man comes up to you. He looks as if he might be a student. He's casually dressed and relatively well groomed. He says "Excuse me, I wonder if you could give me a dollar? I've spent all my money." Do you help him?
   (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not
   (d) definitely not

3. *Situation:* You're walking down the street. The same man comes up to you. He says, "Excuse me, I wonder if you could give me a dollar? My wallet has been stolen." Do you help him?
   (a) Yes (b) probably (c) probably not
   (d) definitely not

4. Did you grow up in a (a) large or (b) small town? (If you moved to various-sized communities during your childhood, pick the one that seems most like "home" to you.)

5. *Situation:* You are walking along the street. A casually dressed young woman approaches you. She says, "Excuse me, could you help me? I have to get downtown and need a dollar for the train." Do you give her the money?
   (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not
   (d) definitely not

6. *Situation:* Identical to question 5, except that a young man makes the request. Do you help?
   (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not
   (d) definitely not

7. *Situation:* Identical to question 5 except that a pair (a man and a woman) makes the request. Do you help?
   (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not
   (d) definitely not

8. *Situation:* Identical to question 5 except that a trio (two men, one woman) makes the request. Do you help?
   (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not
   (d) definitely not

9. Are your political opinions basically (a) liberal or (b) conservative?

10. Do you believe that we human beings control our own destinies?
    (a) definitely (b) pretty much (c) sometimes (d) very little (e) not at all

11. *Situation:* You are on the train travelling to town. A man gets on, looks puzzled, and asks the passenger next to you, "Is this train heading beyond the city?" The passenger answers yes. You know that information is incorrect. The train stops in town. There are several ways of reacting in this incident. Which option do you choose?
    (a) The man didn't ask you the question. It's none of your business, so you don't say anything. (b) You wait to see if the passenger who provided the misinformation leaves. If he does, you speak up and give the questioner the correct answer. (c) You politely — but *immediately* — inject yourself into the conversation and offer the correct information.

12. *Situation:* A man stops you on the street. He is obviously a foreigner. He dresses differently and speaks in extremely halting English. "Excuse me, sir," he says. "I'm waiting for someone on this corner. But I also have to mail this letter. Could you please mail it for me?" Do you take the letter?
    (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not
    (d) definitely not

13. *Situation:* The same as in question 12 except that the man is obviously an Australian. He dresses "normally" and speaks perfect English. Will you do as he asks?
    (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not
    (d) definitely not

14. Do you feel that your life and work are basically successful?
    (a) yes (b) pretty much (c) not very
    (d) no

15. How many brothers and sisters did you grow up with?
    (a) two or fewer (b) three or more

16. *Situation:* You are driving along a lonely back road. Ahead of you a car is parked off the road. You can see that it has a flat tyre. A woman is standing

alone next to the car. Do you stop to help?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

17. *Situation:* Identical to question 16 except that you are on an expressway during rush hour. Do you stop?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

18. *Situation:* You go to the supermarket on Saturday. Outside the main door a man is seated at a card table collecting for a worthy local charity. Do you contribute some spare change?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

19 *Situation:* Identical to question 19 except that the man is a paraplegic with a badly disfigured face. Do you contribute?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

20. How would you classify your behavior and your outlook on life?
(a) highly sophisticated (b) relatively sophisticated (c) an equal mix of both sophistication and ingenuousness (d) relatively unsophisticated (e) highly unsophisticated

21 Are you more an (a) introvert (b) extrovert?

22. *Situation:* You just finished making a call from a pay phone. As you leave the booth, you notice a man several feet away has dropped an armload of papers. Do you go help him?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

23. *Situation:* Identical to question 22 except that after you completed your call, you found twenty cents in the coin-return slot of the phone. Do you help?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

24. Are you cynical about life and about other people's motives?
(a) very much so (b) quite (c) not overly (d) no

25. Are you impatient?
(a) very much so (b) quite (c) not overly (d) no

26. *Situation:* You live with a woman. You have just had a mammoth argument with her before you leave for work. You feel guilty because you know you caused the argument. When you get to the office, you find that a collection for an injured co-worker is being taken up. Do you donate?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

27. *Situation:* Identical with question 26 except that you make up with your old lady before you leave the house. All is forgiven. Do you still donate, and if you do, is your contribution as large as it was in the prior situation?
(a) yes, and I give the same amount (b) yes, but I give more (c) yes, but I give less (d) I don't donate

28. Would you say that you're a talkative person?
(a) very much so (b) quite (c) not overly (d) no

29. *Situation:* You're sitting on a beach. The woman on the next blanket asks you to watch her things while she goes off to swim. A minute or two after she departs, a man in a bathing suit comes along and begins to swipe her transistor radio. Do you intervene?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

30. *Situation:* You're sitting on a beach. The woman on the next blanket goes off swimming. (In this case, you have had no contact with her.) A minute or two later an obvious stranger comes up and begins to rummage through the things she has left on her blanket. He looks as if he's going to swipe her transistor radio. Do you intervene?
(a) yes (b) probably (d) probably not (d) no

SCORING

Every choice in this quiz has been assigned a weighted point value. The values are listed below. Circle your choices for all 30 questions and add up the points assigned to each choice.

1. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
2. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
3. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) –1
4. (a) 2 (b) 3
5. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
6. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
7. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
8. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) –1
9. (a) 2 (b) 3
10. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0 (e) –1
11. (a) 0 (b) 2 (c) 4
12. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
13. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) –1
14. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
15. (a) 1 (b) 2
16. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) –1
17. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
18. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
19. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
20. (a) –1 (b) 0 (c) 1 (d) 2 (e) 3
21. (a) 1 (b) 3
22. (a) 5 (b) 4 (c) 3 (d) 2
23. (a) 1 (b) 0 (c) –1 (d) –2
24. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
25. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
26. (a) 1 (b) 0 (c) –1 (d) –2
27. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
28. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
29. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) –1
30. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1

INTERPRETING YOUR SCORE

If you scored 80-90 points:
You are either a goddamn angel, or you are lying through your teeth. If you answered honestly — and if your actions in the past appear to substantiate your altruistic outlook on life — congratulations!

65-79 points:
Your altruism score is well above average. You probably tend to get indignant when you see injustice being done and act to right the situation without giving much thought to your own gain.

50-64 points;
You fall into the average range. You probably don't go out of your way either to hurt or to help people. Chances are that you're rarely the first to volunteer for a tough assignment, but you don't mind pitching in if others are helping, too. Sometimes you act like a good guy; other times you act like a rat. Welcome to the club.

30-49 points:
You're not necessarily a bastard, even though you have a lower than average altruism score. You probably are careful about whom you give assistance to and under what circumstances you render aid. Below 30 points.
You'd make a swell hit man for the mob. Compared with you, a loan shark looks like Florence Nightingale. On the other hand, you could just be having a bad day, couldn't you? ⊖

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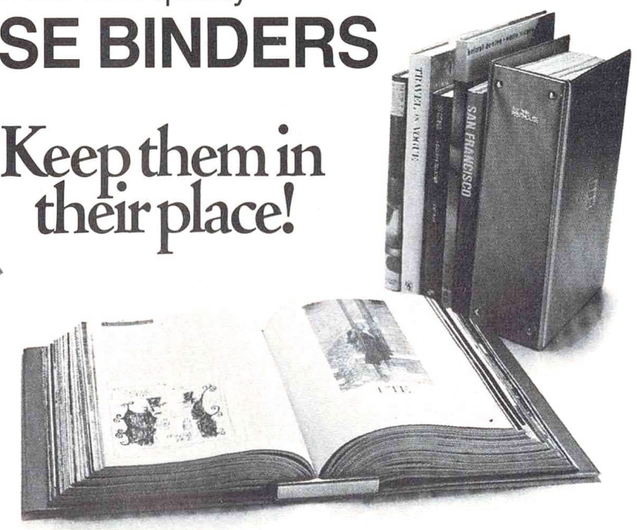
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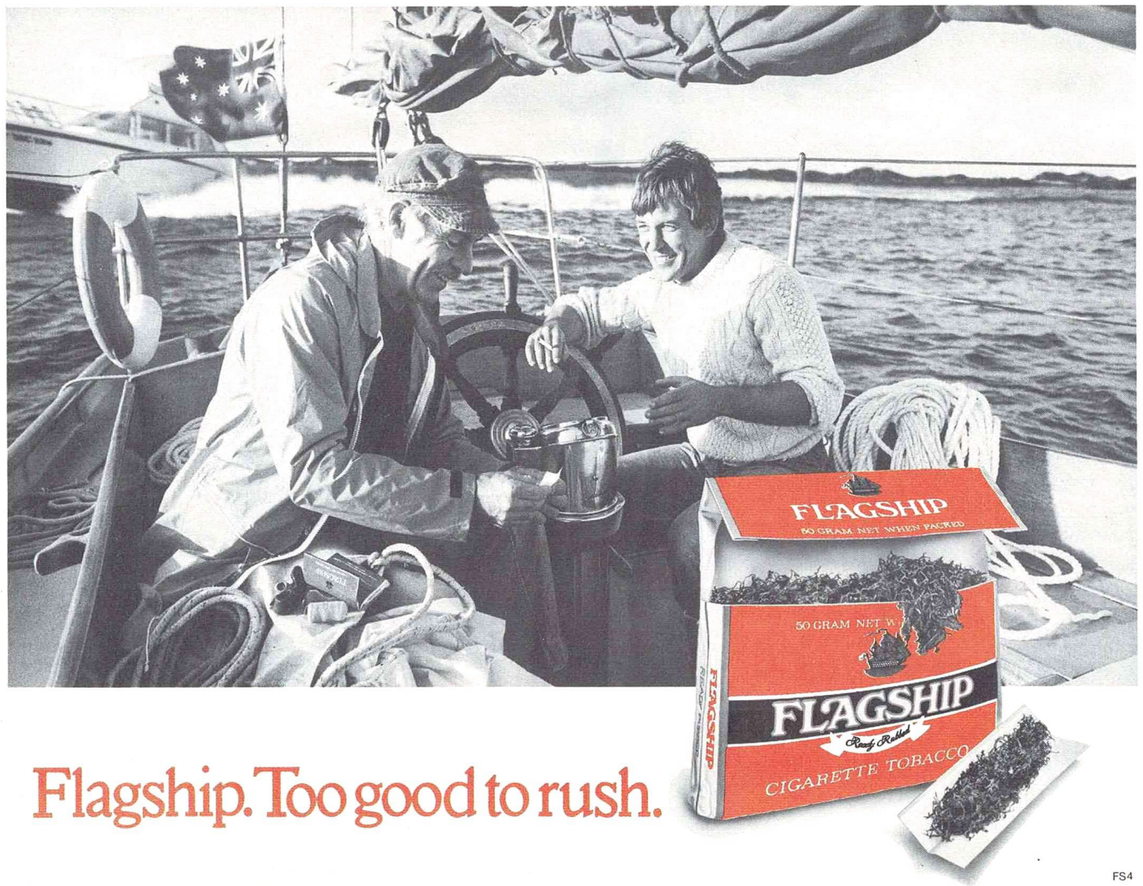

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Win the incredible AIWA V1200 sound system valued at over $4000 — plus a Christmas bonus of $1000 cash

Penthouse competitions have never sounded better. Daunting as it may often be keeping up with the succession of new technology developments from Japan, this month's prize — the incredible AIWA V1200 sound system — offers you the chance to win what is an encapsulation and refinement of the very latest advances. It's a system that gives you pure high fidelity sound, with power to spare, in a compact unit that won't take up half your living (and dancing!) space. For AIWA are the acknowledged masters of mini-component hi-fi. In this system, the AIWA showpiece, the future in sound is presented to you here and now. Amazingly, they've packed more technology, more easy-living features, and more pure unadulterated *sound* into the V1200 than you'd expect in a system twice its size. And it could be yours. The powerful looks of the V1200 are not deceptive. It is capable of delivering a potent 100 watts per channel without a hint of distortion; rather, it produces sound of colorful vitality and outstanding clarity. Whether you prefer your music soft and sensuous or pulsing with pile-driving power, AIWA delivers studio quality in the comfort of your own home. The speakers actually contain microphones to ensure that the sound reproduced is everything your record or tape can deliver. Listen to a compact disc and you'll swear you're in the recording studio itself. You can choose to improve the producer's mix, or listen more closely to an individual musician's technique, by experimenting with AIWA's seven-band graphic equaliser — one of the simplest yet most responsive around. Otherwise, the auto-sorting double cassette deck gives you all the music you could want from up to five cassettes at a time, played in the order you choose, repeating favorites as often as you like — while you sit back in comfort with nothing but the remote control. You call the tune. But the prize doesn't stop there. Simply take five minutes to call in and see an AIWA dealer — or phone — and you could win an extra $1000 cash for Christmas. Simply by turning the page, completing the coupon and sending it to *Australian Penthouse*, all this could be yours.

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AIWA have been producing high performance compact systems for years now, and have earned a fine reputation for their technology, features, quality and — most importantly — sound. The system you can win is their top of the line, and it delivers. The entire system measures just 570mms high, by 830mms wide, by 360mms deep; that's including the speakers. As well, it includes a 100 watt/channel DC Power Amplifier with seven-band Spectrum Analyser, a separate Control Amplifier with built-in seven-band Graphic Equaliser, a digital quartz Synthesiser Tuner with 12 pre-set buttons, an auto-sorting Double Cassette Deck with five cassette auto changer mechanism, choice of fully auto linear tracking Direct Drive Turntable or Compact Disc player, and full remote control.

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Information on how to enter forms part of these conditions of entry.

Entry is free and must be on the official form or a facsimile thereof. Questions 1, 2 and 3 must be completed and only one entry per person is allowed.

Employees, or their immediate families, of *Australian Penthouse*, AIWA Australia Pty Ltd and AIWA dealers are ineligible to enter.

The major prize is a complete AIWA sound system valued at over $4000. Prize is not transferable and cannot be taken as cash.

The first correct entry drawn will be the winner. If the AIWA dealer question is also correctly answered, that entry will win an extra $1000 cash. Queensland residents will receive bullion in lieu of cash. On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the competition, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday November 29, 1985. The winner will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. This competition is brought to you by AIWA Australia Pty Ltd and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

Clip and send completed coupon to: **Hear The Difference Competition**, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the preceding copy.

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NEW SOUTH WALES

City Arrow Electronics, Magnetic Sound, Strand, Sydney Sound, Park St. Hi-Fi, Hi Fi Junction. **Absolute Sound** Sans Souci. **Audiocom** Birkenhead Point. **Bankstown City Hi Fi** Bankstown. **Bourke St. Hi Fi** Tamworth. **Caringbah Hi Fi** Caringbah. **C.W. Hi Fi** Tamworth. **Chris' Hi Fi** Dubbo. **Cobar Electronics** Cobar. **Duratone Hi Fi** Canberra. **Commodore TV** Roseberry. **Eastern Hi Fi** Newcastle. **Gallery Hi Fi** Wentworthville. **Greig's Music** Goulburn. **Gosford Car Radio** Gosford. **Hi Fi Shop** Hurstville **Hi Fi & Electrical Centre** Wollongong. **Hempel Sound** Roseville. **Hi Fi Studio** Chatswood. **Hi Fi World** Lindfield. **Hunter Valley Electronics** Maitland. **Hawkes Radio** Forbes. **Matra Radio** Matraville. **Magnetic Sound** Maroubra. **Mall Hi Fi** Brookvale. **Nitronics** Coffs Harbour. **Nowra Hi Fi** Nowra. **Neutral Bay Hi Fi** Neutral Bay. **North Point Hi Fi** North Sydney. **Pirimai** Burwood. **Platinum** Liverpool. **Ryda Car Sound** Chatswood, Petersham. **Semicon Electronics** North Ryde. **Sessions** Penrith. **Sound Components** Minto. **Southern Hi Fi** Hurstville. **Summerland Market and Car Sound** Ballina. **Thurlstane** Darlinghurst. **Tumut Hi Fi** Tumut. **Len Wallis** Lane Cove. **Wollongong Car Radio** Wollongong. **Zapp Electronics** Chatswood, Parramatta. **Hi Fi Junction** Bondi. DOWNTOWN DUTY FREE, ORBIT DUTY FREE + OTHER SELECTED DUTY FREE OUTLETS.
Electronic Enterprises — Selected branches. **Miranda** All branches. **Myers** Chatswood only.

VICTORIA/TASMANIA

Brash: City, Ballarat, Bendigo, Blackburn, Box Hill, Camberwell, Chadstone, Southland, Corio, Dandenong, Doncaster, Northland, Frankston, Geelong, Greensborough, Hobart, Keysborough, Knox, Highpoint West, Moorabbin, Morwell, Prahran, Eastland, Brandon Park. **Allied Audio Centre** Wangaratta. **Belgrave Records** Belgrave. **Steve Bennett** Geelong. **Dalcam Pty Ltd.** Sale. **Douglas Hi Fi** Nunawading, Preston, South Melbourne. **Steve Bennett** Geelong. **Denman Audio** St Kilda **Dynasound** Melbourne. **Footscray Audio** Footscray. **George Hawthorn** East Hawthorn. **Proud's Audio World** Bendigo. **Sound Air Hi Fi** Caulfield. **Natsound** Melbourne. **J.B. Hi Fi** East Keilor. **Autobell Access** Melbourne. **Sound & Video World** Devonport. **Quantum Sound Centre** Hobart.

QUEENSLAND

Action Replay Mooloolaba. **Adcock Agencies** Ayr. **Russ Adams Hi Fi** Townsville. **Buckley's Music** Grafton. **Byron Bay Hi Fi** Byron Bay. **Chinchilla Music & Video** Chinchilla. **Custom Sound** Nambour. **Gladberg** Bundaberg. **Gold Coast Hi Fi** Southport. **Gympie Music Land** Gympie. **Handos Hi Fi** Toowong. **Hunt's Electrical** Toowoomba. **Jacques Audio** Paddington. **Keller Elect.** Maryborough. **Tracksons Stores.** Mackay **Stereo Sales** Mackay. **Music Makers** Mt. Isa. **Noosa Hi Fi** Noosa Junction. **Northside Radio & Hi Fi** Aspley. **Plaza Sight & Sound** Bowen. **Rockhampton Sound Centre** Rockhampton. **Stereo World** Cairns. **Todd's Hi Fi** Tingalpa. **Stereo Supplier** All stores.

NORTHERN TERRITORY

Alice Springs Central Appliance Specialist.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

City Miranda Challenge Hi Fi, Downtown Duty Free.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

City Bruce Ingram, Alberts Hi Fi, Audio Equip, Downtown Duty Free, Breakaway Duty Free. **Aabel Music Co** Bunbury. **Bell & Co** Cue. **Brockman TV** Manjimup. **Bridgetown TV** Bridgetown. **Bus Stop Enterprises** Kununurra. **H.W. Clark** Onslow. **Collie Discounters** Collie. **Collins Music** Bunbury. **Dixons** Port Hedland. **Esperance Electronics** Esperance. **Fitzroy Motors** Fitzroy Crossing. **Halls Creek Store** Halls Creek. **Halls Electrical Disc** Esperance. **Hamberleys Hi Fi** Kalgoorlie. **Kennedys of Broome** Broome. **Koonawarra Agencies** Exmouth. **Le Liever's Saveway Store** Derby. **EJ & KA Lloyd P/L** Meekatharra. **Marble Bar Liquor & General Store** Marble Bar. **Marks Music** Busselton. **Nickel Town Record Bar** Kambalda East. **Phill Sproull Elct.** Broome. **Pindarra Gift Shop** Carnarvon. **Rons TV & Sewing Ctr** Katanning. **Spinning Wheel** Esperance. **Streeter & Male** Broome. **Taylor Enterprises** Halls Creek. **VA Fashions** Wyndham. **Wagin Records & Video** Wagin. **Western World** Derby.

PART·EIGHT

CONTRACEPTION

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

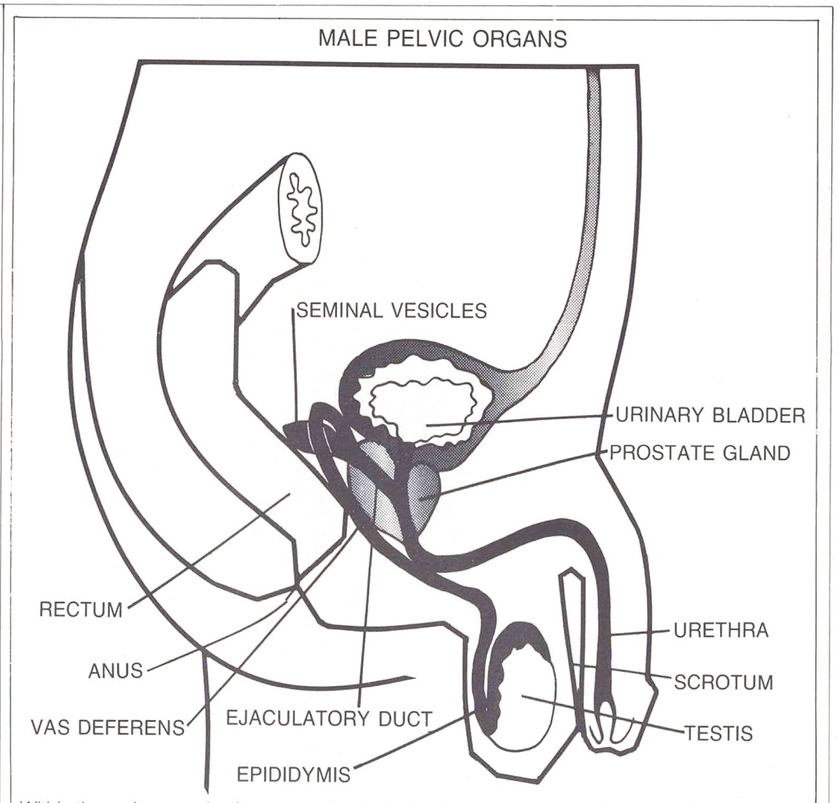
Whether you engage in casual sex or have formed a long-term relationship, the question of contraception usually needs to be faced. Over the next two months, I will examine the various types of contraception available and how these may affect your sex life. Part One this month introduces the subject of contraception in relation to your lifestyle, religion and health and examines popular barrier methods of contraception including the condom, diaphragm and cervical cap, spermicides and IUDs. In the following issue I will discuss the Pill, natural birth control and the pros and cons of tubal ligation and vasectomy. Hopefully you will be equipped with enough information to determine which of the various methods will best suit you and your partner.

Dr. Carl

INTRODUCTION

The cost of an unwanted pregnancy can be enormous, not only in terms of psychological trauma, but also in terms of the social consequences and economic disadvantages. For this reason, medical science has been striving to provide a safe, economical and effective means of birth control. Unfortunately, no perfect method of birth control exists. None is 100 percent effective; most have side-effects and disadvantages; some are relatively expensive.

The actual choice of a contraceptive method is very much a personal one. What you decide is the most suitable method of contraception for you and your partner will be influenced by such factors as health, lifestyle, personal priorities, the type of relationship, and your likes and dislikes. Hopefully this choice will be based on an informed discussion with your partner, and on the advice of a medical practitioner.



Within the male reproductive system, important cell divisions occur in the testes. Mature sperm cells are released from the testes and enter the male reproductive tract shown above. The ejaculate produced during intercourse is really a combination of the secretions from a number of glands like the seminal vesicles and the prostate. The prostate produces an enzyme that assists in the maturation of the sperm.

The Price of an Unplanned Pregnancy: For an unmarried woman not within a special relationship, the thought of an unwanted pregnancy may be traumatic. Her choice of contraceptive method will probably lean towards those which offer the greatest protection against pregnancy. A couple who plan to have a child in the future, however, may be able to sacrifice the high efficiency of some birth control methods for those which have a greater incidence of failure but fewer side-effects.

Safety, Health and Side-Effects: Obviously these factors are especially important, although it should be kept in mind that it is difficult to generalise about side-effects. Some individuals, especially those with known health problems, will experience complications from a particular method of birth control, whereas others may find the same method quite suitable.

There can be no doubt that some methods of contraception, such as the Pill and intrauterine devices, do carry an increased risk of side-effects. Whatever your problems or concerns about how a particular birth control method will affect you as an individual, the question should be discussed with an experienced medical practitioner. By following his or her advice, side-effects can generally be kept to an absolute minimum.

Lifestyle: The reliability and motivation of the individual are also important factors to consider. For example, in the case of the "low dose Pill", forgetting even just one tablet for more than 12 hours may significantly reduce the efficiency of this method of contraception. For some, the task of inserting diaphragms and applying spermicidal preparations may not seem as important as the spontaneity of love-making (especially for those in new relationships), and so the method is unsuitable for them. The frequency of intercourse may also influence the choice of contraception. A woman who has intercourse once every six months, for example, may not see the point of taking hormonal therapy every day. The danger here is that her biannual encounter may result in an unplanned pregnancy. It is wise to at least be prepared for the possibility of infrequent intercourse.

Religion: The orthodox view in many religions is totally opposed to some forms of contraception. This factor may need to be considered when thinking about birth control. Fortunately, by the skilful use of alternative measures, it is usually possible to avoid unwanted pregnancy.

Health Factors: The choice of contraceptive methods should take the individual's medical history into account. This is particularly important with respect to the Pill, where such factors as age, smoking habits, or a history of heart or blood-clotting disorders may significantly increase the risk of serious side-effects. Particular problems such as painful, heavy periods may tend to rule out the use of an intrauterine device, while an allergy to rubber may make the use of condoms and rubber diaphragms unwise.

PART·EIGHT
CONTRACEPTION

CONCEPTION

Before discussing the various methods of contraception available, it is important to understand the basic facts of conception. Without this knowledge, the effective use of some methods (especially "barrier" methods) is reduced considerably. Conversely, couples who have a good knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of conception are able to use simple methods more effectively.

Each month (approximately two weeks before the start of her next period) a woman produces an egg (ovum) which passes from the ovary into the Fallopian tube. If intercourse occurs at around this time, fertilisation, ie the union of sperm cells and the ovum, may be achieved. This process of fertilisation usually occurs well within the Fallopian tube; it is not until the fourth or fifth day after fertilisation that the group of rapidly dividing cells embeds itself in the wall of the womb in a process called implantation.

The release of the ovum from the ovary is under the control of hormones released from the brain (hypothalamus and pituitary) and the ovary. The interaction between these hormones is quite complex and involves releasing factors and feedback systems. Currently, much research is being done in order to clarify these systems.

The menstrual cycle in a woman is basically due to the interaction of the two hormones, oestrogen and progesterone. At around the time of ovulation (the release of the ovum from the ovary) there is a relatively rapid rise of oestrogen levels in a woman's body, followed by a sharp fall and then a gradual increase in the level of progesterone. At this time there is also a notable change in the basal (resting) body temperature. During this cycle, tissue changes in the lining of the uterus (womb) may be observed. It is as if the uterus is preparing for a conception each month, but should this not occur, the lining and its mucous is shed — leading to the monthly period.

Within the male reproductive system, important cell divisions occur in the testes. Again this is under the control of "higher centres" such as the pituitary and hypothalamus in the brain, and is mediated by releasing factors and hormones. Mature sperm cells are released from the testes and enter the male reproductive tract (see diagram). The ejaculate produced during intercourse is really a combination of the secretions from a number of glands — the seminal vesicles and prostate, for example. The prostate produces an enzyme (acid phosphatase) which probably assists in the maturation of the sperm.

Although only one sperm actually penetrates the ovum in the act of fertilisation, it has been estimated that between 80 and 110 million sperm cells per milligram of ejaculate are required for maximum potency.

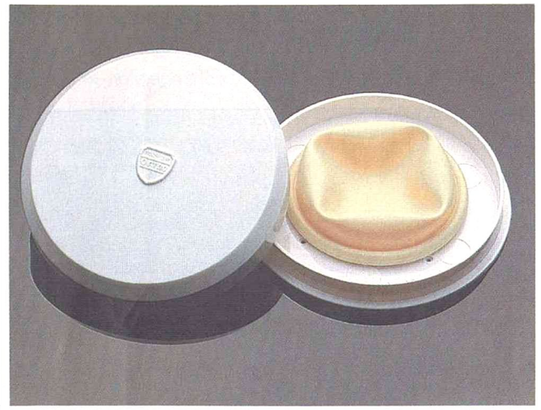
Other factors, apart from the number of sperm cells, can be equally important, including the volume of the ejaculate (usually between two and six milligrams), the mobility of the sperm (the type of movement seen under a microscope), and their morphology (the shape and appearance of the cells). The acidity (pH) of the ejaculate is also important; it appears that a slightly alkaline environment is best.

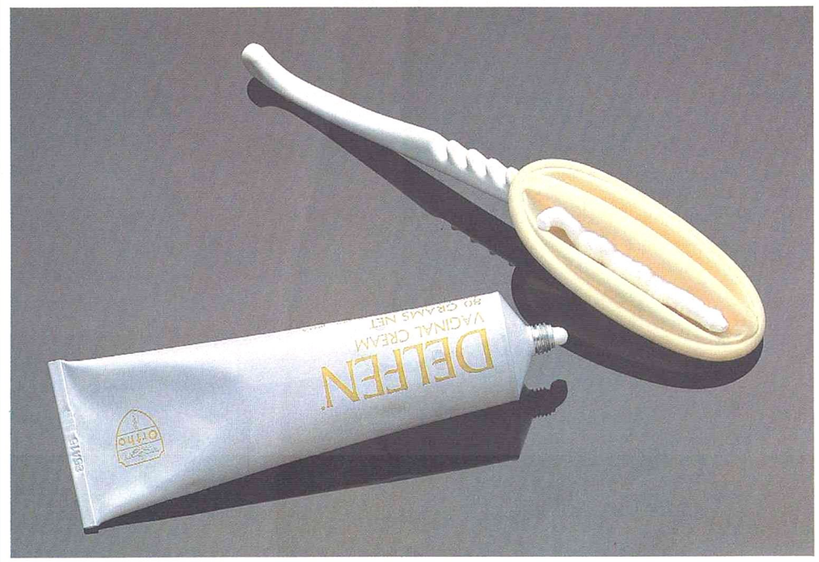
To obtain optimal sperm counts it is advisable to abstain from ejaculation for three to four days, as this time appears to be necessary for maturation of the sperm. This may account for the fact that some couples, desperate to conceive, increase the frequency of intercourse to such an extent that the quality of sperm is too poor for conception. Definitely a case of trying too hard.

METHODS OF CONTRACEPTION

Most methods of contraception are based on an attempt to prevent the sperm from coming into contact with a mature ovum within the woman's

Below : The diaphragm or "Dutch Cap" is like a female version of the condom. It is inserted (with or without the use of an applicator) into the vagina to cover the cervix and so prevent the sperm from reaching the womb. For optimum efficacy, the diaphragm should be used in conjunction with a spermicidal gel, cream or foam.





body. Despite a great deal of knowledge of the biochemistry and physiology of the male reproductive system no efficient method of male contraception exists — apart from vasectomy and simple barrier methods such as the condom. This is probably because it is easier to prevent either ovulation or the passage of millions of microscopic sperm cells. Perhaps one day a male Pill may be available, but as yet this is not clinically possible. Thus it usually falls upon the woman to carry the burden of decision-making about contraception. This need not be the case, and in a healthy relationship it should be possible to have a full and frank discussion about contraceptive options.

In general, the methods of birth control available may be divided into Natural, Barrier, Hormonal and Surgical categories.

BARRIER METHODS OF CONTRACEPTION

These mechanical methods of contraception function by placing a physical barrier between the male sperm and the female ovum. The most widely used barrier methods are the male sheath (or condom) and the female diaphragm (or "Dutch Cap"), although spermicides, sponges and cervical caps may also be used.

Barrier methods have the advantage of few physical side-effects in comparison with hormonal or intra-uterine contraceptive methods. They are (unless used in conjunction with a spermicide for optimum protection), however, less effective in preventing pregnancy and, because they require some pre-planning, are often seen as being unwieldy and inconvenient by those who are more spontaneous about their sexual encounters.

Spermicides may be purchased from any pharmacist in the form of a cream, foam or jelly. The purpose of a spermicide is twofold — to form a barrier against the sperm trying to swim up the vagina to the cervix, and to weaken or kill any sperm which comes into contact with it.

Used alone, without the support of other contraceptive devices, spermicides have a relatively high failure rate, because it is only the sperm cells which actually come in direct contact with the spermicide that are killed by it. It has been demonstrated by research that the distribution of spermicide throughout the vagina can be affected by the type of thrusting used by the male. It is therefore quite possible that of the millions of sperm in each ejaculation, some may avoid or be protected from the spermicide — simply because of the pattern of thrusting — and only one sperm need be strong enough to fertilise the ovum.

When used with other forms of contraception, however, spermicides can greatly reduce the risk of pregnancy occurring. Their disadvantages are that they tend to become comparatively expensive when used frequently, may affect the sensation of thrusting, and may be considered "messy" by some partners.

Condoms provide a higher level of contraception when used in conjunction with a spermicide applied against the cervix.

Condoms. The condom is a fine rubber covering for the penis, which catches the semen at ejaculation and prevents the sperm from entering the woman's vagina. When unwrapped the condom looks like a circle of rubber with a rolled rim. There are many types: some are lubricated to facilitate application and penetration of the vagina; some have a small reservoir at the tip to collect the semen; they may be smooth, ridged, bumpy or have irregular protrusions and even come in a wide range of colors. Condoms can also be referred to as "rubbers", "French letters" (or Frenchies) sheaths and prophylactics.

To be used effectively, the condom should be placed on to the erect penis before any genital contact has occured. This is to prevent the sperm which is sometimes found in the pre-ejaculate (the clear sticky substance usually produced during foreplay) from entering the vagina. Either partner may unroll the condom on to the penis, but if the woman does so the procedure can become part of foreplay rather than an annoying necessity.

Hold the tip of the condom between the thumb and forefinger, so that too much air can't become trapped inside the condom when it's placed over the penis. This not only allows more room for the semen when ejaculation occurs and reduces the risk of the condom breaking, but also means that the condom will fit the penis more snugly and permit greater sensitivity. Place the condom over the penis and with the other hand push the rolled rim of the condom down towards the root of the penis.

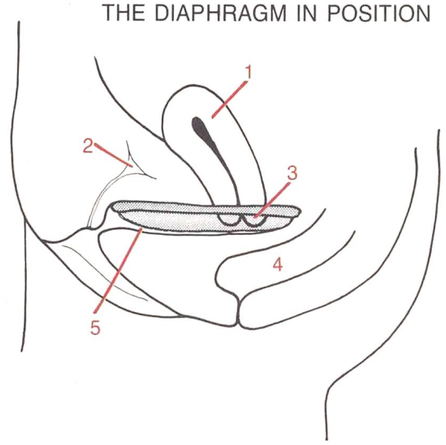
If further lubrication is required a lubricating jelly especially designed for the purpose, such as KY or Lubrafax, may be used. Vaseline and other lotion, may affect the rubber.

The condom should remain in place during intercourse and should only be removed after the penis has been withdrawn from the vagina. To avoid leakage of the seminal fluid into the vagina, or the condom slipping off the penis completely, take care to hold the condom firmly around the base of the penis when withdrawing, particularly if the penis is becoming flaccid.

There is evidence that this type of contraception was probably used in Roman times, and apart from the withdrawal method it is the only contraceptive method yet devised where the male has the responsibility for birth control. Its advantages are that it is simple to use, requires no medical examination or prescription, is easily obtained from chemists and slot machines, and has no side-effects. Because of their size, condoms may be carried and kept on hand for impromptu love-making, and have the added benefit of providing some degree of protection from venereal disease.

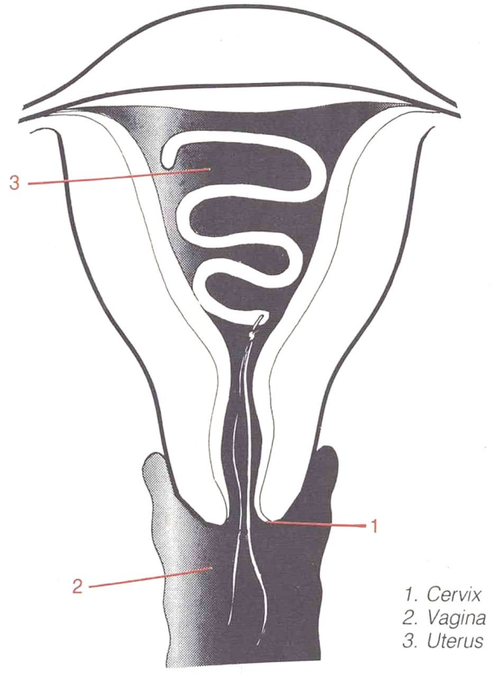
The disadvantages of the condom may vary from couple to couple. Some men complain that the rubber reduces the amount of stimulation they experience during

THE DIAPHRAGM IN POSITION



1. *Uterus*
2. *Bladder*
3. *Cervix*
4. *Rectum*
5. *Vagina*

THE LOOP IN POSITION



1. *Cervix*
2. *Vagina*
3. *Uterus*

The top diagram shows a diaphragm or Dutch Cap in position. Fitted correctly by a doctor or Family Planning adviser, the diaphragm is not likely to be felt by either the male or the female during intercourse. The bottom diagram depicts an IUD known as The Loop in position in the uterus. For purposes of safe retrieval, a nylon string hangs from the IUD, through the cervix and into the vagina. This should be regularly checked by the wearer, and if it can be felt by the male during intercourse, the string should be trimmed by a doctor or another position for intercourse should be used.

coitus (although for premature ejaculators this may be an advantage), and some women find the condom-covered penis not as satisfying as unsheathed contact. For others, the condom may seem messy and a nuisance, especially since a new one must be used after each ejaculation. There is always the danger that the condom may leak or even burst, and of course if this happens there is a danger of pregnancy. It is also very wise to check the expiry date of the condom, otherwise the rubber may have perished. In fact for greater contraceptive efficiency, use a spermicide as well.

The Diaphragm or Cap. Caps are like a female version of the condom. They are inserted into the woman's vagina to cover the opening of the cervix and so prevent the sperm from reaching the womb. By far the most commonly used cap is the "Dutch Cap" (or diaphragm) which has a metal spring in its rim to hold it in place high in the vagina. The diaphragm is easier to insert that other types of cap, and provided that it is fitted correctly is less likely to be felt by the male when in place. It is made of rubber and looks very much like a large, rolled condom, about five to ten centimetres in diameter.

The Cervical Cap. Because the cervical cap fits securely over the cervix itself, higher up in the vagina, it is a little more difficult to insert and remove than the diaphragm. It is smaller than the diaphragm, but has a higher dome and thicker rim, and so it is sometimes felt by the male during intercourse. The advantage of the cervical cap is that it may be used by women who have poor vaginal muscle tone and for whom the diaphragm would not be suitable.

The Vault Cap is relatively uncommon as a barrier method. Although usually smaller than a diaphragm, it is more likely to be felt by the male during love-making. Its main benefit is that some types are made of plastic, which is good news for women with an allergy to rubber. Vault caps are held in place by suction, rather than by metal springs.

Spermicide with applicator, most commonly used in conjunction with other barrier methods.

With all caps and diaphragms it is wise to use a spermicide both around the rim and on the side of the cap closest to the womb. This precaution will serve to immobilise or at least weaken any determined sperm which may find their way around the barrier. The diaphragm or cap should be left in place for at least eight hours after intercourse, to allow the spermicide to kill all of the sperm remaining inside the vagina. Although there is no need to remove the cap before a second ejaculation, it is advisable to apply a second application of the spermicide with the cap still in place, because each dose is usually only enough to cope with the sperm from one ejaculation.

Since all women are different in regard to size, shape and muscle tone of their internal structure, it is essential that the size and type of diaphragm or cap be determined by an expert. He/she will examine the woman and decide upon the cap which will be most comfortable for the woman when her vagina is in an unstimulated state, and yet will still provide a tight seal when the vaginal cavity expands with sexual stimulation and the cap is jostled about by penetration. The doctor will also explain the correct method of insertion and placement, which is extremely important if the failure rate of the device is to be kept to a minimum. With practice inserting the cap becomes quite a simple procedure of squeezing the rim of the cap so that it becomes elongated, and then, in a position which opens the vaginal lips (eg squatting or standing with one leg up), introducing the cap in an upwards and backwards direction.

Inserting the cap need not be a last minute procedure. It can either be incorporated into foreplay (as with condoms), or left as a routine which the woman performs each day at the same time. A cap can be left in place for up to 24 hours, but should be removed (by hooking one finger over the rim and pulling) after this time to be cleaned and inspected for small holes, cracks or flaws which may have developed. After washing with mild soap and water, the cap should be rinsed and dried thoroughly. The most efficient method of determining if there are any flaws in the rubber is to hold the cap up to a very strong light before each use. A new cap should be prescribed each year and at any time when the size of the woman's internal structure may be altered such as after child-birth or a significant weight change.

The advantage of the cap method of contraception is that it is relatively free of side-effects and may suit nursing mothers, women who have intercourse infrequently, or women who cannot take the Pill. There is also some indication that caps may provide protection against some sexually transmitted diseases.

The disadvantages are that some women dislike the concept of inserting and removing things from their vagina, usually because they find the procedure difficult or distasteful. Others report vaginal and urinary tract infections as side-effects, although these are usually of minor significance and can be easily treated.

Intra-Uterine Devices (IUDs). Centuries ago nomadic Arabs placed a stone in the uterus of their female camels in order to prevent pregnancy during long journeys. Modern intra- more sophisticated than this, although the principle remains much the same. In their much the same. In their modern form IUDs consist of small pieces of plastic which are inserted into the cavity of the uterus. The exact method by which they prevent conception is not known, but it may be that a chronic inflammation is set up which prevents the fertilised egg from implanting itself within the uterus or womb.

More sophisticated IUDs involve the use of a small dose of trace elements such as copper, whilst others actually contain small amounts of hormone which are slowly released.

IUDs have the advantage that, once in position, they offer protection for a period of up to two years. They don't interfere with the hormonal levels of the body and in particular have no effect on breast feeding (lactation). IUDs are particularly useful in older women who have found other methods of contraception inappropriate or dangerous.

Insertion. IUDs should be inserted only by a medically qualified person under sterile conditions. Some women find the insertion a little painful and there is a slight risk that the woman may faint as the device is inserted through the cervix. In a proper medical setting, however, few problems occur.

For the first two or three months after insertion, there may be problems of increased menstrual bleeding, pelvic infection and pain. It is important that the woman is shown how to check the position of the device by feeling the nylon string which is attached to the bottom end of the IUD — a small percentage move or are dislodged, particularly during menstruation. For the first few months, it is advisable to check the IUD's position weekly, and after that, once a month after menstruation. If the nylon string cannot be felt hanging down into the vagina, a doctor should be consulted and an alternative method of contraception used until then.

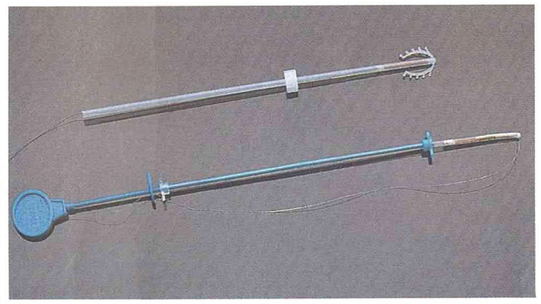
Many doctors believe that there is an increased risk of pelvic inflammatory disease and the likelihood of an ectopic pregnancy (pregnancy beyond the womb) occurring while using an IUD. Both of these conditions can damage the reproductive organs, and although the possibility of this happening is slight, careful consideration to this form of contraception should be given if pregnancy is planned in the future. Women who already have problems with uterine bleeding or recurrent pelvic infection would be unwise to select the IUD until these problems have been totally cleared. Those who are allergic to copper should inform their doctor so that an all-plastic IUD can be fitted.

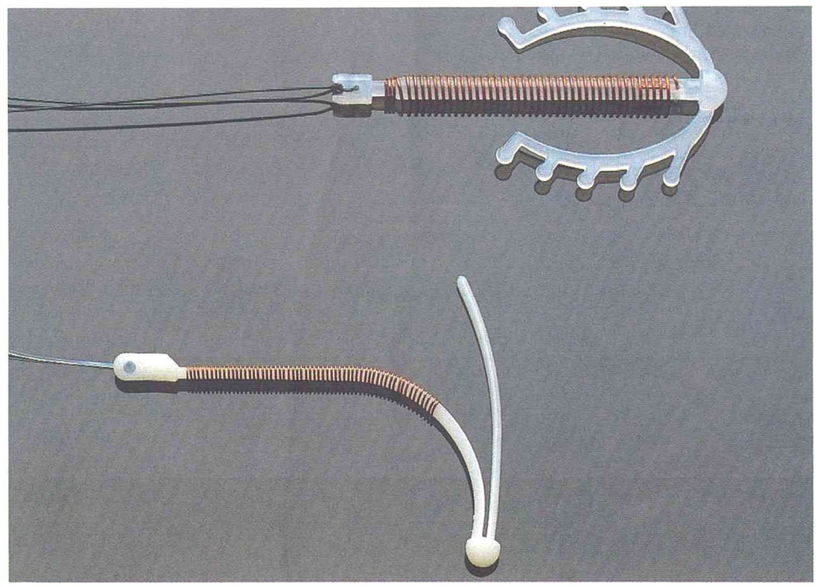
On the positive side, the IUD has a relatively low failure rate and except for the hormone-releasing type (which is still in its developmental stage) has none of the hormonal side-effects of the oral contraceptive Pill. It is relatively carefree and apart from the initial insertion period, usually only requires annual checking by a medico (some types of IUD may be left in place for up to five years), provided the user checks the string regularly. Unlike the Pill, an IUD cannot be forgotten, and unlike the barrier methods, it requires no pre-coital preparations.

It is quite uncommon for the male to feel the string of an IUD during sex, but if this becomes a problem it may be necessary to consult a doctor. The solution may be a simple matter of trimming the string, or of using a different position for intercourse.

Continued next month

The bottom photo shows two greatly magnified intra-uterine devices (IUDs). The IUD consists of a small piece of copper or plastic which is inserted into the uterus by a medically experienced person using implantation devices like those shown in the top photo. Once in position, an IUD can offer worry-free contraceptive protection for two years or more, as long as its position is checked regularly by the wearer.





LETTERS

Frustrated, moody female

I am 22 years old and right now I am also a very frustrated, moody female. I have been reading your magazine for several years, and the advice you've given other people about their questions and problems has helped me out a lot. The reason I'm so frustrated is that I can only reach orgasm through masturbation.

I've come very close to reaching an orgasm through intercourse during the past two months, but I never quite succeed. I know of several women who don't appreciate masturbation but they can reach orgasm easily through intercourse — so I know it is possible. Are some women's bodies built better for coming this way? Do you know of any specific positions which would help me reach orgasm?

I would like to know if this is basically a physical problem or if there is something wrong with me psychologically. Please give me some advice—I'm not going to get anywhere feeling as frustrated as I do.—*Name and address withheld*

You are not alone in being able to reach orgasm through oral stimulation or masturbation but not through intercourse. Most women reach orgasm through clitoral stimulation. Those who choose to reach orgasm through vaginal stimulation report that stimulation of the anterior (front) wall of their vagina (their G-spot) or certain sexual positions are helpful.

There are two books you might want to read which give information for women who want to have an orgasm through intercourse. Lonnie Barbach's For Each Other *(Doubleday) has exercises in it which you might find helpful. Ladas, Whipple and Perry's* The G Spot *explains how to find your G-spot and which positions of intercourse are reported to be most stimulating.*

Each woman is a unique individual capable of responding in different ways. Learning and experience help to determine how she chooses to be aware of her body's responses. Most women who report orgasm from intercourse say that the woman on top or rear entry provide the best stimulation of the front wall of the vagina. This leads to an orgasm that they describe as feeling different from the orgasm from clitoral stimulation, that is, it feels deeper inside. This may be due to the stronger uterine contractions that Perry and Whipple measured during orgasms from G-spot stimulation.

It sounds like you are a normally functioning female. Read more about orgasms from vaginal stimulation, experiment, tell your partner what feels good to you, and then enjoy.

One question

I am a woman of 51 who, in my doctor's opinion, has the physique of someone 20 years younger.

Until menopause, my last period being four years ago, I enjoyed sex but I then found it painful until I took hormone replacement therapy (HRT) and this restored things to normal.

However, I have since been diagnosed as suffering from MS (multiple sclerosis) and have been advised to cease the HRT. Can you suggest anything which would enable my sex life to continue and not aggravate the MS as my continued mobility is of paramount importance. — *Name and address withheld*

I am puzzled by your doctor's advice. As far as I can ascertain, HRT can have no effect on the progress of your MS. No effect, that is, except for a psychological one in that MS is a depressing-enough condition without adding to your worries by removing your ability to have a happy sex life.

It's strange and sad that in our society, standing in the presence of age and illness makes many of us react as if we were in Church. We lower our eyes and voices and instantly assume that There Are Certain Things One Shouldn't Do. Top of the list, of course, is sex — you don't kiss in church, let alone bonk away with happy abandon. Faced with a 51-year-old with MS, I wonder whether your GP has his priorities right. He may be trying to remove any chance of what he sees as unimportant therapy having an adverse effect on your health, even though there is no firm evidence to show that HRT would have such an effect. What he cannot and will not see is that this therapy is far from peripheral to your life, and that in spite of having been put into his pigeon holes under "old and ill" and therefore "beyond a sexual life" this is not how to see yourself.

I would think it vital to your continuing emotional good health for you to be able to enjoy sex for as long as possible. There is no evidence that HRT can hasten the progress of the disease, so if I were you I would request its resumption. If your GP is unhappy to prescribe, ask him at least to give you an oestrogen cream; it has the same effect on your vagina by keeping it moist when you apply it directly to the tissues. Since such cream has a localised effect, working only on the treated areas, your doctor may be happier to prescribe this.

NEXT...

In Part Two of my guide to current and popular methods of contraception, I will look at hormonal contraception, natural methods of birth control and sterilisation. The hormonal contraception section will entail the latest information on the Pill, and will look at its possible dangers when used by women unsuited to it. Natural birth control is becoming increasingly popular amongst Australian couples. This section will detail the Rhythm Method, the Billings Method, the Basal Body Temperature Method, as well as combination methods that ensure a low failure rate when properly practised. Finally, the sterilisation processes of vasectomy and tubal ligation will be examined.

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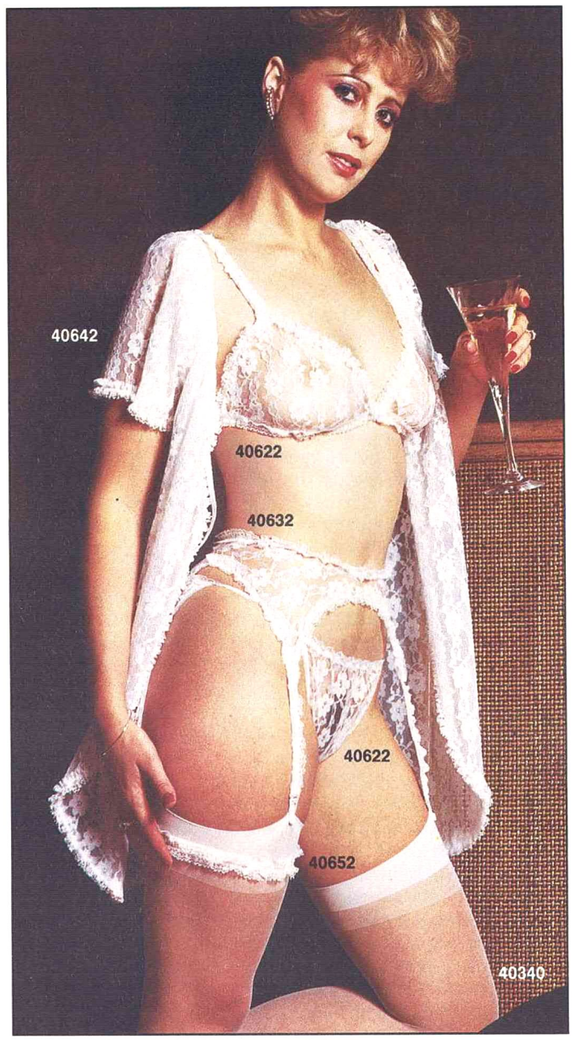

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ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY DR PAUL R. WILSON

Dr Paul R. Wilson is an Associate Professor of Sociology at the University of Queensland. He is the author of 21 books on social and criminological issues. His latest book is *Murder Of The Innocents: Child Killers And Their Victims* (Rigby).

THE DARK SIDE OF THE SUNSHINE STATE

The ongoing results of Queensland's oppressive morality laws, far from purifying the thoughts, words and deeds of the population there, lend extra weight to the theory that the suppression of personal sexual freedom promotes bizarre and often gruesome aberrations of the sexual urge. The long-standing government policy of moral control through legislation and letter-of-the-law enforcement practices — by a police force legendary for its brutish behavior — is backfiring on the unyielding dogmatists of the state's moral minority.

On the surface, Queensland gives the impression of being a very clean, sexually pasteurised state. First-time visitors to Brisbane, for example, invariably comment on the lack of strip clubs, the absence of street prostitution and paucity of night life in general.

It is a combination of sociological and ideological factors that have made the state unique in Australia in these regards. Queenslanders generally have lower levels of education than most other Australians. The state is the most decentralised in the Commonwealth and exemplifies the traditional "bush" conservative values. In addition, arising at least in part from these factors, is a fundamentalist, conservative political and moral philosophy that dominates Queensland life. This philosophy emphasises the family, morality, the Church and "law and order." It contrasts these "virtues" with anarchy, permissiveness and libertarianism.

Exemplifying these views are the Premier, his wife Senator Flo Bjelke-Petersen and her close friend Mrs Rona Joyner — the founder of two organisations known as STOP (Society To Outlaw Pornography) and CARE (Committee Against Regressive Education). Mrs Joyner has fought moral corruption tenaciously and successfully. Her two organisations, though small in membership, were decisive forces in 1977-78 in banning books, materials and courses — accepted without question elsewhere in Australia — from all Queensland state schools. Mrs Joyner continues to battle tirelessly to have books such as Graham Greene's *The Power And The Glory,* Donleavy's *The Ginger Man* and Golding's *Lord Of The Flies* banned from Queensland's educational institutions.

Many film distributors have not been prepared to cut their product to satisfy the Queensland Film Board of Review. Over 150 films have been banned in the state, including *Pretty Baby*, starring Brooke Shields. Amazingly, the anti-pornography film *Not A Love Story* was not even distributed in Queensland on the advice of the Chief Censor, who believed the film's anti-pornography message was not as strong as the pornography depicted in it.

In theatre and art, Queensland authorities have shown special censorship zeal. Russell Hinze denounced *Hair* (which he had not seen) as possessing appeal only for "the sexually depraved or a group of homosexuals, lesbians, wife-swappers and spivs." Beardsley's famous prints of *Lysistrata And The Three Ladies* were held to be obscene by the Full Court because of their alleged homosexual connotations. This (and other similar rulings) has deterred artists and directors from considering Queensland as a venue for their work. Peter Batey, the production director for Eric Dare Attractions and a large Australian commercial theatre entrepreneur, has provided a list of shows his own company would never consider bringing to Queensland. These include Reg Livermore's *Betty Blockbuster Follies* and *Wonderwoman* and Jean Genet's *Flowers.* The latter production was eventually brought to Brisbane and shown uncensored, despite threats by Vice Squad detectives to arrest male actors who appeared in the nude. Police raids on video shops continue unabated in Queensland despite the lack of guidelines available to video shop proprietors on what films are considered pornographic.

Lack of clear-cut laws for the termination of pregnancies and vasectomies has thrown patients and doctors alike into a state of confusion. In regard to sterilisation, a directive from the Health Department bans the operation from being performed in public hospitals on people who want it "for social reasons" — in other words, as a form of contraception. Despite AIDS and skyrocketing venereal disease rates, contraceptives — effective preventative devices against sexual diseases — are not allowed to be dispensed through vending machines.

Harassment by police of homosexual men and women in Brisbane gay venues is continuous; penalties of up to 14 years jail with hard labor exist for males who commit sodomy with either men or women. Prostitution laws are enforced strictly and Brisbane remains one of the few large cities in the world where street prostitutes are nowhere to be seen. Public nudity is frowned upon and at regular intervals Queensland bathers watch the absurd spectacle of burly detectives rolling their trousers up and wading into the ocean to arrest unclad swimmers.

Such are the measures taken to sterilise the minds of the state's constituents. However, all indications suggest an almost allergic reaction prompted by these measures.

It is common knowledge to publishers that books on sex — no matter how innocuous — sell very well in Queensland. Sydney and Melbourne pornography publishers and video distributors advertise heavily to an insatiable Queensland market. On the Gold Coast, "prawn and porn" nights and wet T-shirt competitions are all the rage and strippers are regularly raffled at rugby club parties. There are more amateur beauty contests at hotels on the Coast than anywhere else in the country. In one hotel, judging was done by popular applause. This was stopped after compaints about obscene catcalls and public masturbation performed by the more inebriated patrons.

There is a darker side to sexual expression in Queensland which is undeniably related to the repressive policies. Cases of rape and attempted rape continue to grow at an alarming rate. Five years ago there were 59 cases reported in 12 months to police; recent figures cite 137 cases over the same time span. Other sexual offences have escalated at similar rates.

Violent sex crimes are almost commonplace. For example, in 1982 two Brisbane-based soldiers slowly tortured to death a 14-year-old boy. The victim was sexually assaulted, stabbed, burned with cigarette butts and buried alive. Both soldiers had a large collection of sadistic pornography. A series of rapes and murders committed by the "Balaclava rapist" on the Gold Coast has still not been solved; neither have the two murders of known homosexuals in Surfers Paradise in recent years. This year a well-known Gold Coast prostitute and a Tweed Heads sex shop proprietor were brutally killed on Queensland's holiday playground. The list goes on and on.

Many of the 2500 Queensland boys with whom paedophile Clarence Osborne had sexual relations (reported in my book *The Man They Called A Monster*) willingly engaged in sex with the 56-year-old court reporter. According to one of the boys, they did it because "Clarence taught us something about sex. We knew nothing before."

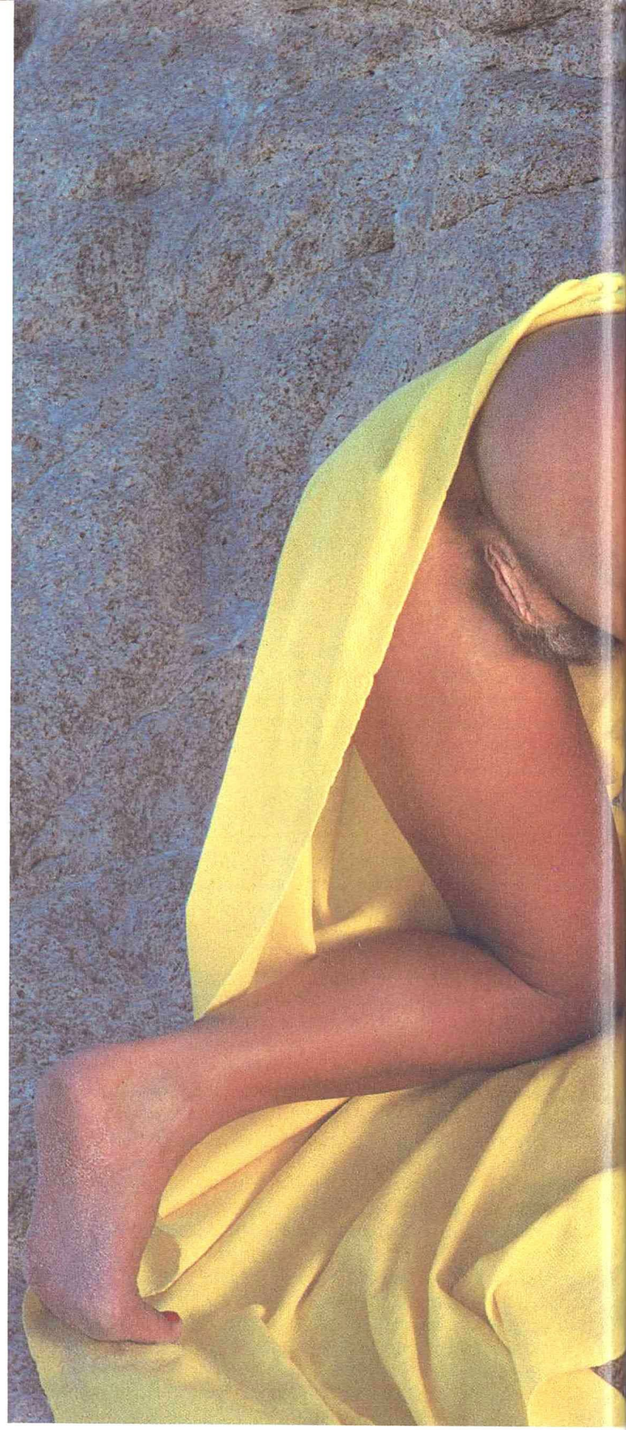
Teenage pregnancies are running at twice the rate in Queensland than in Victoria, reflecting the ignorance that adolescents there have of contraception and their own bodies.

Meanwhile, Queensland Cabinet ministers are proud of the stand they have taken against permissiveness, liberals and promiscuity. The Queensland Premier says he is pro-family, pro-life, and pro-decency. But what has emerged from the policies that have supposedly implemented these objectives is a repressed and sexually ignorant community that stands as a working contradiction. The proposition that the family can be protected by a policy that both discourages the medical termination of pregnancies yet bans vasectomies and sex education in public schools defies belief.

Some have proposed the idea that Australians are moving into a new chastity revolution, where abstinence replaces promiscuity as a mark of social esteem. Yet Queensland has been sexually reactionary for decades; all but joyless and solitary masturbation (and even that is suspect) has been discouraged for unweds by political decree.

In the lexicon of Queensland affairs, sex has come to mean sadism, ignorance is regarded as wisdom, and divinity is associated with a mindless puritanism that welds the police force, the bureaucracy and the Parliament into a huge chastity belt. In the process, Queenslanders have been robbed of both their sense of dignity and their basic potential for creative, human self-expression.

> "There is a darker side to sexual expression in Queensland which is undeniably related to the repressive policies of the Queensland government"



THE NAKED EYE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Christine Dupre has always loved to be in pictures. "When I was little I would make this pouty face whenever my parents were about to snap me with the Box Brownie. Maybe I was rehearsing even then to be a model, but when I look at those old photos now all I see is a little girl in pigtails pulling a silly face."

Despite her spectacular female figure, Christine claims to be a dyed-in-the-wool tomboy. "I love taking dares and being active, and I'll race *anything*: boats, horses, cars, men — you name it."

Christine tells us she spends most of her summer days lazing on a nude beach not far from her home. "I go there to relax, get a tan, swim and perve on naked men. Men do it to women, and what's the expression? What's good for the goose . . . Well, anyway, I like having a gander."

The most powerful barmaid.

That women have a lot to do with men buying alcoholic beverages is not news.

Men buy drinks to entertain women.

Men buy drinks to impress women.

And men buy drinks to forget 'em.

So it is no earth-shattering event to learn that Australian Penthouse readers buy drinks.

(Probably more than any group they can be expected to be entertaining and impressing women.)

The real news however is the ever increasing numbers of drinking males reading Penthouse.

Of our 328,000 readers, 270,000 drink whisky, bourbon, vodka or wine.

The others either drink something else or are lying.

Their lifestyle certainly suggests beer is taken regularly.

But from the facts contained in the latest Morgan Research survey it seems champagne may be more in order.

Our readers in the AB socio-economic group have increased dramatically, particularly in the $30,000 to $40,000 plus incomes.

And an increasing number also have diplomas or degrees.

We assume more will attain them and thus need to celebrate more than usual.

And they do more than the average.

The National average for men drinking alcohol is 68.6%. With Australian Penthouse readers it's 87.1%.

In wine our percentages also compare more than favourably. 46.6% against the National average of 34.6%.

With all this on our side one might expect we'd have the highest cost per thousand.

Or at least a rate increase.

But neither is true.

We have the lowest cost per thousand and our rates are the same as when our circulation was 106,000.

It's now 120,011.

However you look at it Australian Penthouse's figures are still the best.

To sell the good drop.

Almost anything for that matter.

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LOOSE ENDS

LOUSY LADY LOVERS

These days it seems to be a modern woman's prerogative to openly discuss what makes a man a good lover or — more to the point — a bad one. The ideal lover, according to women's magazine lore, is the strong, silent type with a great personality, a muscly arse, an intuitive sensitivity to a woman's feelings and an indelible map of female erogenous zones in his frontal lobes. He's attentive to a woman's every word; he's a gentle Valentino with an unfailing erection that never quits until he's delivered his partner to the heady heights of orgasm at least once; he loves to kiss and cuddle after the act — and by all accounts he's rarer than steak tartare.

It's little wonder men feel sexually threatened in the face of this tidal wave of dissatisfaction. What seems to be overlooked in the panel discussions about the shortage of decent male lovers is the fact that not all women are great lovers either. But if men breathe a word to another about female sexual technique — contrary to women's growing tendency to do so about men — they are insensitive, loud-mouthed chauvinists. Men are tired of women complaining about their lovers' lousy technique and have a few of their own complaints to air. Recognise these familiar female offenders?

THE BLOB: She's not necessarily overweight — she just expects you to do everything. The very sight of her body and the fact that she is a female is supposedly enough to excite a great consummation. She will happily lie back and be ministered to in the form of strokes, kisses, cunnilingus, etc but will make no effort to reciprocate. She favors the missionary position to the exclusion of all others and the thought that men like to play a passive role at times will never enter her head.

MS FREEZE: She makes for a great chase. She's cool, discreet, aloof and exciting in her ability to seem unattainable. But lo! When the chase ends she's not the tigress you've been imagining for so long but someone who's as unresponsive in bed as out, and the alluring coolness is rapidly perceived as the coldness it is. Such a woman cannot be blamed for the false perceptions of others, but unresponsiveness doesn't make for intimacy.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR: This woman barks orders. She's learned to overcome her inhibitions about telling her partner what turns her on and she proceeds to exercise her new-found openness at every opportunity. "Not so hard... A little to the left... Can you do that a bit faster? ... Deeper ... Don't come yet, etc..." Sex with the Sergeant-Major can make a man feel like someone who's been hired to move the furniture. The Sergeant-Major could do well to remember that showing is more gentle and tactile than telling.

THE BALL CRUSHER: This kind of woman may be likely to say, upon viewing your naked body, something like: "It looks just like a dick, only smaller." Sometimes it's naivety regarding the fragility of the male ego that leads to such statements, but more often than not such a woman deliberately sets out to emasculate her partners. She will reminisce loudly and often about past boyfriends, not necessarily with graphic sexual detail, but with strong comparative inferences. Such a woman should never be asked if she enjoyed the sex you just shared, for she will not hesitate to break out the nutcracker.

THE SEESAW: Such a woman exhibits schizophrenic traits when it comes to sex. She may indicate her willingness to engage in lovemaking but at the same time she gives off powerful signals to the contrary. While in bed she's always worrying about something — be it that the door is not locked and someone might barge in, that the light is on or off, that sex is messing up her hair or her make-up... In other words, while she's having sex she's making it patently obvious that she'd prefer to be doing something else. This only serves to confuse and annoy a man who feels that while The Seesaw engaged in intercourse of her own volition, she makes

Illustration by Jim Mitchell

him feel as if he forced her to do something against her will.

THE GLUTTON: Most men dream of The Glutton — the wildly uninhibited, double-jointed sexual demon who plainly enjoys sexuality and always wants more, more, more. But the fantasy and the reality couldn't be further apart. She loves, and expects, copious foreplay and feels miffed if she hasn't achieved multiple orgasms and if her partner is unable to get it up for the second and third time for reasons of basic physical impossibility or plain fatigue after hours of sex play. Such excuses, which her partner may be loath to admit for fear of being judged sexually inadequate, would make not a whit of difference to her anyway. Such unrealistic demands are unattractive, painful and inconsiderate in either sex, and, in the case of the female Glutton, indicate a severe lack of understanding.

A thousand men may each have another, different lousy lover to add to the roll-call of bad rolls in the hay. As would a thousand women have a thousand male sexual traits to gripe about. The difference is that women have been encouraged to gripe out loud for the past 20 years and maybe in that time they've forgotten that it takes two to tango.

FOR COMPUTER SHUTTERBUGS

To many people, there is contradiction in products which simultaneously claim to be "easiest to use" while breaking new hi-tech ground. But for those with an affinity for button-pushing and a capacity for computer lingo — and who like to take a photo — the recently released Minolta 7000 SLR camera promises to fulfil just these claims. It sports an abundance of micro-chip controlled extras that will intrigue even above-average camera boffins. The main feature of the newest Minolta release is the Autofocus system which (with the right program displayed on the readout screen) is certain to save many shots: "Only the human eye focuses faster." Minolta applied for something like 300 patents during the 7000's five-year development. It is designed with its own Autofocus lens system and custom flashes, a package that seems to have focused on every conceivable photographic variable.

NIPPON NAPPING

Economists called it "the Japanese miracle." It was certainly a most impressive achievement: a nation, physically and emotionally devastated by war, was able to get its collective act together and within a couple of decades establish itself as one of the leading economic powers in the world.

But it shouldn't be confused with another great Japanese miracle, the one that reformed insomniacs, one-time somnambulists and those formerly afflicted with back trouble are more familiar with. This Japanese miracle is the futon, the traditional cotton mattress that has been keeping Japanese sleepers coddled and contented for hundreds of years.

Futons are made from layers of cotton batting stacked together and then encased within a durable cotton cloth. Each futon is tied through with yarn to prevent the batting from shifting and lumping and is then usually placed inside a washable cotton cover.

Now futons have been discovered by quite a few style and slumber-conscious Australians. Sales are booming, with futon manufacturers/outlets setting up shop all over the nation.

In Japan, futons are normally stowed away during the day, to be unrolled on to the floor come bed time. Here, most are sold with simple and attractive timber bed frames and sometimes equipped with extras like "European posture slats for additional support." Because Australians are used to fairly soft sleeping surfaces most futons manufactured here are relatively thick (approximately 15 cms); some have a five-centimetre core of high-density foam inserted between layers of cotton to further increase cushioning.

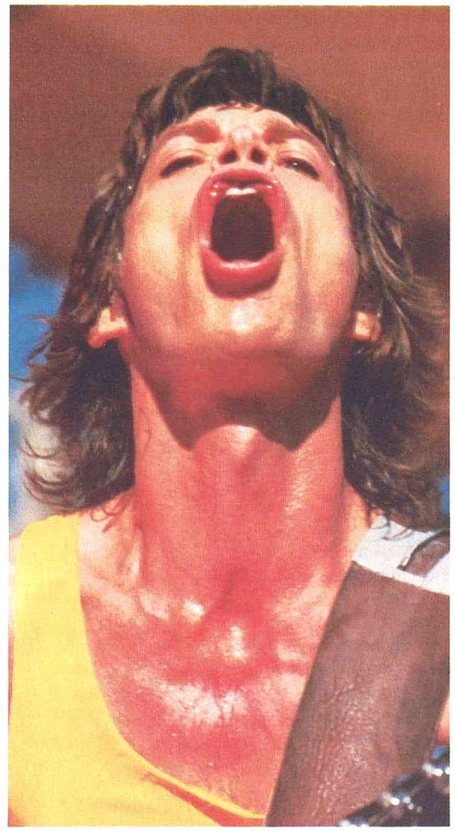
According to Norma Hook, from Zentai Futons of Byron Bay NSW, all sorts of people are showing an interest in futons. "Most of our customers are fairly young, although we also get quite a few middle-aged and older people coming in," she says. Many are sufferers of back trouble, keen to experience the relief that futons promise.

It's the comfort of futons, however, that remains their biggest selling point. Because they're made entirely from a natural material, cotton, they breathe, absorbing excess moisture and keeping the body at a steady temperature. And the firmness of futons allows the spine to remain in a natural position during sleep.

Most futon buyers go for the complete package of futon, cover and base: that usually adds up to about $400 to $600, depending on the dimensions and the quality of the components. If you don't mind sleeping Japanese-style — on the floor — the futon alone will set you back something in the order of $140.

LOOSE ENDS

Photo courtesy of Polygram Australia



Above: Bob Geldof . . . all beer and bottletops. Right: Mick Jagger . . . his tastes run to fish and fudge.

ROCK 'N' ROLL NOSH

Legendary tales abound of rock stars' enormous appetites for groupie sex, any breed of drugs and alcohol, and exotic foodstuffs for mammoth after-concert parties. Well, San Franciscan Pattie Spaziani could probably tell some choice tales about the first two but she's only gone public on rock stars' choice in apres-show fodder. Pattie is currently the rock world's most sought-after caterer and her list of clients reads like a *Who's Who* of rock. The following are meals top performers have requested of her over the past few years:

Mick Jagger loves seafood and vegetables. To accommodate his wishes Pattie set up a stage-side sushi bar, complete with three sushi chefs flown in from interstate for the occasion. Another time he ordered 1200 hot fudge sundaes for "a few of his friends", and arrangements went haywire when the caterers didn't have the right parking pass and eventually had to crash through a police barrier lest their cargo melt before reaching the mouths of the glitterati.

Van Halen, despite their image as hard rock bad boys, are extremely health conscious, shying away from red meat towards fresh garden salads and fish. Pattie once jumped out of a huge cream-laden birthday cake on stage for *David Lee Roth* when the woman originally hired failed to appear.

The Kinks, enthusiastic habitues of curry houses back home in England, ordered up a mammoth 10-course Indian scoff after one concert.

The Pretenders were easy to satisfy when their cravings ran to poached eggs all round.

Earth, Wind And Fire liked nothing more than a giant mess of spare-ribs after a demanding performance.

Bob Seger's Francophile fancy in foodstuffs had him requesting prawns sauteed in garlic and wine and sauteed escargot.

The Beach Boys asked for grilled swordfish and fresh-caught salmon.

Christopher Cross waited until 9pm to order a midnight snack of smoked turkey, setting Pattie and the crew off on a chase that led to a turkey farm. A hapless 5kg bird was croaked, plucked and smoked to Cross' requirements come midnight.

The Boomtown Rats didn't get the chance to sample the fare Patti had organised for them at a famous San Francisco cocktail bar. *Bob Geldof* and the lads were kicked out of the place before dinner for getting drunk and rowdy and throwing beer bottle tops at model trains that decorated the bar.

MATTERS SEXUAL

A brave and (judging from the photo below) foolish Australian is counted among the many men who've had the temerity to tell the surreal singer-come-actress *Grace Jones* that she's sadly lacking in the mammaries department. Former Melbourne photographer *Helmut Newton* was the man who stated the obvious to the iron-pumping Jones. Since becoming a sought-after fashion snapper on the New York scene, Newton has photographed Ms Jones many times, but when he first started using her he would loudly express his dissatisfaction with her tiny breasts. "He would call me out on assignments and then say: 'I forgot you got no tits,' " Jones recalls. "Then he'd send me back home. These days I'd simply tell him to f. . . off!"

Grace Jones . . . iron pumper

Heather Locklear, one of the beauteous blonde brigade in TV's *Dynasty*, has revealed that she subjects potential lovers to a three-month look-but-don't-touch probation period before "going all the way", to use a nice old-fashioned expression. "That's how long it takes me to feel at ease with a guy," confides the 22-year-old starlet. "Then, all of a sudden, passion takes over — and whatever's going to happen will happen." Such notables as *Happy Days* star *Scott Baio*, hot Hollywood property *Tom Cruise* and *Kate Jackson's* discarded hubby *Andrew Stevens* are among those who've waited the mandatory 90 days. Let the chorus of SO WHAT begin...

New York police recently charged a man with murdering a socialite, then keeping her body in a trunk in his flat while he had sex orgies with other women. The man told police he had murdered the woman because he thought she had given him AIDS...

Speaking of AIDS, news last July that veteran actor *Rock Hudson* was stricken with the killer disease brought to light a long list of screen macho men who allegedly practise or practised homosexuality exclusively or were not averse to punching the occasional freckle. Old favorites like *Montgomery Clift, Rudolf Valentino* and *James Dean* made the dossier along with surprise appearances from the likes of our own *Errol Flynn*, king of the kids *Walt Disney*, salad dressing aficionado *Paul Newman* and Rambo himself, *Sylvester Stallone*.

Attendances of First Blood II reportedly suffered in no way...

A Maryland USA dentist, described by his own lawyer as "A wild-running, sex-crazed lunatic", was sentenced to three years on narcotics dealing charges. His sentence is to be served in a work release program, under which the dentist will fix the teeth of the poor...

The common assumption that the majority of prostitutes are frigid, or at the very least, men-haters, may be erroneous, if early data from an American research project is anything to go by. The work, carried out by a sociologist at Temple University, indicates that most ladies of the night don't have to fake it either at home or on the job. Findings showed that 50 percent of them enjoy sex with clients and also claim a high level of sexual pleasure in their private lives. All of them had sex at least once a day with their partners and the researcher described the sample as generally having "a relaxed, casual view of their own sexuality." "Prostitution," he suggests, "attracts women with a high erotic potential..."

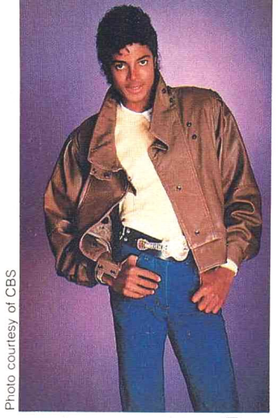


Photo courtesy of CBS

OH GOD! IT'S M.J.!

Michael Jackson may be yesterday's news as far as fickle funk fanciers are concerned, but up in the wilds of Alberta, Canada, the decidedly odd songster is being worshipped as the second coming of Jesus Christ. The Jehovah's Witnesses sect who worship Jackson is led by 30-year-old Patricia O'Connor, who has a personal shrine to the entertainer in her loungeroom, featuring a 12-inch statue of him. Each week, about 100 Witnesses come together to pray and listen to Jackson's albums. "Michael Jackson is truly the Second Coming of Christ," Ms O'Connor loudly proclaims, but fails to back up her statement with any evidence. Jackson has, after all, given a better than average impression of the burning bush when his hair caught fire during a Pepsi commercial and he has on more than one occasion performed with Smokey Robinson and The Miracles.

Sly Stallone ... is he Rambo or homo, and who's about to ask?

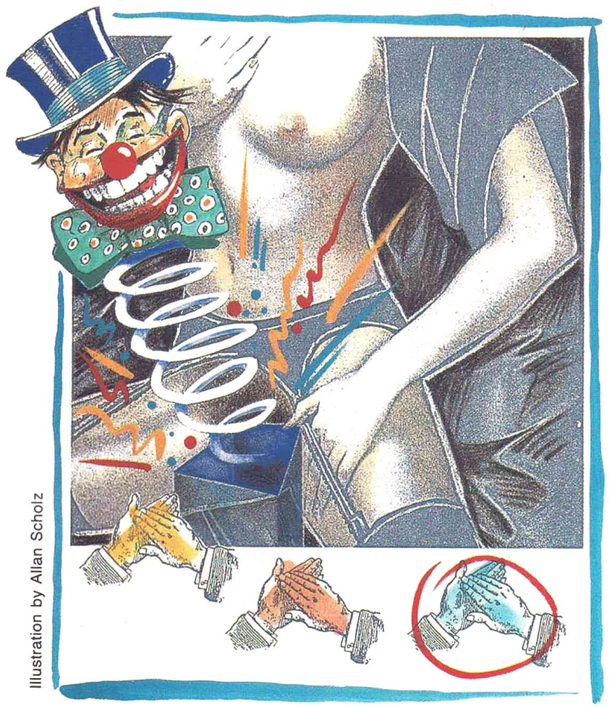


Illustration by Allan Scholz

AWFULLY PRACTICAL

Earlier this year *Penthouse* featured an article about the great practical jokes that have been perpetrated in modern times. Judging from the response to the article — feedback both in correspondence from readers and passed on verbally by friends of staff-members — the childish practical joke is alive and kicking wherever there are legs to be pulled. The following are a sample of practical gags doing the rounds. Some are as old as the hills, others may well be as old but we've never heard of them, and some have a fresh and frightening quality that indicates a savage New Wave movement in practical joking.

- Take a single shot tomato sauce container — either the traditional small plastic tub variety or the flat plastic satchel. Make a small hole in the container and place it under a toilet seat. The flat plastic type should be folded over before this step. Then wait for a friend or colleague to return white-faced from the toilet after routinely looking into the bowl before flushing and realising in one terrible instant that he's got AIDS or bowel cancer. Works every time.
- The old bottomless box of popcorn trick. Once seated with your girlfriend at the cinema, surreptitiously and carefully open the bottom of the popcorn container you have placed on your lap. Ease your penis through the opening and sit back as your friend gobbles through the kernels until her hand unexpectantly grabs a handful of your cob. Carefully played, this trick can result in an embarrassing squeal in a quiet bit of the movie and the danger of a slap in the face, or worse.
- Keep a look out for expensive cars, whose owners have grabbed two parking spots to minimalise dings to their precious vehicles. Affix a note to the windscreen saying: "Sorry about the scratch, but you were hogging two parking spaces!"
Then watch the fretting owner scour every inch of his car for a non-existent scratch.
- Walk through a crowd wearing dark glasses and tapping a cane. Feel your way to your car and drive off, waving your hands.
- If you find yourself taking a lift alone with a shy female colleague, surreptitiously lower your fly before entering the lift. If there's a crowd of people waiting to board the lift when you reach your destination, make a show of zipping up your pants while saying: "Thanks, Julie." Then stand by for the letter detailing your breach of the sexual harassment laws.

INSTANT PRIZES

For more than two years *Penthouse* has conducted a monthly Polaroid Photo Competition and the response over that time has been nothing short of tremendous. Once, when we announced that we'd be dropping the competition, we were flooded with entries and letters asking us to keep it up. So, taking a tip from an old commercial, we decided that when you're on to a good thing, stick to it.

Keep those entries rolling in. We keep them on file and constantly refer back to them. So if you don't win a Polaroid prize one month, you're still in there with a chance for up to a year.

Pictured are the Polaroid prizes you stand to win if your entry comes up trumps. Winners may choose the Polaroid SLR 680, top of the line in instant cameras, featuring through-lens viewing and autofocusing and a built-in electronic flash that automatically aims its light for evenly lit, brilliant, instant color pictures. The alternative is the Polaroid instant slide system, a revolutionary 35mm autoprocessing system that allows you to simply process your own color slides without the trouble, time and expense of sending your film away. You don't need a darkroom or wet chemicals or any new-fangled expertise with this magic gizmo — just put your film in one end, wind the handle and Bob's your male relative. The system also includes a natty, any-mug-can-do-it slide mounter.

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

The aesthetics of the Australian bush take a back seat in this month's *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition prizewinner, though there's no doubt they complement to perfection the natural beauty of Margrit De Vries, of Fremantle WA, in this superb shot.

Tony Burton, of Rockingham WA, was the keen eye behind their combined effort. The photograph's standard obviously indicates the interest aroused by the fantastic Polaroid prizes on offer, described in detail on the left.

It's simple to be in the running. Just send any number of photographs or transparencies (taken on any film), complete with the confidential form below, and you're off and running. Remember too that the shot's subject may also be chosen to be tested as a *Penthouse* Pet, which invites thoughts of an equally aesthetic $5000 in her purse if she is successful. Picture that!

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) ..... of .....
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: ..... Date .....

Signature of witness: ..... Date .....

South Australia's Ulrike Giscard

COMING IN DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Other Side Of The Jane Hill Story — It's a version at least as bizarre, and at least as ugly as Hill's now famous allegations of sexual harassment against the men of the NSW Water Resources Commission. Read it exclusively in next month's *Penthouse*.

Pipe Dreams — Every sport has its ultimate arena. For tennis players it's Wimbledon; for mountain climbers it's Everest, and in boardriding Hawaii's Banzai Pipeline is considered to be the toughest test of a surfer's talents. This dramatic pictorial feature displays the fear factor involved in riding the world's most dangerous wave.

The Pizza Connection — The mafia is back in the United States — with a vengeance. December *Penthouse* describes the recent vacuum in the American mafia leadership and the violence unleashed by Sicilian Godfathers who are battling to fill it.

Reverend Ted Noffs Interview — Ted Noffs is one of the most controversial churchmen in Australia today. He's the clergyman who turned away from the safe path of a career in the Methodist hierarchy to devote himself to the human flotsam and jetsam which drifts into his Wayside Chapel in Kings Cross. Don't miss this remarkable interview.

The Kiwi Connection — What's New Zealand's major export to Australia? According to this hilarious diatribe it's drug dealers, dole bludgers and transsexual Maori prostitutes. And we've got the statistics to back this outrageous proposition up. This pointed analysis of the character of Kiwis in Australia should be taken with a grain of salt.

Pet Of The Month — South Australia's Ulrike Giscard lends her bountiful natural talents to a centrefold pictorial not to be missed. She's off on a truckin' adventure that's all soft edges and dangerous curves — this one's anything but middle of the road.

THE WAR

Continued from page 39

Graffitists); MUCK (Movement to Undermine Corporate Killers); GAS (Graffitists Against Sexism); MASCARA (Men Against Sexist, Consumerist, Ageist and Racist Advertising); and even — wait for it — BRERETON (Billboard Refacing Evangelists Resolved to Eradicate Tobacco's Obscene Nastiness). The latter organisation, claiming to be a "radical splinter group of BUGA UP", was formed to draw attention to the fact that the NSW Government, while officially condemning tobacco and alcohol, was drawing funds from the advertising of those products on government property. They sent examples of their work, signed "BRERETON", to the then NSW Minister for Health, Laurie Brereton. Result: no more cigarette ads on buses and trains.

There is, mercifully, one point of agreement between the warring factions. It is that there are serious principles at stake here. For the advertising industry and its clients, it's a question of freedom vs censorship. The OAAA spokesman gets rather worked up about this: "You've got to ask yourself what these people really want. My view is that they want a society with no color, life or vitality, which advertising adds to the streetscape. They're putting themselves in the position of censors, whereas we don't do that at all."

John Dollisson of the Tobacco Institute weighs in with a slightly different perspective: "They're attacking the very fabric of our society by trying to change the rules and regulations. These people don't give a damn about the value of advertising, of trademarks, of private and corporate property. They hate advertising because it stands for the capitalist system, it stands for a free society, it stands for a society where the consumer reigns supreme and is ultimately responsible for his own destiny — and they don't like that. They want to dictate the sort of society we live in; they want to dictate the sort of products we have; they want to dictate how we should educate our children . . ."

The BUGA UP response is best expressed by Dr Arthur Chesterfield-Evans: "Given that the profit margin on junk is much greater than the profit margin on quality, advertising's net effect will be to push junk. So you've got huge amounts of money being channelled into causing people to make stupid decisions. That means you have to educate them to make sensible ones. What advertising means, basically, is that the more money you've got, the more power you've got. And we're saying if you've got power, you must use it responsibly. So society has got to confront the issue of responsibility in advertising, and the push is going to come from the consumer movement. I think BUGA UP is a catalyst for that social change, and that's how I justify what we're doing." O+

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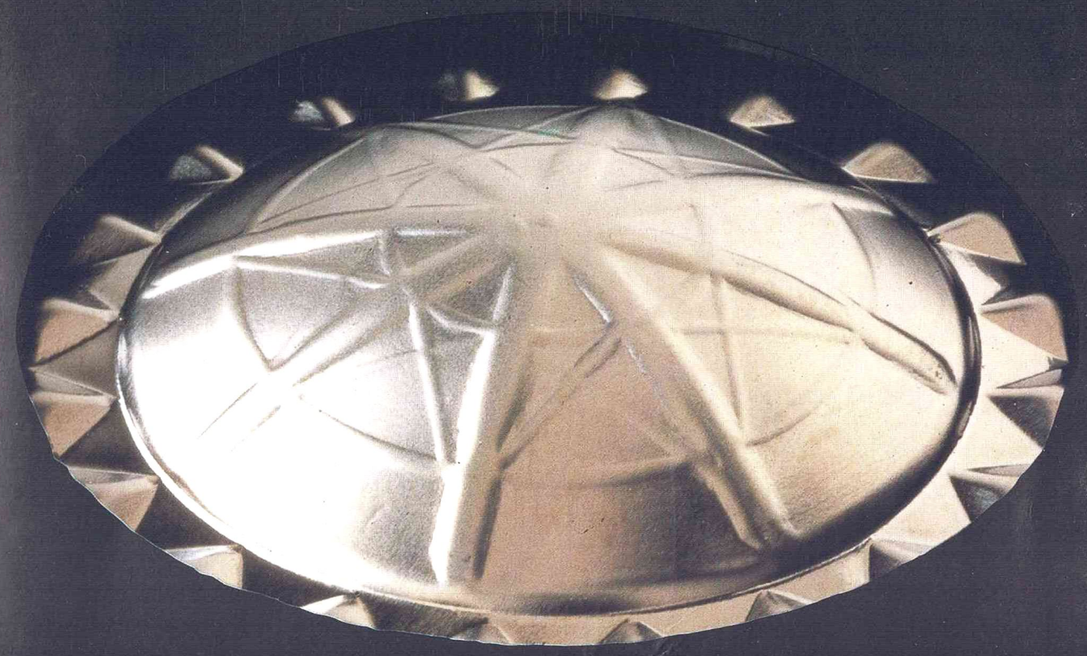

A team of specialists at JBL labored nearly five years to develop a unique manufacturing process, a patented design, a significant advance in materials application, and four stunning new loudspeaker systems.

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Coupled with a new midrange driver, a new dividing network, and other major and minor innovations, the resulting new Titanium Series loudspeakers are the most neutral, the most detailed, the most pleasing loudspeakers you're likely to hear. And the very best from JBL.

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